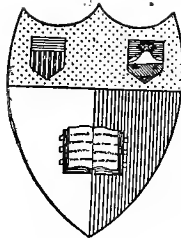
Frank Archer

PN
2595
A67
A3



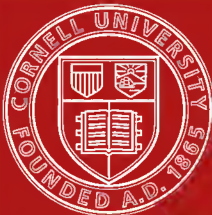
Cornell University Library
Ithaca, New York

FROM THE
BENNO LOEWY LIBRARY

COLLECTED BY
BENNO LOEWY
1854-1919

BEQUEATHED TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY

NOV 20 1943



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924027118177

Cornell University Library
PN 2598.A67A3

Actor's notebooks,

3 1924 027 118 177

AN ACTOR'S NOTEBOOKS

FOUR ENNOBLED ACTRESSES

The Adventures of the Duchess of Bolton, Countess of Derby, Countess of Essex, Countess of Harrington on and off the Stage

By CHARLES E. PEARCE

Author of "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," etc.

In two volumes, demy 8vo, with two photogravure frontispieces and 32 half-tone illustrations

To mention the names of Lavinia Fenton, Eliza Farren, Catherine Stephens, and Maria Foote, is to picture all that is lovely, graceful, bright, and fascinating in woman. These idols of the public were wholly distinct in their attractiveness, incomparable in their several rôles, and resembled each other only in the fact that they quitted the stage to wear the coronet. In dealing with the lives and times of these four representative Queens of the Drama, Mr. Pearce has a subject which occupies a field practically inexhaustible in anecdote. The "Beggar's Opera," in which Lavinia Fenton, as Polly Peachum, captivated all hearts, belongs to the picturesque time of the Second George, its masquerades, its ridottos, its gallantries, its tragedies. The immortal comedies, "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer," with Eliza Farren as the bewitchingly wayward Lady Teazle and the fascinating Miss Hardcastle, conjure up memories of Sheridan and the rollicking, reckless days of old Drury Lane management. The music of Arne, Storace, Shield, and Bishop, masters of pure English melody, is for ever associated with the sweet-voiced and accomplished Kitty Stephens; while in beautiful and engaging Maria Foote is personified all that is refined and sparkling in the Comedy Queens of the first thirty years of the Nineteenth Century. The book will be illustrated with quite a unique collection of engravings of leading actors and actresses, many of them in character.

Photo by Window & Grove.

THE AUTHOR.

[*Frontispiece.*

AN ACTOR'S NOTEBOOKS

BEING SOME MEMORIES, FRIENDSHIPS CRITICISMS AND EXPERIENCES OF

FRANK ARCHER

WITH FORTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
STANLEY PAUL & CO
31 ESSEX STREET W.C.

DA

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

PREFACE

THE author of this volume has not attempted to describe fully his theatrical career, although much of it is in the nature of an autobiography; it is a record rather of a few of the gifted and interesting people with whom he has had the good fortune to come into contact. Most of it was compiled before the attractive volume of his old friends and managers, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, came into his hands. A few of the details necessarily touch on incidents of which they have treated, but it cannot render their pleasant book of less value.

Accounts of the Franco-German War and the Siege of Paris have been given to the world by many graphic and able pens; but the author, who happened to witness the first spark of that fearful conflagration, believes that the letters of his brother, which describe some of the events of that time, will not prove the least interesting part of his work.

To the many friends who have been helpful to him his best thanks are due, especially to Mr. A. P. Watt, who, as literary executor of the late Wilkie Collins, gave permission for some of his letters to be published.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

1845 to 1868

The author's ancestors and their memories—Mrs. Jordan—Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy—Charles Kemble's reading—Miss Cushman—Impressions of Emerson—Days of childhood—The Great Exhibition—School acting and City life—Prince Albert's death—Alexandra's welcome—Garibaldi—Play-going in the 'sixties—Dean Milman—C. H. Spurgeon—William Morley Punshon—Burlesque—Planché—Byron—Burnand—W. S. Gilbert—Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) at the Strand Theatre—James Rogers in "The Post-boy"—Robson—Mathews—Webster—Emery—Fechter—Dickens's readings—Amateur acting—Making the plunge—A word to aspirants—Leigh Murray—A *contretemps*—Letter from J. H. Chute—The Savilles at Nottingham—Dickens and "Camilla's Husband"—Author's first appearance . . . . pp. 13—47

CHAPTER II

1868 to 1870

Letters of Leigh Murray—Four deaths—"No Thoroughfare"—"Play" preparing—Lady Harrington—Bob Romer—Quick study—"The Housekeeper"—Hullah and Dickens—"The Queen's Book"—Bendigo—Stout in "Money"—Ben Webster in Jerrold's play—On wigs—Dominick Murray on Shylock—The Shakespeare portraits—An eccentric pupil—"The Love Knot"—T. W. Robertson on tour—"The Love Chase"—Birthdays in Tottenham Street—The "Pegasus"—"Foul Play" produces a squabble—Falstaffs of the past—"Second Heavies"—"School"—Nelly Moore—"The Dead Heart"—At the Queen's Theatre—"The Battle of Life"—"Dreams"—"The Turn of the Tide"—"A Blot in the 'Scutcheon"—The acting of Cassio—Leigh Murray's career—His death—Stories of Charles Kemble—His gifts—Leigh Hunt's, Planché's, and W. P. Frith's opinions. pp. 48—75

CHAPTER III

1870 and 1871

At Manchester—First visit to Paris—The Théâtre Français—War declared—Sydney Arnold's letters—Madame Agar—Prussian victories—English troupe at the Châtelet—Germans to leave the city—The Republic

proclaimed—English churches closed—The "Garde Nationale" and the "Mobiles"—Jules Favre negotiates—Prussia's demands—Balloon Post—The Strasbourg statue—Provisions dearer—Closing the theatres—Christmas during the siege—Scarcity of fuel—Peace at last—Terrors of the siege—Help from England—Coquelin's recitals—Foreigners rearriving—The Commune—Horrors unspeakable—Paris in ruins—At Manchester again—Henry Compton—"Timon of Athens"—Liverpool experiences. pp. 76—132

CHAPTER IV

1871 to 1875

Charles Dillon—James Grant the novelist—The beautiful Mrs. Rousby—Tom Taylor and a National Theatre—Joseph Knight—Banquet to the Comédie Française—"The Merchant of Venice" at Manchester—Tom Taylor's criticism—Author's first professional appearance in London—The Coquelin brothers—Second visit to Paris—Déjazet on tour—Her benefit—Her death—J. S. MacKaye as Hamlet—Thomas Hughes—Professor Paley—"The New Magdalen" at the Olympic—A luncheon at Wilkie Collins's—Frank Beard and Dickens—Desclée in England—Letter from James Albery—Lydia Foote—An Olympic matinée—Helen Faucit in "As You Like It"—"Evans's"—Octave Delepierre—"Philip" at the Lyceum—George Cruikshank—Letters from Wilkie Collins—Letter from John Forster—The Paris theatres—"The New Magdalen" at the Charing Cross Theatre . . . . pp. 133—162

CHAPTER V

1875

Salvini's first appearance in England—Othellos of the past—Betterton—Barton Booth—Spranger Barry—Garrick—Quin's story of him in the part—Edmund Kean and others—Remarks on Salvini's Othello—G. H. Lewes's opinion—Special matinée for the actors—"Il Gladiatore"—"Hamlet" and its mutilation—Ernesto Rossi—His success in Paris—His appearance at Drury Lane in "Hamlet"—Salvini's last appearance in England—"King Lear"—"Macbeth"—Letter of Salvini—Author and his wife meet him—His early life—The Urban Club—Dr. Richardson and Juliet's potion—Salvini's greeting to the Urbans—The Irving medallion and his association with it . . . . pp. 163—178

CHAPTER VI

1875 to 1880

"The Merchant of Venice" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—Tom Taylor's opinion of it—C. J. James in Paris—Plays at the Français and other theatres—"Masks and Faces"—"Wrinkles"—"Ours"—Letter from Wilkie Collins—Banquet at the Mansion House—"Hamlet" at Edinburgh—Private Shakespearian readings—"Olivia" at the Court Theatre—Kate Field and the Shakespeare Memorial—"The Two

Orphans" at the Olympic—"A Republican Marriage" by Mrs. Holford—"Gretchen"—Letter from William Terriss—The Bishop of Peterborough at the Artists' Benevolent Fund Dinner—Charles Green and his Dickens drawings—Miss Charlotte Reynolds—Her connection with Keats—J. S. Clarke the comedian—W. G. Wills—Dr. Scoffern—Rev. W. G. Cookesley—Mrs. Pfeiffer on an endowed theatre—Letter from her husband—Sir John Hare's letter—Samuel Brandram—"Two Loves and a Life"—A talk with Charles Reade . . . . pp. 179—201

CHAPTER VII

1880 to 1883

Reopening of the Haymarket Theatre—Casts of "Money"—Sir Spencer Wells—His career—A story of Majuba—His home at Golder's Hill—Associations and friends—Titiens—Kindness to the poor—Lady Wells and Sir Arthur Wells—Canon Ainger—Sir B. W. Richardson—Dr. Westland Marston and his work—Letters from him—Philip Marston—J. A. Heraud—Douglas Jerrold—W. E. Church—C. J. Dunphie—Death of Tom Taylor—George Meredith's lines—"Branded"—Allen's Riding School—Dr. and Mrs. Julius Pollock—The Meiningen Company—Thorne's revival of old comedies—At Sir Edwin Long's—A blunder in announcement—Mrs. Stirling—Wilkie Collins and Faulkland—W. R. Beverley—Albert Smith—An angling excursion—Louise Chandler Moulton—Sir Squire Bancroft's supper to Sir Henry Irving—A holiday in Derbyshire—Charlotte Corday—Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro)—Her success Her marriage—Her retirement . . . . pp. 202—249

CHAPTER VIII

1883, 1884, and 1885

Club life—"The New Magdalen" at the Novelty Theatre—A letter on "The Woman in White"—Letter from Charles Green—Lady Mary Whitbread—The Keppels—A visit to Lord Tennyson—"Becket"—Letter of Sir James Paget—Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—The Master of Balliol—Professor F. T. Palgrave—Conversation with Lord Tennyson—Dr. Dabbs—A line from the poet—Impressions of him . . . . pp. 250—270

CHAPTER IX

1885 to 1887

Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas)—A letter from her—Gordon and Khartoum—Service in Westminster Abbey—Letter from W. Moy-Thomas—Victor Hugo's amusing error—F. W. Robinson as novelist and playwright—His "Home Chimes" and its contributors—Robinson's early difficulties—The Bancroft farewell at the Haymarket—Their good example in management—Rioting in London—Literary attempts and Wilkie Collins's advice—Robinson and R. L. Stevenson—A party at Charles Green's—His death in 1898. . . . . pp. 271—284

CHAPTER X

1887

The Royal Institute Tableaux and Ball—A brilliant assemblage—Recital of lines by H. Savile Clarke—A graceful gavotte—Costumes at the ball—A message from the late King Edward VII.—Irving's production of "Werner" at the Lyceum—Remarks on Irving—His early days—A glimpse of him in the City—His position and influence—J. L. Toole—His kindness and encouragement to author—Views of his acting—A note from him—The Jubilee celebration in London—"The Times" on the pageant—Festivities in Paris—An ode by the author . . pp. 285—299

CHAPTER XI

1887, etc.

A last chat with Wilkie Collins—Novel-writing and play-making—Early prediction about him—The elder Farren in "Secret Service"—Fechter as Claude Melnotte—The French actors, Regnier, Got, Coquelin, Lafont, Lemaître—Collins's father and his pictures—A good-bye to the novelist—His death in 1889—Frédéric Lemaître and his vagaries—An account of his funeral—Sitting to John Pettie—Dinner to F. W. Robinson—"Home Chimes" ceases to exist—Farewell to contributors—Death of its editor—Charles Burton Barber—Ada Cavendish . . pp. 300—309

CHAPTER XII

1899, etc.

Notes on Sydney Arnold—Lord Dufferin's speech—Joseph Jefferson and "Rip Van Winkle"—Edwin Booth—Dr. Richard Garnett—Letter about Shelley—Some impressions of Joseph Knight—A dinner to him—His death—Letter from him—Robert B. Markby—Frequenters of the "Arundel"—T. Woolner, etc.—Dr. Sebastian Evans—Joseph Chamberlain and the "Tobacco Parliament"—Dr. Evans's death at Canterbury—Death of King Edward VII.—Hermann Vezin and Henry Neville—The late Sir W. S. Gilbert . . . . pp. 310—325

INDEX . . . . pp. 327—345

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE AUTHOR . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

ON THE LAWN AT GAD'S HILL 34

MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK 54

LEIGH MURRAY 72

REGNIER 78

GOT 78

DELAUNAY 80

BRESSANT 80

GENERAL TROCHU 98

JULES FAVRE 98

THE LAST PROCLAMATION OF THE COMMUNE 128

DÉJAZET IN "LE MARQUIS DE LAUZAN" 142

DÉJAZET 142

ADA CAVENDISH IN "THE NEW MAGDALEN" 146

WILKIE COLLINS 148

ARNOULD-PLESSY 160

FAVART 160

SALVINI AS OTHELLO 164

SALVINI 176

FACING PAGE

COQUELIN 180

MAUBANT AS RUY GOMEZ 180

SARAH BERNHARDT 182

ELLEN TERRY AS OLIVIA 188

CHARLES GREEN, R.I., IN FANCY DRESS 192

SIR SPENCER WELLS, BART. 208

THE HOUSE AT GOLDER'S HILL 210

WESTLAND MARSTON 216

CHARLES DICKENS 216

MRS. STIRLING 242

MARY ANDERSON AS JULIET 248

F. W. ROBINSON 274

SIR SQUIRE AND LADY BANCROFT 278

CHARLES GREEN'S INVITATION CARD 282

TABLEAU AT THE ARTISTS' BALL 286

J. L. TOOLE IN "THE BUTLER" 294

FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE IN "TRENTE ANS, OU LA VIE D'UN JOUER" 304

FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE IN "LE CRIME DE FAVERNE" . . . 304

SYDNEY ARNOLD, OF PARIS 310

HERMANN VEZIN AS DAN'L DRUCE 321

HERMANN VEZIN IN "THE MAN O' AIRLIE" 321

HENRY NEVILLE 320

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE PROGRAMME 323

An Actor's Notebooks

CHAPTER I

1845 to 1868

ALLUSIONS to one's ancestors are apt to be a matter of some delicacy, and the word never recurs without that story of Sydney Smith's coming to my mind. Being pestered by a lady as to who his grandfather was, he silenced her by remarking that his grandfather "disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions."

My father came from Huntingdonshire, and my mother from Cambridgeshire, although her mother—of whom I shall have something to say—was born in London, where she lived until the time of her marriage. When he was twenty-two my father established a private boarding-school at Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, but eventually went up into Shropshire, the county in which I was born. I do not know that there is a great deal with regard to my forbears or connections that can have any general interest. It is true that a niece of my great-grandfather on the maternal side married an Essex clergyman—the Reverend Samuel Bennett, B.D.—who was descended in a direct line from Colonel J. W. Bennett, the Secretary of Prince Rupert. To Miss Eva Scott, who wrote the interesting "Rupert, Prince Palatine," I am indebted for the statement that it was due to the

Colonel's care that the "Rupert Correspondence" was preserved, part of which is now in the British Museum. My maternal grandmother had a favourite nephew, the Rev. D. G. Bishop, Vicar of Tibshelf, in Derbyshire, and once master of Buntingford Grammar School, who married, I believe, either a daughter or a niece of Dr. J. D. Morell, author of "An Introduction to Mental Philosophy." I have often wondered whether he was related to Thomas Morell, the learned divine who helped Hogarth in writing his "Analysis of Beauty," and also Handel over the words of his oratorios. Whatever my ancestors may have done, I am not aware that they had any association with the stage, and I cannot call to mind any impressions connected with it earlier than about the time I was seven or eight years old. It was my delight to question my grandmother about those early London days, and among other things I learnt that sometimes she went clandestinely to the play, and enjoyed it with the double relish that belongs to forbidden pleasures. Her parents never frequented the theatre, and held the belief that it was good that their children should not do so; but some of their friends were less rigid in their views, and, indeed, occasionally entertained some of the "performers"—as my grandmother called them—at their houses. With one exception, I do not remember that she ever mentioned the name of any particular actor, actress, or theatre. The exception was an important one. It was the name of Mrs. Jordan. It was not at the houses mentioned that she met and spoke to the great Rosalind of her day. I fancy the meeting was at Richmond in Surrey, but I am ignorant in what circumstances it took place. That smile of the actress, which Hazlitt said "had the effect of sunshine," must have been to my grandmother, who was then scarcely out of her girlhood, one of her cherished memories. The only other incident that can claim anything like association with the theatre occurred in 1845. My father, with the help of Dr. Benjamin

Hall Kennedy—the well-known and eminent Master of Shrewsbury, "the greatest teacher of his century," as he was called, and who afterwards became Canon of Ely, induced Charles Kemble to come down from London, and give a reading of a Shakespearian play. The following letters explain the matter. Arnold was my father's and, of course, my own name, that of Archer being a *nom de théâtre*. It happened, however, to be a Christian name in our family.

SHREWSBURY,
April 22, 1845.

SIR,—

I will guarantee the attendance of 90 boys at Mr. Kemble's Reading. Besides these you may be pretty sure of having about 30 day scholars and the Masters; but as their payments will not pass through my hands I do not guarantee them. I should think there would be a good attendance from the town and neighbourhood. As you are so good as to say that I may suggest the Play from which Mr. Kemble would read, I would venture to name either "Hamlet" or "The First Part of Henry IV." as likely to form a peculiarly interesting subject; and I would wish Mr. Kemble to take his choice from those Plays. If I can in any other way promote the object you have in view pray command me.

I remain, Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
BENJ. H. KENNEDY.

H. J. ARNOLD, ESQ.

19, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,
April 24, 1845.

SIR,—

As you tell me there is no posting necessary, I shall be prepared to read at Shrewsbury on Wednesday the 14th of May the Tragedy of "Hamlet" on the terms proposed. I will not promise to avail myself of your proferred hospitality; but I shall be

much obliged by your securing me a bed at the Hotel you mention, and will with pleasure accompany you in the carriage on Wednesday morning to Shrewsbury.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
C. KEMBLE.

H. J. ARNOLD, ESQ.

The "terms proposed," it may be said, were twenty guineas. The reading duly took place at what was known as the Music Hall at Shrewsbury. That its success and the delight given by it were unmistakable is proved by the fact of another reading being projected for the end of the year. From various causes, however, this did not take place. There was a spirit of reverence abroad in those days, for there are still in my possession two large partly burnt wax candles yellow with age that were used on the reading-desk at which Charles Kemble stood that night to interpret the immortal tragedy. As I was at this time but an infant in arms my interest in the Shakespearian drama was limited.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy had several scholarly brothers, one of them being the father of the judge, the Hon. Sir William Rann Kennedy. The descendants of another brother are, I understand, connected with the stage. About seven weeks after this my father was in London, and in a letter to my mother (July 4) says:

"I had a really great treat last night, the richest since I have been in London; 'As You Like It,' at the Princess's Theatre. The part of Rosalind by Miss Cushman, the celebrated American actress. I was very pleased indeed. I have so much more added to my previous interest in the Shakespearian Drama. The after pieces were first a Court Ball of 1740—a copy of the Queen's, in fancy dresses of the

old style—very magnificent—exceedingly so. You would have liked to see this. The dresses were gorgeous. The music and dancing just those of the Queen's. Then 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures'—which were rather poor. Then a farce called 'Love in Livery'—poorer still."

My father would pay a visit occasionally to the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, when anything specially good was to be seen. In December of the same year he went to the benefit performance of the elder Vandenhoff and his daughter. They appeared in "Antigone," in which Helen Faucit had been so successful; the music by Mendelssohn. "The First Part of Henry the Fourth" was played the same night, Vandenhoff being the Falstaff and Creswick Hotspur. In March 1847 he saw Miss Cushman at Birmingham as Meg Merrilees in "Guy Mannering" and Viola in "Twelfth Night"; as also Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews in "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Critic." In the same year he was interested in getting subscriptions for the purchase of Shakespeare's house, the committee for the furtherance of this object fortunately having the encouragement and solid help of Queen Adelaide and Prince Albert. But of theatres and doings connected with Shakespeare he can have had but little experience, as he died early in 1848, before he had completed his thirty-first year. I am interested in knowing that his first visit to London was ten years earlier (June 1838), and that he witnessed the procession of Queen Victoria's Coronation, returning from the Abbey, being much struck with the magnificence of the equipages of the foreign ambassadors, more especially that of Marshal Soult. Only a few weeks before his death, he received from a lady a few impressions of Emerson, who was then in England. Anything that appertains to so great a writer will, I think, be read with interest.

HEADINGLEY, near Leeds,
Dec. 31, 1847.

. . . I was very much delighted with Emerson last Thursday—more with him than with his lecture, which disappointed me a little, as I had previously read nearly every word of it in reports. I really think the reporters' hands ought to be stopped. I am come here just in time to hear him again next Monday on Shakespeare. He is going to Birmingham again at the end of January.

HEADINGLEY,
Jan. 7, 1848.

I have heard Emerson twice here, and am going to hear his "Domestic Life" over again on Monday. I am delighted with him, and everything I hear about him. He is so simple and unaffected, and, moreover, so *loving*. He is very fond of children. He has several of his own. He talks much of his little Edith, and is yearning to return to his home. I was introduced to him last night, and but for a trifling misunderstanding I should have supped with him; for my friends had an invitation which they are now much vexed they did not accept. He was staying at the M.'s. The first time he was here, he was at my friend Mr. W.'s—and from the W.'s I have heard much of him. A friend of mine here took some very good notes of his Shakespeare lecture, which he has allowed me to copy, and you shall have them.

BIRMINGHAM,
Jan. 24, 1848.

I came home last Wednesday week after a fortnight of the most thorough enjoyment I ever experienced. I heard Emerson three times, and it is impossible to give you any idea of the impression he has left upon my mind. I had never prepared myself to love him—I expected to admire and reverence; but it is impossible to see much of him without a

warmer feeling. His manners are so gentle and amiable; his countenance is so benevolent, and so purified from every dross of earth. I never saw a human face with so much in it of the divine. I had the opportunity of hearing a great deal of him in private, though I was disappointed in not meeting him as I had hoped. I missed him twice by a hair's-breadth, as I think I told you. I enclose Dr. J.'s report of Emerson's Shakespeare lecture. My little collection of poetry is in the press. I have had the first proof-sheets.[1]

I have not seen Tennyson's new poem.

After the death of my father, my mother went with her two boys to join my grandmother in Bedfordshire, from where my brother and I were afterwards sent to school in London. I must condense this part of my narrative, as it has but little interest, until I was launched out into the world. I may say in passing that I was not seven years old when I paid my first visit to the great metropolis. I visited some old friends of my mother who lived in Keppel Street, Russell Square. The large blocks of ice in the fishmongers' shops, the monster candles in the wax-chandlers', and tomatoes at the fruiterers', were novelties to me, I remember. As my good mother was anxious I should not miss one of the world's sights, I was taken to the great Exhibition of 1851. I can specially recall the large crystal fountain, an object of great beauty; but one attraction greatly delighted me: it was a model of the Liverpool Docks, with all the vessels and the details of its quays, etc.—a charming production. Then there were the trees built into the Exhibition itself, and those effective scarlet cloths with white lettering, which notified the different courts—Austria, France, Italy, etc. Of course I was taken to Madame Tussaud's in Baker

[1] A tiny volume of selected poetry for the use of children, edited by the writer.

Street, opposite which, later in life, I took up my abode. I had never seen the sea, nor any river except our small Bedfordshire stream, and the delight I experienced when our friends took me on to old Hungerford suspension bridge, and showed me the steamers paddling about below, it is not easy to convey. But I fear I am "meandering" as the old lady in "David Copperfield" called it.

At school the only sort of acting my companions and I indulged in was very slight. I once took part in a fiery sort of debate on the character of Julius Cæsar; and at another time appeared as Cromwell in the Fall of Wolsey, from "Henry the Eighth." Scenically we got no further than the display of a few swords and halberts, wearing white kid gloves and having our hair curled.

After leaving school I entered upon life in the City, becoming towards the end of 1858 an employé in the large London warehouse of—let us say—Messrs. Ecks, Wye, Zed & Co., one of the most important wholesale houses in the metropolis.

Life in the City in those days, at certain times of the year, was strenuous and exacting. Although the work was hard, I have often since felt glad that a large amount of physical exercise came to my share. I never was put to entirely clerical duties. The labour of clerks in the various "Entering-rooms"—often artificially lighted by day—there were no electric illuminations then—and imperfectly ventilated for long hours, was, I am convinced, demoralising from every point of view. Notwithstanding that extra remuneration was granted for it, there is little doubt but that it was harmful to work on into the small hours of the morning; sometimes even there were "all-night sittings." These conditions, I hope and think, no longer exist.

Those were the days of prize fights; and there was an occurrence in April 1860 that greatly excited us young fellows, as it did the whole of the country.

I mean the fight for the championship between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan—"The Benicia Boy" as he was called. It took place at Farnborough and resulted in "a draw." Heenan became the husband of Adah Isaacs Menken, who appeared at Astley's Theatre as Mazeppa. She dedicated a small volume of poetry to Dickens, entitled "Infelicia" and drew from the novelist the response, that though many pages of verse were submitted to him, there were "few so pathetically written, fewer still so modestly sent."

One June evening in 1861 I was on a river steamboat with a companion, and we heard that a fire had broken out near London Bridge. We made our way there and witnessed what was then said to be the greatest sight of the kind that had been known since the Great Fire of London. Literally the Thames was on fire, and I remember the tremendous heat we experienced on London Bridge. It was on this occasion that poor James Braidwood, the head of the Fire Brigade, lost his life at the post of duty. It was weeks before the outbreak in Tooley Street was extinguished.

I have the agreeable flavour of a literary association connected with this time which was not realised till a few years ago. Some of us used to be dispatched to a certain City warehouse on business and encountered the head of it, not a dry, uninteresting principal, but a very taking and intelligent man who always had something pleasant and jovial to say to us boys. I did not know then that this was Francis Bennoch, the great friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

There are a few incidents standing out star-like in the expanse of memory,

> "Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,"

belonging to my boyhood and youth in the great City. I lived within the very shadow of the stately Cathedral, and I shall never forget how on December 14, 1861,

at midnight we were startled in our sleep by hearing the great bell toll out unexpectedly for, as we were to learn

> "A Prince indeed,
> Beyond all titles, and a household name,
> Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good."

In less than fifteen months after this, one March morning I saw a joyful pageant. Prince Albert's son and heir brought the

> "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,"

to be welcomed by the nation and escorted by her lover to Windsor.

> "Come to us, love us, and make us your own"

sang the Laureate; and truly she followed the behest, and has been

> "A joy to the people, and joy to the throne."

A day or two later they were wedded, and we were

> "All of us Danes in our welcome of Alexandra."

Another twelve months rolled away, and how we shouted as Garibaldi in the familiar red shirt was driven through the densely packed multitudes on his way to the banquet given him by the Lord Mayor and the City of London. Many such spectacular episodes I was witness of. But I am concerned now in recounting how I gradually broke away from business avocations to take up the actor's art. I have spoken of the hardships of City life, but let me avow the many advantages I enjoyed. Though as a youth I had no salary, and had to work for three years without remuneration, it must be understood that I "lived in the house," as the phrase went, and bed and board were fully provided. There was a fairly good library, to which we had access in our leisure time;

and about the year 1861 a society or club was established for the purpose of mutual cultivation and improvement. We met weekly during the winter months, alternating the practice of elocution with essays and debates. One week, for instance, there would be "a sound of revelry by night" or "Lars Porsena of Clusium by the Nine Gods he swore"—or an injunction to "Remember March, the ides of March remember"—and the alternate weeks we would discuss such questions as "President Lincoln's Emancipation Scheme"; whether we ought "to admire the character of Queen Elizabeth"—or whether "the existing state of the Drama was worthy of our support," etc., etc. In the last-named it need scarcely be said on which side I voted. There was one member of our society, a pleasant, gentlemanly young fellow of decidedly intellectual tastes, whom I have, as will appear, a reason for alluding to. I knew little of him in private, but my impression is that I had heard he was connected with our house temporarily, and was in training for the Nonconformist pulpit. He certainly had no theatrical leanings.

One of the essays that he read was "On the Present Age, its Traits and Tendencies." Another on the "Puritans." But for a while let me return to my own aspirations, which were scarcely of a Puritan character. Wild and erratic as we were, after the manner of undisciplined youth, we did not as a rule indulge in brainless pleasures. I had some knowledge too of the old City churches in those long-past times. We were in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, and our rector, worthy and good as he undoubtedly was, I regret to say we irreverently styled "Old Bowers."

Sometimes we attended the services at the great Cathedral, and I well remember the aged Dean walking up the church to go to his place, with body very much bent by the weight of years. And yet the Rev. H. H. Milman was not a very old man, as age is estimated now. It was but recently I had a cheer-

ful message from a companion of past angling days. He was 102, and went up to the polling-booth to record his vote at the January election of 1910! The Dean of St. Paul's died in 1868 at the age of seventy-seven. He was a distinguished man, and could boast of a rather full literary record.

He produced "The Fall of Jerusalem," a "History of Christianity," translations from the Greek Dramatists; an annotated edition of Horace, with a life of the poet; one likewise of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and "Anne Boleyn." He was the author of a tragedy called "Fazio," at one time constantly acted. It was first produced (against his wish, I believe) at the Surrey Theatre in 1816, and afterwards at Covent Garden, with Charles Kemble and Miss O'Neill in the principal parts. Fanny Kemble in her "Records of a Girlhood" says that Milman declared that she (Fanny Kemble) "had made Bianca exactly what he intended." The character was also played by Ristori on one of her visits to England. Often at St. Paul's, too, I heard what I then thought to be splendid sermons from the Rev. W. Weldon Champneys—afterwards Dean of Lichfield. He was one of the early advocates for ragged schools, refuges, etc.

The Cathedral services, though, at that time were very bare. Those who see what is done now at the great fane can have no conception of the old state of things. From what I can remember, the most ornately beautiful services were held at St. Michael's, Cornhill, though Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, Lincoln's Inn, and many others were both impressive and devotional.

I only once heard the great Spurgeon preach, and I thought him very good. I may have been favourably biassed, for I often saw him out of the pulpit. He married the daughter of Robert B. Thompson, who was the head of one of the Departments in which I was placed. As boys we always thought Mrs. Spurgeon

a very pretty and delightful woman. Several times I had the pleasure of seeing her at her father's house.

There was one great Nonconformist preacher I always regret that I missed the opportunity of hearing, William Morley Punshon. In after years the late Sir Spencer Wells once invited me to go with him to hear Punshon lecture. For some reason I declined, and the opportunity never returned. He had the reputation of being a fine orator. His lectures on "John Bunyan" and "The Huguenots" were extremely popular.

But to return to other matters. It was not long, as I shall show, before the fascination of the theatre held me in thrall. And here I must confess to something like a piece of hypocrisy, that may have been observed in many people of riper years: although tragedy and the Shakespearian and poetical drama had my warmest advocacy and admiration, I always spent what money I could spare on seeing plays of a purely amusing kind. The theatres we frequented—and most of them claimed our attention—were the Strand, the Olympic, the New Adelphi, the Haymarket, the Lyceum, Drury Lane, the St. James's, the Princess's, and the Royalty. Covent Garden, the Surrey, Astley's, and the Grecian also, when the pantomimes were especially good; which they often were we thought in those days.

Sadlers' Wells was unknown to me, I regret to say. The Prince of Wales's, which was opened in 1865, I can recall visiting but once.

Neither the Holborn nor the Queen's (1866 and 1867) did I frequent; and the Globe and the Gaiety were not opened until after I was on the stage.

It was not youth alone that made some of the entertainments splendid in our eyes. What were the attractions of those distant days—1858-68? There were H. J. Byron's burlesques at the Strand Theatre, which, though not comparable in grace and point to

the extravaganzas of J. R. Planché, gave the opportunity for some admirable acting, which was in no wise lost. This was before burlesque had degenerated. After the Broughs, Byron, and Burnand (now Sir F. C. Burnand), there were some melancholy lapses, until the late W. S. Gilbert came to delight audiences with his graceful and fantastic productions.

Was it not at the Strand that my first London manageress, Miss Marie Wilton (now Lady Bancroft), early displayed her genius? My earliest remembrance of her is in a farce or comedietta called "The Little Savage," and I especially remember the artistic zest with which she ate an apple. I have never met the play since, though it was once a favourite with amateurs, I believe. Very clear to me among other delightful memories are her Pippo in "The Maid and the Magpie," the hero of "Aladdin," and Sir Walter Raleigh in "Kenilworth." By a bill I have preserved, I gather that I must have seen her also in a one-act drama called "A Lucky Escape." It was on the same evening that I enjoyed the acting of the inimitable James Rogers in "The Postboy."

Then there was the Olympic, illumined by the genius of Frederick Robson: the same theatre in which Miss Kate Terry won our hearts; and where "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" began its career.

The New Adelphi, with Dion Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn" and "The Octoroon," the "Leah of Miss Bateman," and sometimes Webster's Miss Woolgar's, Mrs. Stirling's, and Mrs. Billington's clever acting.

The Haymarket. With the art of Buckstone and his colleagues, Compton, Howe, Chippendale, the younger Farren, etc., in the old comedies, not to speak of Sothern's Lord Dundreary, and Charles Mathews's impersonations.

The Lyceum, with Madame Celeste's powers of pantomime, and where Edmund Falconer produced "The Peep o' Day," with the exquisite scenery of

Grieve and Telbin—Fechter, too, in his romantic melodramas, and in his presentation of "Hamlet."

Then we come to Drury Lane—the National Theatre, as it was called, with its legitimate attractions. The plays of Shakespeare, "Antigone," Milton's "Comus," Byron's "Manfred" and "Marino Faliero." Bulwer's "Richelieu," "The School for Scandal," "The Man of the World," "Faust," and the adaptations of Sir Walter Scott, were the features of the sixties. Then, as now, the popularity of the pantomimes at the great Patent Theatre must also be recorded; and often had to pay the cost of the more intellectual entertainments. For interpreters, to name a few, there were Miss Helen Faucit (whose appearances were limited to 1864-5, I think), Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss Atkinson, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Edith Stuart, Miss K. Harfleur, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, Miss Adelaide Neilson, Madame Fanny Huddart, Miss Poole, Miss Cicely Nott, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, etc.

Amongst the men were Phelps, Creswick, James Anderson, Walter Montgomery, Charles Dillon, Barry Sullivan, T. C. King, Henry Marston, T. Swinbourne, John Ryder, Walter Lacy, E. P. Addison, H. M. Barrett, Henry Sinclair, A. Rayner, Robert Roxby, George Belmore, J. G. Neville, J. Rouse, Fred Charles, Joseph Irving, Edward Price, G. F. Neville, Percy Roselle, Henri Drayton, Wilbye Cooper, A. St. Albyn, etc.

I saw too little of these legitimate performances. "Manfred," "King John," "The School for Scandal," and "Richelieu" I witnessed; and I know that I was in the pit on the first night of "Faust," when Phelps was the Mephistopheles. In my young days, as I have hinted, tragedy did not appeal to me as much as the Comic Muse.

The St. James's Theatre was once served by a double company under the management of Benjamin

Webster. Besides himself, there were Charles Mathews, Frederick Robinson, John Clarke, Paul Bedford, J. L. Toole, Frank Matthews, and H. J. Montague, the last-mentioned *jeune premier* then making his way amongst the more experienced comedians. The actresses were Mrs. Stirling, Miss Herbert, Mrs. Howard Paul, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss Cottrell, Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Wentworth, and Mrs. Charles Mathews. At the St. James's also, before the sixties were out, there was to appear the actor who was destined to make his way to the summit of his profession, Henry Irving.

At the time I write of, Charles Kean had retired from the management of the Princess's Theatre.

Fechter as Ruy Blas I regret I did not see. It was said to be very fine. But I remember seeing "Donna Diana," with George Vining, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Henry Forrester, and David Fisher, "The Comedy of Errors," with the Brothers Webb—"Antony and Cleopatra"—Miss Glyn and Henry Loraine, and "The Streets of London" by Boucicault.

Near by, at the Royalty, great successes had been made with the burlesques "Ixion," "Black-Eyed Susan," etc., the work of Sir F. C. Burnand.

The Queen's, in Long Acre, which opened in 1867, under the management of Alfred Wigan, I did not visit, I think, until a much later period.

At the Surrey Theatre I saw the late Hermann Vezin play "Macbeth" in very early days. Also Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick in certain transpontine dramas.

In 1863 Boucicault reconstructed Astley's Amphitheatre, and opened it as the Westminster Theatre. I saw "The Trial of Effie Deans"—a strong drama, well acted, the lessee and his wife (Miss Agnes Robertson) appearing in it; but it failed to attract.

I have an indistinct remembrance of dropping into the Prince of Wales's Theatre one evening. It had

been then opened by Miss Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft)—I must have seen part of either "War to the Knife" or "£100,000."

The impersonators of the romantic and domestic drama, too, were very attractive, though the great Farren and the elder Keeleys I did not see act, and very little of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Besides the actresses mentioned, the names most familiar to me are Miss Swanborough, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Louise Keeley, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Miss Heath, Miss Elsworthy, Miss Kate Saville, Miss Oliver, Miss Charlotte Saunders, Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Nelly Moore, Miss Lydia Thompson, and Miss G. Pauncefort.

In the memories that follow, the order of events is occasionally anticipated, and though the opinions take the form of mature criticism they can scarcely be regarded as anything but youthful impressions. Robson I thought the most wonderful actor I had ever seen. His acting of Samson Burr in "The Porter's Knot" I enjoyed more than once. It was a treat of the highest kind. I am sorry that I have so few memories of this great artist. His "Shylock" and "Medea" burlesques, and the parts he played in "Payable on Demand," "Daddy Hardacre," "The Chimney Corner," and "Plot and Passion," I regret that I missed. I have the clearest remembrance of some of his farce acting. His Jacob Earwig in "Boots at the Swan," Trotter Southdown in "To oblige Benson," and that weird, demoniacal performance in "The Lottery Ticket" were inimitable. Faint remembrances also arise of his acting in two other burlesques, "Mazeppa" and "The King of the Merrows." In the former I remember him bound to a gigantic rocking-horse.

I do not think that the genius of Robson was in any way exaggerated. His gifts were peculiarly his own. He had a certain vein of seriousness, and

a dignity that is rarely associated with what is called a "Low Comedian." He certainly, too, had a face that suited serious drama, though, in spite of the intensity he displayed, it is doubtful whether he would have succeeded in any leading Shakespearian part. His figure for this would not have been in his favour, even had he been gifted with what may be called the mental weight necessary. Whether he would have shone in some of Shakespeare's clowns, or in some of the more exacting characters in the old comedies, who shall say? Macready—from hearsay only, as he had never seen him—believed he would.

I knew nothing of him personally, though I thought it a great thing on one occasion to speak to him. The way in which it came about is associated with an instance of the vanity of the amateur that it would be hard to beat. In 1862 an amateur performance for a charity—the Lancashire Distress Fund, in fact—took place at the Princess's Theatre. Though I took no part in it, some of those who did were friends of mine. One of the attractions was "The Porter's Knot," in which a friend of Robson's appeared in the little man's own part of Samson Burr, and induced him later on the same evening to give his performance of Jacob Earwig, the deaf waiter in "The Boots at the Swan"! It was on this particular night when I was hanging about the entrances that Robson made some remark to me about the house and its enthusiasm, etc. His dresser was following him about with a tumbler, which it was painful to see he clutched at nervously, gulping down the contents before making his entrance. He had accustomed himself to take a stimulant to dispel the intense nervousness from which he suffered. It was eventually fatal. At this performance he was tempted to exaggerate, and indulge in antics beyond all reason. He was then coming to the end of his tether; and when, in 1864, at the age of forty-three, Robson died,

the stage lost a great actor. It may not be generally known, by the way, that once in his pre-political days Mr. Chamberlain submitted a play to Robson—then the manager of the Olympic.

Another actor of a totally different kind was Charles Mathews, who to the last was an accomplished artist. He had very little feeling or pathos. When he played parts in which such qualities were essential it was curious to note how far he was from any real expression of them. The slower utterance and the dropped voice quite failed to touch one, and he seemed relieved, as were the audience, in his getting back to his badinage and rattle. But what fascinating rattle it was! Such refined and gentlemanly patter. Of all the many and various characters he played it would be hard to mention anything more admirable and artistic than his Affable Hawk in "The Game of Speculation"—a version by G. H. Lewes of Balzac's "Mercadet." The aplomb, the cool, imperturbable impudence, and the distinction of it all were wonderfully fine. I never saw Got in "Mercadet," but, consummate comedian though he was, it is difficult to think he could have been more brilliant than Mathews. Other plays in which I enjoyed his acting were "The Critic" (Sir Fretful Plagiary and Puff doubled were irresistible), "Cool as a Cucumber," "A Romantic Idea," "London Assurance" (Dazzle), "The Silver Lining," "Not a Bad Judge," "Patter *versus* Clatter," "Woodcock's Little Game," "The Golden Fleece," "The Contested Election," "Used Up," and "The Liar." In the last three plays I acted with him.

I know of few actors whose articulation was so perfect and so refined in the tone of comedy as that of Charles Mathews. Mere nonsense, delivered as he was capable of delivering it, had quite a charm. His "Patter *versus* Clatter" was unique. There was a topical song called "A Dream," which, originally in "Theseus and Ariadne," he used to render inimit-

ably as Chorus in "The Golden Fleece." It may still ring in the ears of very old playgoers.

"I'm quite in a flutter
I scarcely can utter
The words to my tongue that come dancing,
come dancing.

"I've had such a dream
That I'm sure it must seem
To incredulous ears like romancing,
romancing.

. . .

"I dreamed I was walking
With Homer, and talking
The very best Greek I was able,
was able.

"When Lord Liverpool he
Came in very coolly
And danced a Scotch jig on the table,
the table."

And so on—and so on. Planché gives the whole twenty or thirty verses in his entertaining "Recollections." Mathews was an accomplished man in many directions. Like so many other sons of Thespis, he was said to be "intended for the Church." He was trained, however, as an architect; was an excellent draughtsman and caricaturist, and a linguist too of no mean order. His early association with some of the society leaders of his day, Count d'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Lord Chesterfield, etc., gave him many advantages. He wrote or adapted forty or fifty pieces, and "created," it is said, more than one hundred and sixty parts. His manners were most agreeable, and he was a very pleasant "star" to come into contact with. When I first acted with him, he must have been about sixty-five, but his brightness and activity were remarkable. He had much gentlemanly feeling—whatever he may have thought, he never said the disagreeable thing. To be pleasant to everybody seemed

to be his rule—particularly, like Mr. Hawk, to his creditors.

I am reminded of an incident that amused me when I was once acting in the country with him in "The Liar." Like most actors, he had little tricks and mannerisms. He had a certain swing of the arm, and a way of smoothing down his hair or his wig behind, and in his utterances used to give vent to a peculiar interjection, that I can only reproduce as the French "que" or Ker! Sometimes it was interrogative, sometimes incredulous, or used to express surprise, but "Ker" was constantly in evidence. I was standing at the wings near him, waiting to go on as Sir James Elliot, when the gasman of the theatre, a heavy, grimy, slow-speaking man, touched his cap, anxious not to be overlooked. "I suppose you don't remember me, Mr. Mathews. I met you in the So-and-So theatre in the year so-and-so—George Nameless." Mathews looked at him, first in the face intently, and then surveyed him from head to foot. "Ker!" (the man was gaunt and hungry-looking) "Remember you? Ker—of course I do. Why, George, you're getting quite fat!" The effect was very droll. I don't for a moment suppose that he remembered the man, but it was kinder to assume that he did; and if George had ever been less inclined to obesity, he must have been thin indeed.

On another night I remember in "The Contested Election" from nervousness or over-anxiety getting muddled in the words of my part. When the act was over, I was on the point of apologising to him for my lapse. He anticipated me—"Ker! so you got it mixed up a bit, eh? Ker. Never mind, it was all right. It's always a difficult bit."

The last time I met him was when "Money" was being acted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Between the acts he came into the green-room to see the Bancrofts and shake us all by the hand; and I distinctly remember during the performance hearing from

his box the familiar "Ker!" The last time I saw him was in 1877 at Bedford in "My Awful Dad." To say that he looked as young as ever would be wide of the truth, but the way in which he acted and skipped about at seventy-four was really astonishing. He died the following year.

Of Benjamin Webster it was not my fate to see much. I call to mind his acting of William Penn Holder in "One Touch of Nature," Baron Ravenspurg in "The Woman Hater," and Robert Landry in Watts Phillips's melodrama, "The Dead Heart." At the time I was a playgoer, Webster, I think, was more engrossed in his work as a manager. But he was a fine and skilful actor.

Samuel Emery—the father of Miss Winifred Emery—was another true artist. He had played a great variety of characters in his day. It is not easy to forget his splendid vigour and his manly pathos in a line of parts, particularly his own—parts of the Daniel Peggotty type. His rendering of a character he assumed in a melodrama called "Lost in London" was extremely good.

Without being that unrealisable quantity, a perfect Hamlet, there were in Fechter's performance of the part some very admirable and beautiful points, I thought. But naturally the French accent and elements were conspicuous in his acting. In "The Duke's Motto" these heightened the effect of his assumption, which was excellent.

The mention of Fechter recalls his friend Dickens. As a youth I was always hopeful, like many others, that one day I might meet the great novelist, but it was a pleasure denied me. Once only I heard him read. It was on March 13, 1862, at St. James's Hall in Piccadilly. His readings then consisted of Scenes from "David Copperfield" and Bob Sawyer's Party from "Pickwick." He left on me the impression that his powers of impersonation were greater than his ability in sustained, even reading. For instance,

From a photograph.

ON THE LAWN AT GAD'S HILL.

P. 34]

in level passages such a reader as Bellew[1] was his superior, though when it came to realising any of the characters of his own creation, dramatically, he reigned supreme. The one thing I remember most clearly in the "Pickwick" reading was his rendering of Betsey the small servant, at Bob Sawyer's lodgings. There was a dash of a cold in the head in her, "Please Mister Sawyer, Missis Raddle wants to speak to *you*," and, "You can't have no warm water . . . Missis Raddle said you warn't to have none." An inimitable bit of Cockney character. Other allusions to Dickens will come later; but what apology is needed for introducing the subject? Surely no literary name has a greater fascination. W. E. Henley aptly expresses what thousands must have felt: "I love to remember that I came into the world contemporaneously with some of his bravest work. . . . I love to think that while English literature endures he will be remembered as one that loved his fellowmen, and did more to make them happy and amiable than any other writer of his time."[2]

I have to thank Mr. Henry F. Dickens for his kindness in permitting the reproduction of the very interesting photograph. Besides the owner of Gad's Hill and members of his family, there may be found in the picture Wilkie Collins, his brother, Charles A. Collins, author of "A Cruise upon Wheels," "The Bar Sinister," etc., who married the younger daughter of the novelist—since Mrs. Perugini—and Fechter the actor.

A word or two on the scenes of my youthful histrionic efforts. As early as 1862 I began with my co-mates to make a display of incompetence, and to afflict our friends and acquaintances as amateurs. The plea of charity was at all times advanced, but vanity, I am afraid, was the moving power. Our

[1] Bellew was an exceptionally fine reader and had been a pupil of Macready.

[2] "Views and Reviews—Essays in Appreciation."

representations were not, as a rule, given in regular theatres, but took place at such halls as the Whittington, in Arundel Street, St. Martin's, in Long Acre (afterwards the Queen's Theatre, and now occupied by the "One and All" Agricultural Association), St. George's Opera House (now in the possession of Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant), Myddelton Hall, Islington, and Sussex Hall, in Leadenhall Street. Sussex Hall had been, at an earlier period, the scene of the elocutionary efforts of J. L. Toole. Was it here, I wonder, that he made his first appearance in public as Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice"? Sir Henry Irving as a lad recited at the neighbouring Crosby Hall, and Toole expressed a wish that they had known each other in those days.

It must have been in 1866 that I began to think seriously of changing my vocation. I have always had reason to be grateful for a business training, for there are many valuable things it teaches; but I suppose my heart was not quite in my duties, and my future looked uncertain and uninteresting. I knew little at that time of what salaries were earned by actors. Strange to say, it did not seem to interest me. The glamour of the theatre, too, was over all. As I look back upon the step, it seems to have been the height of folly to throw up a certainty for a career so entirely precarious as that of the stage. I had but few friends to consider. My mother was the first, and she had but one wish, that her boys should be worthy, happy, and prosperous. But she lived in the country, and was ignorant of all things theatrical. I cannot doubt that if circumstances had been favourable she would have been an enthusiastic playgoer. But it was one thing for her to be in sympathy with the acted drama, and quite another to hear that her son contemplated becoming an actor. She remembered, too, something of the great Edmund Kean's career, though her son was little likely to show such stuff as made him the wonder he was.

It was but natural that she should have felt something of "doubt, hesitation, and pain." But she never uttered one word of reproach to me, nor had I from her, in all my struggles and efforts, aught but love and sympathy up to the day of her death. My only brother, three years my junior, but passionately fond of the theatre, was enthusiastic about my proposed change, and friends of my own age to whom I confided my intentions shared in his hopeful feelings. I remember with pleasure the encouragement given me by the only uncle that was left to me; the worthiest and kindest of men, whose eldest son, by the way—my cousin, Mr. Frank Woolnough—is the valued and indefatigable curator of the exceptionally fine museum at Ipswich, and whose energies are given to the development of the beautiful Christchurch mansion, whose archæological museum, picture galleries, etc., are one of the sights of the city. Thanks to the generosity of some of its magnates, it seems to have a fine future before it. But I am getting wide of my subject.

Unfortunately I had saved but very little money, and I knew that beyond any gifts there was an art to learn, some sort of equipment that was necessary, and a provision for the days of waiting, which, in spite of my imprudence, I was conscious there must be. I had sufficient forethought to arrange for some study of the art I proposed following before severing my connection with commerce, if I may use such a dignified phrase. I constantly saw advertisements in the papers to catch stage-struck aspirants that were issued by some of the old "tie-wig" actors, as they used to be called. A sort of instinct kept me out of their clutches. Ignorance, coarseness, and incompetence were too often their attributes.

Happily my lot was to be more fortunate. That arch-magician Shakespeare misled me, as he has misled myriads of other aspirants. His dramatic power made it seem easy—as it certainly was de-

lightful—with the help of voice, face, and figure, to try and realise materially his creations. But, as Pope says, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." That strong attachment to oneself—an overweening vanity, in short, which nullifies self-estimate—sweeps everything before it. As there are still, and will be to the end of time, stage-struck youths and maidens, it may not be amiss to point out an error that they are liable to fall into. A play is witnessed, and actors of varying ability appear in it. The aspirant sees some part acted which he or she feels capable of representing with infinitely more skill. Often they may be right. The assumption is that, therefore, the stage is in urgent need of them. They hear of good salaries, they have felt, as amateurs, the fascination of the footlights, and tasted the sweetness of applause, and the vocation—as half the world is always talking of it—is full of charm and attractiveness. But unfortunately the stage is a profession that, in spite of the many theatres, is wofully overcrowded. The few successful exponents of the drama are in evidence, but experience shows that, more than most professions, its members are sad sufferers from impecuniosity. These remarks are made in the interest of the many young people who contemplate what I was rash enough to do, that is, leave the safe and solid terra firma for the thin ice of insecurity.

This little preachment has diverted me from Shakespeare, whose dramas, I felt convinced, were to be my happy hunting-ground. I started on Hamlet, Iago, Benedict, Faulconbridge, etc., etc., with an earnestness that deserved success even if it could not command it. I was ignorant of the necessity of constant and continued practice, which, more than all private study, is essential to make an effective and trained actor. I firmly believe that no labour put into anything is entirely wasted, or I should have despaired, for I have spent in my young days an enormous amount of time over the study of parts that I was destined

never to act anywhere. I have spoken of vanity as the moving power in our amateur efforts, but let it be said that, thanks to proper business management, the various charities for which we laboured were very substantial gainers thereby. In the necessary accomplishments of a well-trained actor, naturally I felt myself to be deficient.

We often indulged in a "set to" with the gloves, or a bout at single-stick, and I was a member of the German Gymnastic Society in London, which is still flourishing, I believe. Though there was plenty of fencing to be seen there, my knowledge of the art was gained from an old soldier who gave tuition in a hall near the London and North Western terminus at Euston. He was a very fine-looking old fellow and a good teacher. At any rate he took great pains with me, and I was sorry when my course of lessons came to an end. But instructions in the actor's art? Where were they to be obtained? In some advertisement I saw that a Mr. Henry Leslie was about to establish a Dramatic College. After a lapse I wrote to him for particulars; but his answer was that literary matters so absorbed him, that he was unable to devote any leisure to the establishment of the institution. This did not look very hopeful. I learnt afterwards that he was a dramatic author, and also an actor. He produced a once popular play, in which I have acted, called "The Orange Girl." In the "Sunday Times" and other journals in 1867 there appeared an advertisement headed:

"*ELOCUTION*," and it went on to say that Mr. Leigh Murray continued *to instruct intending Clergymen, Barristers, Lecturers and other Public Speakers; and also prepared Ladies and Gentlemen for the Stage.*

Application was to be made to him at 29A, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

Leigh Murray? The name was familiar to me. I must have seen it on the theatre bills, or there must have been some remembrance of hearing of a great Benefit given to him a year or two before. About this I am not clear. I certainly did not know at the time the advertisement met my eye what an admirable and artistic actor he was. Nor did I recall then, that when little more than a boy, I had once had a ticket given me for a Benefit performance at the Surrey Theatre in which Leigh Murray acted. It was the custom for a stock actor at the end of a season, or a star actor at the termination of an engagement, to have a Benefit night; and as an extra attraction to get the help of his brother actors. The Benefit on this occasion was for Charles Calvert—afterwards my manager in Manchester—who appeared with Mrs. Calvert in "The Marble Heart" ("Les Filles de Marbre" of Théodore Barrière). As Raphael Duchatlet, a young artist in this play, Leigh Murray had won much distinction. I have seen it stated that but for his graceful performance the piece in its English form would have been utterly condemned. My memory of the performance is but faint. My impression is that I reached the theatre when the play was well advanced. I assuredly left it before its finish; so that I have but a shadowy recollection of it. In those days, we were obliged to be in by a certain hour, and many a time at an intensely interesting point we have torn ourselves unwillingly away from the theatre to make a dash to get in before the doors closed.

Early then in April 1867 I commenced a course of lessons with Leigh Murray. Serious illness had incapacitated him from following his profession. His last regular appearance on the stage, as will be seen, had taken place three or four years before I met him, but in 1865 the Benefit of which I have spoken took place at Drury Lane Theatre, with the patronage of the Prince of Wales (our late King Edward VII.) and under the auspices of the leaders in theatrical,

literary, and artistic society. Sir John Hare, who preceded me as a pupil of Leigh Murray, has in some interesting reminiscences given an account of his tutor, and an appreciation of the great value of his teaching. I cordially endorse his views, and assert that a more brilliant, earnest, and conscientious instructor it would have been difficult to find. He took also a most kindly interest in getting me launched on the troubled waters of theatrical life. My course of study with him was unfortunately often interrupted by his serious illness. I discontinued my connection with Messrs. Ecks, Wye, Zed & Co., and bade farewell to my old comrades in October 1867. Not until I said good-bye to them was I conscious of the kind feeling and regard they all seemed to have for me. I am doubtful whether it was deserved, but I must confess I was honestly touched by it.

An amusing *contretemps* took place when I started my studies with Leigh Murray. I had written giving him an appointment for three o'clock on a certain Saturday, as that was our day of early closing, and he had answered that he could not receive me at three, as he would be occupied with a pupil; but that at four o'clock he would be quite at liberty. Now, I have "more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in," but one virtue I possess is a sense of punctuality. Small wonder if, on such an occasion, I was over-punctual—if such a thing can be. I was quite as nervous as Sir John Hare has described himself in similar circumstances. Murray's chambers in New Bridge Street were *au second*, and not provided with elegant ante-rooms for those awaiting—"Auditions"—to be "in the fashion." Excepting the landing, there was but one room for waiting in, that in which the lessons were given, the other rooms being on the floor above.

The servant showed me in, without asking my name. Murray was seated at his table. He rose, supported by his stick, and bowed to me. Then I

noticed another person present, who was evidently taking his leave. He looked at me and smiled. "How do you do, Mr. Arnold?" We shook hands, both somewhat confused, and I was then aware it was Mr. L—— of Puritan celebrity! It was, as Dick Swiveller says, "a staggerer" for Leigh Murray, and I then and there, from his face, had my first lesson in expression. It was not, I think, Mr. L——'s first interview, and although we had corresponded with him from the same address, Murray curiously had not noticed it.

After my tutor had done for me all that was possible, in what may be called "chamber practice," I felt it necessary to look out for an opening as a bona-fide professional actor. I had fully made up my mind, even if the opportunity had presented itself, to take no engagement in London. I was certainly conscientious enough to feel that I must "go through the mill," and the mill ground exceeding hard in those days, as many living actors can testify.

While waiting for my chance, I was staying with my uncle in the country. It was Murray's firm conviction that the best manager in the provinces was John Henry Chute, of the Bath and Bristol theatres. He was related by marriage to Macready. There was much correspondence before I decided to try him. In my own mind I felt that if I could have "bearded the lion in his den," I could have induced Mr. Chute to engage me, for I was then dreadfully in earnest. But how to get to Bristol. Money was the one thing I was so much in want of. Nothing for it but a letter—the way being prepared by an epistle of recommendation from Murray. "You must remember," he wrote me, "Chute is the best manager in the provinces (for the *young* actors at all events), and that *he knows it*. Also that the old prestige still hangs about Bath and Bristol; once deemed by actors more formidable to the tyro than Covent Garden or Drury Lane; and unconsciously he feels a sort of dignity he

must keep up as 'Master of the Show,' which boasts so many great and good traditions," etc., etc.

My letter was dispatched to the Bristol manager, with whom Lady Bancroft, Miss Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere), Mrs. Kendal, Miss Kate Terry, Miss Ellen Terry, George and William Rignold, Charles Coghlan, Arthur Wood, W. H. Vernon, and many other good actors matriculated. With what anxiety I watched the post for his reply to my application may be imagined. Here it is:

2, Park Row, Bristol.
Feb. 29, 1868.

My dear Sir,

I have received a letter from Mr. Leigh Murray on your behalf. He speaks of you in very high terms, and having great confidence in his judgment you will no doubt justify all he says of you. I am sorry that my arrangements will not permit me to give you the opportunity you desire. We are full in every department. I have every disposition to encourage educated and respectable persons to enter our profession, and regret that during the present season I am unable to comply with your request. I think it just as well that you should commence in smaller theatres. Our audiences will not permit us to make risky experiments, and whatever aptitude the pupil may show, nothing but practice and experience can give ease and produce effect. You seem animated by the best intentions. If you persevere no doubt you will get on. At first, you must do anything, and everything. I am writing hastily, being much pressed with business, so pray excuse me.

Very faithfully,
J. H. Chute.

Frank Archer, Esq.

I will not deny that it was a disappointment. I sent the letter to Murray, and his cheery view of it

soon sent up my spirits again. "I think," he replied, "Chute's letter highly satisfactory—knowing the man so well as I do—and it is, I assure you, very elaborate for him, as he generally writes (as he speaks) in short, abrupt sentences. I feared he might excuse himself altogether on the score of his season being so near its termination, but the hint about 'trying smaller theatres first' I take to mean 'I will give you a chance when you have had a season elsewhere.' I congratulate you on drawing so favourable a letter from him." Then in a P.S. he says, "On reading Chute's letter over again, I see a glorious line which escaped me at first; he says, 'he regrets that during the *present* season he is unable to comply with your request.' His next season will commence about September; meantime you must try and 'tumble' somewhere!"

I never saw Chute in the flesh, though I learn from Sir Francis Burnand it was his normal state; for he is described as "a great big all-round actor, like the picture of Mr. Vincent Crummles in 'Nicholas Nickleby.'"

My next application was to Mrs. J. F. Saville and her daughter, Miss Kate Saville, of the Theatre Royal, Nottingham. A new theatre had been recently built there, and a season or two before opened with great success. Walter Montgomery, a favourite actor, and Madge Robertson (Mrs. W. H. Kendal) proving great attractions. My effort was crowned with success. The Savilles, I found out later, were personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Murray, which made matters very pleasant for me.

On March 10 I received a letter from Mrs. Saville, saying she would be "very happy to do all in her power to assist my views" if I would let her know "what your ideas are with regard to salary." She was re-opening on the 16th with Dion Boucicault's "Flying Scud," which she hoped would run for three weeks. If I liked to come for that time she might "be able to put me into small parts in farces, and

then if she found my services available she might make some arrangement with me for Easter."

This seemed a long way from "King Lear" and "Othello," but I was very delighted at my success. It was not an easy letter to answer. I have no note of what my reply was, and I cannot now remember; but I packed up my chattels and took train for Nottingham with very little delay. Murray had said nothing as to what Mrs. Saville was like, and I had a general idea, I remember, that she might perhaps resemble Mrs. Jarley in "The Old Curiosity Shop." I was most agreeably surprised, for I found her a ladylike woman, who received me very kindly. She was full of the business of the production, but nothing was said about terms. She told me she proposed entrusting me with the part of Colonel Mulligan, who was one of the four "legs" of the sporting drama. The play, which had enjoyed a run, I believe, of several hundred nights at the Holborn Theatre in London, turned out to be highly successful, and as the leading Nottingham journal said I was "especially clever," there was every reason why I should be satisfied. My manageress intimated that she was well pleased also, which was of greater importance.

"Mr. Archer," she said, "we shall be very pleased to give you a guinea a week, if you will accept those terms." I expressed my willingness to do so, and felt that I was indeed a "professional." My salary certainly left no margin for luxuries, and even with the helpful good nature of my brother actors, I was sometimes sorely put to it to supply the thousand-and-one necessaries, in those days of continual change of bill. Mrs. Saville, I should say, had been a very good actress in her day. At the time I am writing of she played such parts as Emilia in "Othello," the Queen in "Hamlet," and even Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew." Once, I remember, she put up "Macbeth" and played the Thane's wife—I was to enact Rosse. When the costumes were being arranged for,

she said with some dignity, " Mr. Archer, I am going, as a special favour, to lend you this Scotch bonnet. I must tell you it is a relic I greatly prize, for it was once the property of the great Edmund Kean!" I was of course overwhelmed, and told her I trusted some of the spirit of the tragedian might animate my efforts. " Flying Scud" had but a couple of rehearsals and I was much bothered with the cue "parts"—that is, the MS. of the character, without any context beyond the last word or two of the line preceding. We saw no type-written parts at that time. This will explain an allusion in one of Murray's letters to what he calls "The Hibernian Captain."

After " Flying Scud" was withdrawn, work began in real earnest, and I gradually realised that my salary was a well-earned one.

Mrs. Saville (who had married a brother of Helen Faucit) and her daughter, I fear, found no gold mine in the Nottingham theatre, but they conducted it ably and honourably. Miss Kate Saville had been an attractive and a favourite actress in London at the Haymarket, Lyceum, Olympic, etc. I had seen her in 1862 at the last-mentioned theatre on the first night of " Camilla's Husband," when she played the heroine admirably. In this play Robson acted his last original part.

Dickens in one of his letters writes: "I went to the Olympic, where I saw a very good play, ' Camilla's Husband,' very well played. Real merit in Mr. Neville and Miss Saville."

Miss Saville, after she and her mother retired from management, married and quitted the stage. I will employ a phrase here that I may find useful again. Its triteness may be forgiven, for the sake of its truth: "She was as charming a woman as she was an actress."

As I am not giving a full record of my career on the stage, it may be enough to say that after two seasons with my fair Nottingham managers, my after

experiences in the provinces were at Brighton, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, etc., etc.

As the following extracts from the letters of Leigh Murray will show, up to the end of his life he thought nothing a labour that could help me and forward my interests.

CHAPTER II

1868 to 1870

Extracts from Letters from Leigh Murray to Frank Archer

29, New Bridge Street,
Blackfriars, E.C.,
January 27, 1868.

My dear Frank,

Yours of 23rd inst. reached me "in due course" (as the merchants say). No less than four people whom I know have been summoned hence last week by death, viz. Mrs. William Vining, whose autograph I was showing to your brother Sydney only last Monday; Mr. Anderton, Common Council, etc., etc., who lived exactly opposite to these chambers; Mr. Ward, landlord of the time-honoured "Bedford Head" in Maiden Lane, where literary men have consorted for a century, and where the Reunion Club still holds its meetings; and last, not least, poor Charles Kean! I have alluded to your brother; he passed a too brief evening with me last Monday.

There is no doubt at all about the business being really great, both at the Adelphi and the Queen's. My cousin George Belmore could not get seats for Mrs. W. G. and party—by paying, I mean—till next Wednesday week. This for "No Thoroughfare." The business is certainly slowly but steadily improving at the Prince of Wales's, and Miss Wilton does not yet despair of running "How She Loves Him" up to Easter, when Robertson's new comedy will be

ready [" Play "]. It will be in four acts, with parts for Misses Marie Wilton, Lydia Foote, and Mrs. Leigh Murray; also for Hare, Bancroft, Blakeley, H. J. Montague, Montgomery, etc., etc.

Strange that Mrs. W. Vining should die so very soon after Lady Harrington (Miss Foote), the original "Fair Star." "Cherry and Fair Star," one of the very first spectacles or Easter pieces known in this country, drew all London about fifty years ago. Oscar Byrne too (who died only a month or two since) danced in the same piece as first male dancer. It is perhaps superfluous to remark that I was *not* present at any of the representations, although the critics dubbed me a veteran in 1863! Being at that time forty-two years of age, I presume I am the youngest veteran on record. And that young rascal Charles Mathews is still playing the Boys at sixty-four! Long may he live to do so.

January 28, 1868.

I have just heard that poor Romer is ill in bed, unable to act, and that, according to the rule of the theatres, his salary is stopped.[1] However, his brother-in-law, Mark Lemon, and his other relatives will no doubt take care of him. Poor old fellow, I am truly sorry, for he is a man absolutely without guile. I have known him very many years *in all weathers*, and never heard him say an unkind word of any one. Farewell.

Yours ever,
L. M.

March 17, 1868.

With regard to Mrs. Saville, you must bear in mind the annoyances and vexations of the managerial office, and the number of *tempers* she has to deal with.

[1] Known more generally as Bob Romer, of whom Lady Bancroft has told some capital stories. Leigh Murray's imitations of him were irresistibly funny. He always spoke of his salary as "the—ar—paltry inadequate."

I mention this, should you at any time fancy she is cool or short with you, and this advice of course will apply to all in power, and especially in a little world of itself, which *every* theatre is.

I think you will like Miss Kate Saville. She is a charming and sweet-tempered girl, and one who loves the natural school of acting, etc.

March 19, 1868.

You must not be cast down about the Hibernian captain. You will soon get into the way of study from MS. parts, and also prefer this mode, when used to it. Old actors would call two rehearsals on a Saturday (Sunday between) and one on "play-day" (Monday) wonderful for the provinces!

The habit of getting words into your head by steam will also come by practice. I once studied Macduff (after leaving rehearsal at which I rehearsed a small part) and played it the same night; also Major Hans Mansfeldt, a very long part in "The White Horse of the Peppers" (at Edinburgh, too) under the same circumstances, on an emergency. The part of Mulligan was a very trying one *for a beginner*. But I was not sorry. It will do you more good in the long run than any plain-sailing "Horatio," "Rosse," or "Charles his friend" in a farce. Edward Price *is* a capital actor, I think. I fancy I have said as much to you. Pray write as often as you like, or as little as you like, according to work or pleasure. I shall never think anything a trouble that I can do for you—nor mistake your silence, if you are too much engaged to scribble.

March 20, 1868.

I am surprised you don't know "The House-keeper"—a great piece for amateurs. It is one of poor Jerrold's best *acting* plays—a stock Haymarket piece for many years; played at Windsor Castle by command, with the Keans in the two lovers; and

it was a great success originally, many years ago. I played Tom Purple in it at the Haymarket, at the last revival of the piece about 1853, I think, or 1854; my predecessor being Brindal (original), James Wallack (*the* Wallack), and Alfred Wigan.

Maunday Thursday, 1868.

Chute is a bankrupt! I am *so sorry*. The New Theatre, Bristol, has, it seems, ruined him! I was as much surprised as grieved when I heard of the misfortune; for it is one, not only to Chute, but to the Profession. . . . You might be sure your secret would soon leak out, even without the acting manager having a relative in the great house.

April 15, 1868.

I find the bills of Strand Theatre are not of my very last appearance. I was seized with the gout (first and only time) the second week of "Ladies' Battle" (revival), see bills, and could not act for three months or more. When I returned I played "His First Champagne" (revival) for six weeks running, the "Ladies' Battle" again, and lastly "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady." This was *last appearance*—*November* 1863—excepting, of course, the joint address at the Great Benefit at Drury Lane.

April 16, 1868.

Miss "Ewell," at the Queen's Theatre, who succeeds Miss Ellen Turner in her part in the burlesque "La Vivandière," is a protégée of Mrs. Alfred Wigan. She has never been on the stage before, and is a daughter or niece of the well-known Hullah, the singing-class man. Hullah is connected by marriage with Charles Dickens. I think they married sisters. I have met them both (Hullah and Dickens) at dinner, more than once in society, and Hullah always addressed Dickens as "Charles." I hear that many of those who left the Queen's last

Saturday have not acted since "Katharine and Petruchio" was played, very early in the season. As I predicted, the fuss about the licence and the adverse criticisms of most of the papers have caused the houses to be crammed each night at present to "Oliver Twist." Alfred Wigan has returned from the Continent, and was in the house the other night. Toole leaves soon after his Benefit (on the 29th inst.), 'tis said, and starts on another provincial tour. The Wigans will then reappear themselves.

April 22, 1868.

I have finished "The Queen's Book," which is—well—it is very unpretentious and simple; but I was disappointed. "Helps" has clearly not been of assistance in Her Majesty's case (book-case of course I mean), and although "one swallow makes no summer," I thought one "Martin" would have left the mark of his graceful feather fluttering "note-ably" among the Victorian leaves and royal pages. Still, on the whole, the Journal is pretty and pleasant—so God save the Queen! News of the day that I have is, that the burlesque at the Queen's is withdrawn after Toole's Benefit on the 29th, and that Alfred the Wigan reappears in "The First Night," on the last night of next week. The houses commence to fall off a little from their "crammèd aspect." Miss Josephs goes on well, and "Play" is still the thing which does the trick for Marie Wilton's little band-box in Tottenham Street, W. Free list still in a state of suspense at Haymarket and Adelphi (of Olympic and Strand I know nothing). Princess's closes on 27th for a recess.

April 24, 1868.

Toole's weakness in the knees still continues so bad that he is compelled to ride in cabs all day when he has to get about. He says he "could not stand the whole performance at night" (I mean no joke here).

April 27, 1868.

See "Tomahawk" account of the Dodger song row at Queen's—quiet, "chaffing" article. It is hard to say what a success means nowadays. "Oliver Twist" has drawn great houses; also "Play" at Prince of Wales's; yet the latter was pronounced a failure by all the papers. However, Marie Wilton is still turning away money nightly, and "free list" still suspended. See Dominick Murray's letter in "Era" apropos of Benefits, etc. Also Edward Price *versus* Sefton Parry. Quietly take stock of —— when you get him. You will find him full value, and a small comedy in himself to the acute and silent observer. Give him any amount of line (or rope, if you like), and the fish will give you sport, I promise you, clear off the reel! This reminds me to ask if you have yet seen old Bendigo, the veteran prize-fighter? He lives in Nottingham, and is a great brother of the angle, as he used to be of the round and the square, by the way.—That's not bad for a wet Monday morning!

For Stout (in Lord Lytton's "Money") by all means do the blue coat and brass buttons if possible—if not, do the other thing. An irritable, noisy, loud sort of Mr. Pickwick (without the tights, specs, and gaiters) will give you the best general idea of Stout. Red face, I should assume, and heavy eyebrows—something between John Bright and old Ralph Nickleby. It was played originally by poor David Rees, an admirable comedian, and very funny withal. Of course you will have heard by this time of the "pot shot" at the Duke of Edinburgh, and the utter "spifflication" of Theodore!

May 4, 1868.

Harcourt is considered a *very good* walking gentleman's part in "War to the Knife" (by H. J. Byron). I observe that you call it a "little" part; but that may mean good in your own vocabulary. I remember

you spoke of my old part of Tom Purple as a "little" part. When the piece ("The Housekeeper") was first produced (long before I was on the stage) there was a fearful fight to get this same "little" part, and Webster told me he gave it up *with tears in his eyes* (after being settled in it at the earlier rehearsals) when the exigencies of the theatre, and refusals of parts by other actors necessitated a revision of the entire cast; and Webster was "landed" (I thank thee, Jew, etc.) with Father Oliver, which character, by the way, he made so completely his own that no one has ever touched him in it; and it was one of the bits of character which laid the foundation of his eventually fine position. He was only a poor player, at a not over-burdensome wage, at the little theatre in the Haymarket at the time. . . . With regard to the handsome face and ringlet-wig combination question—I can only reply that there are "faces and faces" and "wigs and wigs." A ringlet peruke which Ryder (who is not a handsome, but a fine man) would carry off well, would look very comical on, say, Billington, who *is* a handsome man. But if I have not said so before to you, I say now—it is a quotation from a book on costume histrionic—"the *worst* head of hair is better than the *best* wig" if it can by any means be made available. You seem to have already found this out in a measure, whether I mentioned the matter or not. . . . I cannot recollect the part of Mopps in "The Love Knot," nor can Mrs. Murray, though we were both "original" in it.

See in "Sunday Times," May 3rd, the article on Shylock and Dominick Murray: "*I wish I had written it myself—exactly my sentiments.*" The scales tom-foolery done away with at last by one man who dares to think for himself! We do not know how the part was rendered in Shakespeare's time, but we do know that for years it was made a comic character till Macklin took it seriously. I have always thought the Scales a comic point retained from the comedian's

From a drawing by Ramberg, dated 1806.

MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK.

p. 54]

version of the Jew; and it more frequently than not "gets a laugh" (in the wrong place). Now, the Chandos portrait of "Sweet Will of Avon" is by many believed to have been taken in the character of Shylock, and there is nothing funny about *that* picture! However, we only *know* that Shakespeare acted Adam ("As You Like It") and the Ghost ("Hamlet") in his own plays, and old Knowell in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," and even this latter part is disputed, some saying it was played by his youngest brother, Edmund Shakespeare, who was 16 years younger than William, and who died December, 1607, or nine years before his illustrious brother. This Edmund was the only other "Mummer" in the family of eight children. The Chandos portrait (an engraving of which is before me as I write) represents the bard with rings in his ears, and gives me the notion of a "made-up" face *dark* (W. S. was fair). It is not unlike Mario, the Italian singer, and unlike the Stratford bust, which we know was taken from Shakespeare's corpse, as far as the face is concerned. Dear me! Where have I got to? Well, take this in lieu of something about Phelps and Barry Sullivan!

In a late letter to George Lee[1] I mentioned in allusion to 23rd April (T. P. Cooke's as well as Shakespeare's natal day) a good thing said by Charles Dance at one of our Shakespeare dinners at the Garrick Club. Dance, in proposing the health of T. P., the great exponent of the character of the Seaman, concluded with these words: "Gentlemen, I give you the health of Thomas Potter Cooke! and may it be *Long* before *Tom* is in his *Coffin*!"

When I was first on the stage I detested "the eternal smart young man" I was doomed for years to go on for—and longed to be bigger or shorter or anything to get "a bit of character." Even to slide about on a piece of butter in a pantomime would have

[1] A friend and fellow-actor of Murray's. His wife, Miss Bella Cuthbert, was well known in London.

been a perfect glory to me then. I think, with the exception of Trip and Fag (" School for Scandal " and " Rivals ") I never got anything with individuality in it the whole of my first season in Hull. I rejoiced at having to black my face all over as one of the slaves in " The Castle Spectre," ditto in " Black Cook of the Ocean," an anonymous party in a burlesque, though I had only to sing in choruses and dance in a sort of rumble-cum-tumble jig! " Charles his Friend " and Lieutenant Manly of the Coast Guards (in " St. Mary's Eve ") were my *good* parts in those days; but I was happy! oh, how happy then! And when in York I got a real smuggler in Bulwer's " Sea Captain," and could wear a black ringlet-wig and gridiron my face like a miniature portcullis, I was in the seventh heaven! These were delights, for (foolish youth) I saw nothing between nothing—and Romeo, Hamlet, Hotspur, Faulconbridge, Macduff, etc., etc., in the serious way. However, I was but 19 years " of old " at the time; but if I am to play small parts, I thought then, " Let me be funny an you love me." " Something too much of this."

Sothern is going to play in a new version of " Les Filles de Marbre " (My " Marble Heart "). Westland Marston is to adapt it. Mrs. Murray joins me in kindest regards.

Yours ever,
LEIGH MURRAY.

May 9, 1868.

I have had two sad shocks since last I wrote to you. Poor Romer[1] (" Among the Romans "), my sometime pupil, has lost his wife, a nice, pretty little thing of four-and-twenty years only. Yesterday brought the news of the sudden death of Mrs. Leigh Murray's oldest friend and school-fellow. Taken ill

[1] Romer was not his real name, I think, but he had an entertainment which he called " Romer among the Romans," with views, etc., of the eternal city.

at church last Sunday, at Sandown, Isle of Wight, and ere her sister and her own son (a boy of seventeen or eighteen) could reach her, though only across the water at Southampton, she was gone! Unsuspected heart disease. A sad blow for poor Mrs. Murray, as you may imagine. My wife had a cheery, hopeful letter from her not more than ten or twelve days ago. Just settled in a charming house looking upon Sandown Bay, if you happen to know that *very* lovely spot. But turn to other matters. I shall send with this a scrap from a Greenock paper, and dear old George's last; you can destroy when read; but you may conceive how delighted I am to find the old bird is likely to hop about again as well as ever! God bless him! "For Brutus, as you know, is Cæsar's angel," for which you will overhaul your Julius, and when found make the application on it—a sort of Cæsar's commentary. W. S. *And*—then for a screamer, I shall send you Blank's last, which *pray return.*[1] It is grand, it is unique—it is invaluable. Poor fellow, he must have a "tile off." I must explain that the letter he alludes to, and which I have returned to him, is from Toole, who quietly chaffs him evidently. "Regrets that it is impossible to find a place for Mr. Blank's farce at the Queen's, but he (Toole) will be glad to have a chat over the matter in August, when he will be at —— in the course of his provincial tour." (Artful Dodger!) "The farce has much good in it, etc., etc." (*Toole loquitur.*) I have taken up the cue after Toole, and "cannoned off the red," by telling Blank that *if* Toole finds time to study and play his farce, no doubt his fellow-townsmen will rally round him as one man! And if his family won't let him be a Garrick he may yet be a Sheridan, and still continue to play the "Doctor of Medicine" (for he is absolutely an M.D.) in the city of his birth. My dear Frank, it is really too dreadful. Do observe his spelling. Now, if he had the resolution to go on the

[1] A pupil of Murray's—the real name, of course, suppressed.

stage he really would make a very nice walking gentleman. He has taste, and a very good notion of acting, but like one of the (original) children of Israel, "Unstable as water (he) shall not excel." He might do for Issachar, but certainly "not for Joseph." Well, I need not run through the names of the other nine sons of Jacob, and it is perhaps wicked to joke about the Jews, however mild the "jeu d'esprit," so (with apologies) I must beg you to Passover. [*The bottom of the page was reached.*] You're very good; and permit me to conclude for this evening, for I must soon be in the "Land of Nod."

May 10, 1868.

To resume from last night, I hope you will acquit me of trifling with poor Blank unkindly. What can one do with such a vacillating creature? He has these fits and starts every two or three months and then I hear no more of him for a while. I have said everything seriously to him I could think of, begging him to stick to the medical profession, as without energy and hard work it is impossible for the best man to succeed as an actor. I have long ago pointed out to him his "eccentricities" in the way of spelling, not to put too fine a point on it—when he favoured me with the perusal of a three-act drama of his, when he was taking lessons. I can only fall back upon the notion that he is mildly lunatic, and I fancy a spoiled mother's boy. No one to read his letter (enclosed) would think he is between twenty-nine and thirty years of age. I am happy to find you go to Brighton with Mrs. Saville. No doubt, as you are so attentive and painstaking, she will soon give you something like a more regular line of business—when changes occur in the Company, etc., I shall be anxious to hear further from you on the Brighton topic. Yes, now I do recollect poor Glindon in "The Love Knot" quite well, but Mopps dwelt not in my memory, as being the name of his rôle. Alas! how many of that cast

are no more—not so very long ago either—Tilbury, Robert Roxby, Glindon, leaving only Kinloch and myself, of the men, though all the three women are to the fore. Strange arithmetical paradox! Pray remember me most kindly to your "Brother of France," when next you write. I hope he is strong and well. How does the gay City suit him?

Yours ever, etc.

May 15, 1868.

Miss Wilton's company have done immensely at Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, with "Caste." Robertson is there; they produce "Play" the third and last week of the engagement. Robertson goes to get up "Play." He is called for after "Caste" each night. This is quite a new thing, in authors travelling about to "produce," and to be called for—carriage paid, I hope. We saw Mrs. Saville's speech in the "locals." Hope you will get a chance of Newstead.[1] "Love Chase," good play? Yes—Constance, Widow Green, and Wildrake. All the rest, not very telling parts, though some of them good. Oh, I forgot—Trueworth would be the very thing for you, if you could get it; best man's part, all to nothing, except Wildrake, who is comic.

I agree with Mr. H. about Coleman; thus far, he does the drama, and does it *well*—for the country. And for this reason I do not know that you could do better—if you left Mrs. Saville, then try Coleman, or, better, Davis the elder (E. D.) of Newcastle-on-Tyne. This while I think of it, but pray think twice before you abandon Nottingham yet awhile for many reasons. I do not fancy you intend to do so, so do not think I misunderstand your last letter.

Grand run of birthdays just now at the Prince of Wales's. Blakeley, 13th; Bancroft, 14th; Mrs. Leigh Murray, 15th (to-day); and Hare, 16th; Montague

[1] Of seeing Newstead Abbey, a pleasure which I have never had.

comes on the 18th. Robertson is engaged on a new piece in consequence, to be called, in accordance with his monosyllabic proclivities,

"MAY."

Costumes by Sam of that ilk—Bow Street.

Did you read that Benefit bill of old B.'s? It was a grand thing. "His son and daughter-in-law coming so long a journey to help the Dad!" Fine! Why did he not have the good old thing? "A sucking pig to be raffled for free, by the first twenty-five in the gallery, and a bottle of rum to the first lady in the boxes, given away! Come early and don't forget your old servant! Hat round at nine o'clock, or as nearly as possible, so as to thoroughly interrupt the performance!"

Saturday Morning, May 16.

Nothing fresh—self very queer with asthma. In for a bout of it, I fear.

Ever thine,

L. M.

May 22, 1868.

I must now acknowledge yours to hand this morning, and reply to it. Elliston seems "all right" after all.[1] I had a Newcastle paper from a near relative of his on the 20th. Trueworth "Love Chase" would be the very thing, and you the very man for the part. Waller ranks higher—though not a pleasant nor so good a part, I think. It was played originally by a leading actor at the Haymarket, poor Elton, who was drowned in the "Pegasus," the very steamboat which took me from Hull to Edinburgh in 1840, and I was then warned not to go in such a condemned old tub! I think it was in 1843 that she went down with all hands and passengers, with one or two exceptions only, on a summer night off the Fern Islands—

[1] Charles Elliston, a son of Robert William Elliston the comedian. He was a friend of Murray's.

Captain drunk. A brother of Compton's, a clergyman, went down with her, praying with the people on the deck. Poor Elton went down in his berth, it is believed. I ought to add that Elton had concluded a starring engagement in Edinburgh and was returning to London by way of Hull. I acted Buckingham to his Richard the Third the last time he acted, and my wife Lady Anne. If I recollect rightly, Richard the Third was the last part poor G. V. Brooke acted (in Belfast) before he was lost in the "London." A long digression and all through Mr. Trueworth. You see there are other "Ramblers" besides him of the "Sunday Times."[1] I really think Mrs. Saville does the best she can for you, and am very pleased you have the "Ghost." Long may it be before you give it up, my dear boy! I used to like Benvolio in my "walking-gentleman" days, but preferred Tybalt to him—anything but Paris—you are too big for that. I was a mere lath up to the age of five-and-twenty, and by that time I was in London playing "Charles Kemble's business." Friar ("Much Ado"), good speaking part —and Gaspar is a very pleasant "bit"—so ends your list—"List, List, oh List"—if thou didst never that dear father play before, see that your boots or shoes creak not. Macready, when he played the Ghost to Charles Young's Hamlet, wore list or felt slippers under his mail-clad feet. You have no carpet on the platform, recollect.

You will be surprised to hear that on Wednesday evening last I positively treated myself to the "Play." First time I have left my rooms since December 30 last! I went to the pit alone and sat out the whole performance from 7.15 to 11 or later. Then went round in cab to stage door and tucked up Mrs. Murray —who played in the last piece, "Done on Both Sides"—and we jogged merrily home together in a four-

[1] I think my friend the late Charles Dunphie at this time contributed a column signed "The Rambler" to the "Sunday Times," or was it Mr. Ashby Sterry?

wheeler. I was much disappointed in "Play"—in many ways. I cannot attempt to criticise it, and as you have not seen it, it would be useless for me to do so, of course. I sat back row of all—for the comfort of a back—I went to the pit for many reasons. I did not want them to know I was there—and Mrs. Murray did not tell till all was over. I could have had a private box, but then they would have all acted at me, and looked up, etc. Then again, I hate people to talk to me while acting is going on—and of course every one not in the pieces—first, second, and third as the case might be—would rush in and say "Oh, I *must* come and shake Mr. Murray by the hand, etc., etc., etc." Then the stairs, and all the people—Box Keepers—"So glad to see you about again, sir, etc., etc."

May 23, 1868.

Wigan (Alfred) has resigned the management of the Queen's to Liston, the acting-manager. There is a company in the background, I suppose you know, at this theatre. Miss Josephs is losing £300 a week. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault have had a row over "Foul Play," and the acting piece—which was to have been produced this evening—is postponed again. (Poor Miss Josephs!)

Royalty *very bad*—and Fechter has cut the "Soup" altogether at the Adelphi, and only left the "Ladle" behind him.[1] Sothern does not play Raphael (my part) after all, but Volage, I hear; the part originally played by Webster. Of course the version of Marston will be different to that in which I played. Fechter was the original Raphael in Paris, in the French language, of course.

September 17, 1868.

Yes, Jack Falstaff is indeed a treat, of which one never tires, and as he says, he is "not only witty him-

[1] This joke is intelligible to me only in part. It alludes to "No Thoroughfare," in which Webster played Joey Ladle, the cellar-man.

self, but the cause that wit is in other men." And this reminds me to acknowledge all the quips and quiddities with which your last was garnished. The spirit of Sir John was upon you doubtless. It is strange you should have happened upon Falstaff just now, and more so that you should write to me about it; as I have had some correspondence lately—of which more anon—respecting *you* and the forthcoming venture of Mark Lemon, in the character of "Fat Jack." "Season your admiration for awhile" and by and by I will impart the little episode to you, if you will remind me to do so.[1] In reply to your queries respecting the various great Falstaffs of late years—I may say I never saw Dowton in this part, though I have seen him act; but I cannot think he was finer than Strickland of the Haymarket, or my old manager, Murray of Edinburgh. Granby made a success as the "Merry Wives" Sir John at the Princess's, the second season I was there, and had his salary raised unasked, by the Jew manager, old Maddox, in consequence. Hackett the American was very good in the part, but wanted breadth. Phelps I saw at Sadler's Wells—very bad indeed, in my poor opinion—hard as nails, and dry as touch-wood! Webster tried it at the Adelphi with a powerful cast, when he gave up the Haymarket, and had almost a double company. I hear it was not good—the Falstaff—but as I played Mr. Ford in the piece, I could not judge so well as an onlooker. Alfred Wigan was Dr. Caius—Keeley Sir Hugh Evans—Parselle, Mr. Page—Paul Bedford, Mine Host of the Garter—Miss Woolgar, Master Slender—Miss Fanny Maskell, Master Fenton—Charles Selby, Pistol—Old Woolgar, Bardolph—poor Harry Bedford Nym, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Page—Mary Keeley, Sweet Anne Page, and to my horror, Madame Celeste was—or went on for—Mistress Ford.

[1] Mark Lemon, the editor of "Punch," appeared in costume in certain scenes of Falstaff's, with a few actors to support him.

[The next letter has some details of "Lines of Business," scarcely comprehensible perhaps now. It deals with the old "Cibber" version of "Richard the Third"].

January 20, 1869.

You puzzle me much in asking me to name the "Second Heavy" part in "Richard the Third," so much would depend upon the calibre of the actors in a country company. To explain more fully—I would say that of course there can be no difficulty about Richard and Richmond, the former being the "Leading Man's" part, the latter the "Juvenile and Light Comedian's" character. Now, if the company boasts a "First Old Man," who can speak sentiment well—like old Barrett of Drury Lane for example—he would most likely be sent on for King Henry the Sixth, and the "First Heavy" would be given Buckingham, and the "Second Heavy" would in all probability find himself guilty of Catesby, a most important part, always given to a safe and steady hand. Then on the other hand if the "First Heavy" claims and goes on for King Henry, Buckingham would fall to the "Second Heavy," and the "First Old Man" would have to enact Lord Stanley. In short, the "Second Heavy" man must expect either Buckingham, Catesby, or Tressel—with perhaps a "double" with Norfolk, if Tressel is the part assigned in first act. Really there is no "Second Heavy" part, pure and simple, in the play at all. Much would depend upon the ages and figures of the respective actors. With a man like you personally, I should cast my "First Heavy" King Henry, and you Buckingham; but it is a difficult thing to decide positively about the right to parts in this piece in a country company. There is a line of business, or used to be, called "Second business," which is neither "Juvenile" nor "Heavy": such a man would be the right card to play Buckingham—but alas the country companies no longer boast this useful second man, who used to play "lead" in *Melodrama* Nowadays the

leading man plays Hamlet and also such parts as Bob Brierly in the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man."

Tom Robertson's "School" seems to be the very best of the many good pieces he has produced. The idea is charming, so fresh and poetical, as well as original. You will see plot in the papers anon. "Home" too is a success beyond a doubt.[1] Gaiety is doing immense business, and has played the deuce with E. T. Smith at the Lyceum. He cut down his ballet and supers yesterday, and I am told the house is nearly all "paper." Queen's, excellent business. Poor Lionel Brough has had an accident—doing some hanky-panky tricks in the Burlesque—and is obliged to give up his part in the Extravaganza to one C. Seyton and confine himself to the humours of Tilly Slowboy in "Dot." He is better, the last few days, I am happy to say—one night he could not act at all.

Poor Nelly Moore still lies in great danger. Her mother is on the way home from America, whither she had gone with her younger daughter Louisa. It is feared the mother will hardly arrive in time to see poor Nelly alive. I hope this may not be so. We can ill spare such actresses as Nelly Moore in these days of pretentious upstarts with "cheek" in place of talent. The run of "Monte Cristo" ends with the present week, and you will see Watts Phillips has a new trifle on the stocks at Adelphi, to be called "Marlborough." Meantime Webster revives "The Dead Heart" on Monday next. To the Princess's Mad'lle Beatrice is coming, so "After Dark" is doomed to be shortly withdrawn. I can hear nothing about Olympic, nor Globe; but I am told Miss Josephs is doing very badly at the Holborn. The Royalty is in the agonies of burlesque-birth; but I know not what the current business may be—"Shy," I should opine. I conclude Strand is doing well, as they are dreadfully nervous at that house over bad

[1] A version of Augier's "L'Aventurière" produced by Sothern at the Haymarket.

business, and change the bill on the slightest provocation. I therefore augur that "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" really does continue to fill the house nightly.

Thus ends my budget of theatrical news.

P.S.—Latest intelligence all sad. Mrs. Buckingham White too ill to act at Prince of Wales's. Miss Maria Simpson engaged to play her part. At Royalty Miss Collinson is not expected to live! And the reason of "Monte Cristo" being withdrawn, is Fechter's illness—that lump on his chest is assuming fearful proportions again, and he is compelled to give up. Mrs. Murray tells me the business is as fine as ever. A faint hope is entertained that Miss Nelly Moore may yet battle through; it is but a hope, and a very faint one.[1] Adieu!

Feb. 18, 1869.

I like the Queen's Theatre very much. It is quite big enough for anything, and well arranged for all to see the stage properly. I had one of the four small private boxes at the back of the dress circle as they have them at the New Adelphi Theatre. At 7.30 "Dearer than Life" (by H. J. Byron) commenced, and I was very much pleased with it. Toole was excellent as Michael Garner, though I have seen him do the same things before in "Stephen Digges," and Caleb Plummer in "Dot" or "The Cricket on the Hearth." I saw him in the two latter characters in Liverpool when I was there with my pupil, Mr. Hare. Lionel Brough fairly divides the honours with Toole, as old Uncle Ben. They were both called for at the end of the first act, and came on together hand-in-hand. I thought the Bob Gassitt of Mr. H. Irving a masterpiece of character acting! Mr. John Clayton (whose voice and utterance reminded me strongly of

[1] She did not recover. Her death from typhoid fever in her twenty-fourth year was a real loss to the stage. This favourite actress was the subject of an amusing parody on "The Raven" by that clever versifier H. S. Leigh.

the late Sir William Don) played the small sententious "bit" of Mr. Kedgley, a respectable middle-aged merchant, with great care, tact, and discrimination. I was very greatly surprised by the truly admirable manner in which my old *young* friend, little Ellen Turner, played Mrs. E. Dyas's original part of Mrs. Garner (Toole's wife). The only fault was that she looked too young, although studiously "made up" to represent Mr. C. Wyndham's mother in the piece. I was charmed with Miss Henrietta Hodson, who played a very superior "walking lady," or "juvenile part"—(a "Miss Fortescue"[1] part) very sweetly—it was so fresh and natural. (This performance, and Mr. Irving's Bob Gassitt, I consider were the gems of the piece.) Miss H. Everard, a buxom person and pleasant withal, acted a vulgar landlady in the last act very cleverly, without being offensive. There was applause at the end of the second act also, but no one came before the footlights. At the final fall of the curtain, great enthusiasm! Toole, Miss Hodson, and Lionel Brough came on hand-in-hand in a string. Then more applause produced Mr. C. Wyndham, who led on Ellen Turner, when continued applause brought on Mr. Bob Gassitt—I beg your pardon, Mr. H. Irving—to make his bow alone before the curtain.

"The Little Rebel" followed. Miss Hodson was "a duck" as the little rebel, and looked a perfect marvel of youth in face and figure in her short frock and sash of childish proportions. She sang a song very prettily and accompanied herself on the piano. The last piece was "The Gnome King," a burlesque by William Brough. Toole had not much of a part, but he played it very well, and sang a good song.

May 22, 1869.

I find I made a confusion of parts and pieces when I spoke of having played Wolf in "The Wrecker's

[1] Miss Fortescue afterwards became Lady Gardner. "Her performance of Barnaby Rudge Dickens used to dwell on with a thorough liking," says Edmund Yates in his "Recollections."

Daughter" [by James Sheridan Knowles]. I meant Luke, a pirate, in Lord Lytton's "Sea Captain." Clever of me, by Jove! No wonder you found nothing about "Old Mother Moon" (except in connection with my temporary lunacy). I apologise and retract. "The Sea Captain" was the piece which Lord Lytton altered lately to "The Rightful Heir" for Bandmann. Glad you were so successful in Wolf, and had such agreeable notices thereon.

Hope your "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" may be as profitable to you as your Wolf in the costume of the period. Shall be anxious to hear result of Derby sharing scheme. "Don't hold with 'em" (as Mrs. Sketchley Brown says) in the general way.[1] Thanks for promise of more French papers. They afford amusement to a large (small) circle of my friends, after I have revelled in them (with occasional collusion with the dictionary). The French Mrs. Brown's account of "Faust" "bothered me dreadful"—as her English prototype would say. So much argot—or slang—and clippings of words, besides French "idiot-isms."

. . . . .

"The Battle of Life" was the Christmas Book, the year after "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens—produced on the Lyceum stage by the Keeleys the same day the book was published. The Book was read to us—the Lyceum Company—by Charles Dickens himself at John Forster's chambers in Lincoln's Inn—John Forster, author of "The Life of Goldsmith," editor and art critic of "Athenæum" during my time with Macready, and friend of the great tragedian also. "The Battle of Life" was dramatised by poor Albert Smith, with Dickens's permission, and the Keeleys paid "Boz" and his publisher a sum of money for the proof-sheets. My part was only a pleasant, interesting, good "Walking gentleman," but I was selected by Dickens, and en-

[1] A speculation on the part of some members of the Nottingham company to act at Derby. The balance was on the losing side.

gaged by Keeley from the Olympic, where I was acting up to the production of "The Battle of Life" at the Lyceum. This was in the winter of 1846–7, and my first big salary—as I then thought it—viz. £8 a week. "Something too much of this" autobiography.

I went to the Gaiety last night,[1] and fully endorse "Tomahawk" respecting John Clayton—the best played part in the piece—Maclean's old Duke next best. Charming piece, but falls off in last two acts, and ends unsatisfactorily somehow. Beautiful scenery—I mean appropriately so. Interior Gothic Hall by O'Connor, and "Love Lane" by Grieve, each a masterpiece in its way. Alfred Wigan's part was not suited to him. He played it well, however, though he did not look it. He only plays the one part, the younger man. The father was originally "Doubled" with the son by Wigan. Disappointed, too, in Rachel Sanger, in a sentimental young girl. I hear she is capital in burlesques, but won't play in them any more now. I had never seen her (since she was a mere child) before. Her father was my "prompter" when I had the old Olympic, and afterwards in the same capacity with me when stage-manager to Farren (the Elder and great) at the Strand and the New Olympic. "Columbus" was mounted and dressed to perfection, and on the whole well played—Miss Farren delightful.

June 7, 1869.

Yours reached me with the Charles Kemble letter—very choice, and perfectly genuine. You must lay it up in lavender, for it was "writ" by "the last, the noblest Roman of them all." Preferred in "Hamlet" by very many to his gifted brother John, and unapproached by any one as Faulconbridge, Mark Antony, Benedick, and Cassio.

[1] To see "Dreams," by T. W. Robertson (originally produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, February 22, 1869).

I want Mrs. Leigh Murray to see the letter, but you may rely on care being taken of it. I went on Friday to the "Queen's," and was delighted beyond measure with "The Turn of the Tide" [by F. C. Burnand, now Sir Francis Burnand]. I am disgusted to find the "Sunday Times," and all the other papers I have seen, "cut-up" this piece. It is unfair, false, and I think really wicked to do so. I think it a charming story, and, with very few exceptions, most admirably acted. I have not seen such a rich bit of true comedy acting as Mrs. Frank Matthews's for years. Miss H. Hodson is perfection in her part, and Vezin and John Clayton could not be improved —search the whole profession through—in their respective rôles. Ryder, too, is admirable; so quiet and sensible; I never saw him to such advantage before. Frank Matthews has an ordinary hen-pecked husband of the good old pattern, but he does it well.[1] Miss Larkin and Miss Kate Gordon (an elder sister of Miss Hodson) were good in small parts. Yes, I have read Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," but so long ago (when it was produced by Macready at Drury Lane) that I forget all about it. I know it was thought very highly of by the art critics, but it was a failure as a drama. I remember I put off going to see it, till it was withdrawn for ever. I fancy it was not played more than a week, if so long.

Nov. 18, 1869.

Egerton in "The Man of the World" is another uphill gentleman. But these are the parts to give you steadiness and ease, far above good showy "bits," albeit the latter are more soothing to the player.

I shall be anxious to know what other parts you get with Phelps. If you have a regular "Juvenile Man" I fear Cassio and De Mauprat will be his by

[1] A very good actor, sometimes called "Five-and-twenty minutes past six" on account of an accident to one of his legs.

prescriptive right.[1] You will find Toole a very pleasant star—a good little fellow he is in every way. Calvert will tell you the "business" of the "Drunken" and the "Reputation" scenes, which constitute, in fact, the "part" of Cassio. Pray remember one thing—don't reel and stagger in your drunken scene. This is an error young actors often fall into. A drunken man, especially a drunken gentleman, tries to be supernaturally steady on his legs, and an occasional stumble out of the fixed position conveys volumes, for Cassio's legs should be as drunk as his face or his speech. You will have a chance of what some of your critics call "acting" in the Reputation scene, but don't overdo that. Let the shame and self-reproach and angry utterances be condensed, deep, and concentrated, rising occasionally to passion, as at "Let us call thee—Devil!" etc.

The last time I heard from my old tutor and friend was in December 1869, but the letter just given was the last which contained anything of general interest.

Henry Leigh Murray was born in Sloane Street, Chelsea, October 19, 1820. Of course, like Charles Mathews, he was "intended for the Church." He was but eighteen when he "strutted and fretted" his hour on the stage of the small amateur theatre which then existed in Catherine Street, Strand, afterwards the office of "The Echo." He made his first appearance professionally at the Theatre Royal, Hull, on December 2, 1839, under the management of Edward Hooper. He then joined the company of William H. Murray, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, being known there as "Henry Leigh" to avoid confusion with his manager. W. H. Murray was a connection of the Kembles, and as a manager ranked very high in those times. His father, Charles

[1] I was cast for Cassio—Phelps and Calvert alternating each evening Othello and Iago.

Murray, an actor, was a son of Murray of Broughton, the Secretary of the Young Pretender. Leigh Murray remained at Edinburgh for five years, and first appeared in London at the Princess's Theatre as Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback" of Sheridan Knowles, in support of Miss Cushman, April 19, 1845. He combined the merits of a Shakespearian and romantic actor with the grace and emotional refinement of the *jeunes premiers* of his time, and seems to have been gifted also with the power of impersonating most successfully what are called "character" parts. I had, as may be supposed, many opportunities of judging during my pupilage of his varied and exceptional gifts. He was brilliant as a comedian, and as was said of him by a clever critic "only wanted more robustness of physique and of execution to have been a successful actor in tragedy." The mention of some of the parts in which he was accepted will fully prove his versatility. "Charles Kemble's business," which he assumed, included Romeo, Mercutio, Orlando, Cassio, Faulconbridge, Benedick, Mark Antony, etc.

Hamlet, Murray never acted. This, if we except Romeo, was the only leading tragic character that Charles Kemble sustained. The others were in the possession of his elder brother John. Murray often acted the second parts to Macready; and other plays that I have heard spoken of with praise, and sometimes with enthusiasm, were Raphael Dora in "Nina Zforza," "The Discarded Son," "The Headsman," "The Creole," "Summer Storms," "Time Tries All," "Hearts are Trumps," "Poor Cousin Walter," "The Eton Boy," "The Ladies' Battle," "Faint Heart ne'er won Fair Lady," "The Camp at Chobham" (Captain Damer) "Two Loves and a Life" (Sir Gervase Rokewood), "To Parents and Guardians" (Tourbillon), "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (Count Saxe), "A Novel Expedient" (Harry Damon), "All that Glitters is not Gold" (Stephen Plum), and

From a drawing by Stephen Pearce. Engraved by J. H. Baker.

LEIGH MURRAY.

p. 72]

his great assumption of Raphael Duchatlet in "The Marble Heart."

With Helen Faucit he repeatedly played the male parts, and Sir Theodore Martin has borne testimony to the excellence of his acting. With Mrs. Stirling too, then in the hey-day of her attractiveness as a young actress, he was constantly associated. It was Leigh Murray's fate—I fear it must be called—at the time he was so popular, to be moving in a brilliant, delightful, and fascinating set. But some of the "bucks," as they were called, which were recruited from the Army, the Bar, etc., were apt to prove dangerous companions. It was the Count d'Orsay period, when the young bloods of the time cut a considerable dash. Murray used to meet Louis Napoleon who, after the escape from Ham, was living in King Street, St. James's. I remember some story he used to tell—and what gifts he had as a *raconteur*—of the third Napoleon owing him half a sovereign in connection with a game at billiards. I was reminded of this by an allusion in Edmund Yates's "Recollections." He tells of Albert Smith "wondering whether, if he called at the Tuileries, the Emperor would pay him 'that eighteenpence' he borrowed at Gore House one night to pay a cabman." Monarchs are but men, and apt to be forgetful. At the Fielding Club, of which he was a member, Leigh Murray associated with many of the cleverest men of the time. In some verses of Albert Smith he was coupled with John Leech.

> "And 'handsome Jack,' to whose dear girls and swells his life Punch owes;
> And Leigh, the sole *jeune premier* that our stage at present knows," etc., etc.

He died in London on January 17, 1870, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery, close to the grave of Alfred Mellon, the musical director, and the husband of the well-known actress. Mrs. Leigh Murray remained a valued friend after her husband's death, and

it was a pleasure to me to meet her at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on my first appearance in London. Her death took place in 1892, after I had quitted the stage.

I always understood that Leigh Murray was the youngest member of the Garrick Club at the time that Charles Kemble was the oldest. It was said that the old gentleman used to sit so long absorbed in reading the "Times" that no one else could get a chance of doing so. As a consequence, the Committee ordered another "Times," which was always specially known as "Mr. Kemble's copy."

There is an anecdote that I remember hearing apropos of his comical consistency in the emphasis of his elocution. He was out one day walking, when he encountered a friend, whom he greeted warmly in his peculiar, high-pitched voice, with "How do you *do*?" After some talk they parted, and he met a second acquaintance to whom he exclaimed "How do *you* do?" More converse presumably. They separated, and Charles Kemble stumbled on a third friend, whom he accosted with another variant "*How* do you do?"

The accounts given of his acting by cultivated people who were judges of the art prove him to have been in his own peculiar line of parts unrivalled. The supreme distinction common only to the noblest actors, and the generosity of gallantry, as it may be called, must have been very captivating. There was a well-spring of chivalry, I should say, in most of the Kembles.

A study I made with Leigh Murray of Faulconbridge in "King John," gave me, I think, a very fair idea of the Kemble method. His Mark Antony in "Julius Cæsar" was always spoken of as a most perfect assumption.

Leigh Hunt, on Charles Kemble's retirement, wrote:

"Where now shall we seek the high Roman fashion of look and gesture and attitude? Where shall old chivalry retain her living image, and high thoughts

'seated in a heart of courtesy' have adequate expression? Where shall the indignant honesty of a young patriot spirit 'show fiery off'? Whither shall we look for gentlemanly mirth, for gallant ease, for delicate raillery, and gay, glittering enterprise?"

Planché says, "In Cassio, Faulconbridge, Macduff, and Romeo, during my time I have never seen his equal." And again, W. P. Frith, the artist, in his Autobiography gives a description of his Faulconbridge which I take to be both truthful and appreciative.

"The grace and gallantry of Faulconbridge, as Charles Kemble acted the character, were unapproachably delightful; and of the tone in which he repeated again and again to Austria, 'And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs,' no description can give an idea. Then his swagger into Angers after the famous scene which leads to the surrender of the town. I can see him now, as with the elegant saunter appropriate to the character, he disappears under the portcullis, and the place being new to him, he looks to the right and left with the insolence of a conqueror. His Mercutio, Don Felix, Cassio, and Charles Surface were simply perfect."

His acting of Mirabel in "The Inconstant," Barry Cornwall compared with Edmund Kean's best efforts.

Tennyson's opinion I will give in a future chapter. Charles Kemble died in 1854 in his seventy-ninth year.

CHAPTER III

1870 and 1871

In the autumn of 1869 I was engaged by Charles Calvert to play Polixenes in his revival of "The Winter's Tale" at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, remaining there, after much and varied work, until the Easter of 1870; and I arranged to return to him on August 1st of that year.

My good brother, the late Sydney Arnold, who was then living in Paris, was anxious—but not more so than I was—that I should pay a visit to the beautiful city. He was at that time in his twenty-third year, and an employé in the well-known firm of Messrs. Charles Lavy & Co., in which he eventually became a partner. It was also represented in London, Berlin, Hamburg, and St. Petersburgh. His connection with Paris in some of the saddest hours she has known, and the opportunity he had of witnessing scenes almost unparalleled in the history of the world, gave a special interest to some of his correspondence, as the events he recorded were lived through at much personal risk during the period of the Siege and the more terrible Commune.

The Germans connected with his firm were compelled to leave the city, the French went to the front, or took their place on the ramparts, and my brother, as a neutral, had entire charge of the business house, a position of no small responsibility. Having, therefore, settled my engagement, I was able to anticipate

with very great pleasure my first holiday abroad. I little thought that before I was to leave the "sunny land of France" I should assist, as it were, in the making of history. But so it was, and I heard the first war-note struck on the Boulevards in that eventful year which was followed by such calamities as France before this had been a stranger to.

It was on Saturday, June 25, that I left London for Paris. I remember with what delight I received my brother's welcome at the station, joined in heartily by his friend and companion Hughes, a worthy and loyal Welshman, who was always spoken of by the French as "Monsieur Hugue." There was near the Gare de l'Ouest a well-conducted restaurant or *brasserie*, at which we refreshed, and then started for my brother's rooms in the Rue Vivienne, just at the back of the great National Library. It must have been about eleven o'clock, and a lovely summer evening. "Would you care for a stroll?" asked my brother: "but perhaps you are tired?" Tired? What knew we of fatigue then? So I was taken out to see the gay city in all its wicked brilliance, never to be quite the same after the fall of the Empire. What would a Carlyle have said or prophesied could he have mixed with the throng on the Grands Boulevards as we did that night? But it was a fascinating spectacle, and, in the light of after events, one that I have never forgotten. The next morning, Sunday, we went to the church of the Madeleine—Fête-Dieu, I think it was. It was very impressive, the music being magnificent. The afternoon found us on our way to Vincennes, where we enjoyed strolling in the Bois; thence to see a military camp at St. Mans, with all its bright activity—band, cuisine, etc.—many of the poor fellows, alas! to become the mark for the German bullets before long. Joinville-le-Port, and the river with a pretty fête I remember also. We eventually took train to Mazas, when, after inspecting the Column of July, the site of the old Bastille prison, and some of

the Passages and Boulevards, we reached home in a healthy state of fatigue. To enumerate all the sights that I enjoyed would be equal to quoting from a Galignani's Guide. In addition to making acquaintance with the churches, palaces, museums, libraries, markets, galleries, gardens, law courts, and so on, I went to the summit of the Panthéon and the Arc de Triomphe, visited Mabille, the Morgue, the Catacombs, and Père la Chaise—a quaternion holding food for reflection; was interested in the Invalides, and greatly impressed by the Tomb of Napoleon; journeyed to St. Cloud (enjoying the panorama from its high ground), Longchamps, Versailles (with a Fête de Nuit and the Grandes Eaux), Enghien, where I drank the waters for the first (and, I hope, the last) time; Montmorency, with its pretty forest, Auteuil, and many other places. For some time my brother was taking holiday himself, but how unweariedly he worked for my enjoyment. And then the theatres; but as most of our visits were to the Français, the details may be interesting. Those who know anything of the best acting in Paris at the time I write of will understand the enjoyment that fell to my lot. I only much regretted that I then knew so little of the French language. But allowing for this, it was impossible not to appreciate the charm of the ensemble, the refinement, the distinction, the finesse — always accompaniments of the performances at the Français.

On my first visit the programme consisted of "La Faute de s'Entendre" (Regnier, Coquelin, Reichemberg), "Le Menteur" (Delaunay, Got, Maubant, Garraud, Prudhon, Lloyd, Edile-Riquer), "Le Post-Scriptum (Bressant, Arnould-Plessy).

On the second occasion we had "Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien" (Delaunay, Got, Nathalie), "La Pluie et le Beau Temps" (Bressant, M. Brohan).

The third time, "Histoire l'Ancienne" (Garraud, Lloyd), "L'Honneur et l'Argent" (Delaunay, Got, Maubant, Kime, Prudhon, Garraud, Boucher, Chéry,

Photo by Reutlinger.

REGNIER.

Photo by Reutlinger.

GOT.

p. 78]

Seveste, Charpentier, Coquelin-cadet, Barré, Nathalie, M. Royer, Dinah-Félix), "Une Caprice" (Bressant, M. Brohan, Croizette).

The fourth was an evening when was given "Le Lion Amoureux" (Bressant, Maubant, Leroux, Coquelin, Febvre, Mesd. M. Brohan and E. Riquer).

It was getting late on the night of Friday, July 15, and my brother and I were at home together expecting the arrival of Hughes, who we felt sure must have been detained for some unexplained reason. He appeared at last, but in a state of immense excitement. He had just come from the Boulevards. There was to be war with Germany!

"It is the papers," said my brother. "It is always being talked of, but it will come to nothing."

"Ah, but it will this time," replied Hughes, "for war is as good as declared!"

He was right. The French Ambassador, M. Benedetti, had been commanded to make known to the King of Prussia that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain was not approved of by his Government, and he requested the King to order Leopold to withdraw from it. Before the King replied, Prince Anton, his father, on behalf of his son, declared that he would not accept it. M. Benedetti was then directed to press for a guarantee that the Prince should not do so at any future time if it were offered to him. King William reserved the right of acting as he thought fit. An intentional slight was said to be put on M. Benedetti, and France at once declared war.

We all three went out, and made for the Boulevards. Paris was in a ferment. I never saw anything like the excitement. Carriage traffic was necessarily suspended, and the whole city was one mass of seething, furious, gesticulating humanity. Crowds of young men and students moved among the throng giving voice to "À bas les Prusses!"

"À Berlin! À Berlin!" Other crowds were in procession singing the "Marseillaise" with all the spirit and energy at their command. In restaurants, cafés, everywhere indeed, reigned the conflict of perpetual chatter. Its purport was to annihilate the Germans! Even then there were words of wisdom; but they were unregarded.

We moved among the masses of the people to learn the various opinions, and more than once we heard: "To go to war will be madness. We are unprepared. It means ruin!" But "La Gloire" was the first and dominating sentiment, and the voice of warning was unheeded in the tumult. From this night onward the excitement increased, and on every possible and impossible occasion, and in every place, the "Marseillaise" was freely and frenziedly poured forth. The processions with the crowds were said to be improvised by the police, and there can be no doubt of the truth of the statement.

One night, as I have recorded—it was July 18—the Théâtre Français gave "Le Lion Amoureux" of Ponsard.[1] At the end of one of Bressant's great speeches in the character of Humbert—a part I thought he played with great skill—the applause was tremendous. The audience insisted on an encore, and the actor was compelled to come forward and render the long passage for a second time. After this there was a general demand for the "Marseillaise," which was responded and given voice to under intense excitement.

The war and preparations for the war were the all-absorbing topics. On Saturday evening, July 23, we went down to the Strasbourg terminus to watch the departure of the troops—a touching sight; mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts clinging to the poor fellows, so many of whom, it was grievous to think, were never to return.

[1] A version of this play, called "A Son of the Soil," by Herman C. Merivale, was produced at the Court Theatre in 1872.

LA COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.

Photo by Reutlinger.

DELAUNAY.

Photo by Reutlinger.

BRESSANT

p. 80]

The next day we went to the service at the Church of St. Roch, on the steps of which the mob had once crowded to see Marie Antoinette led to execution. The day was intensely hot, and later we enjoyed being in the Tuileries Gardens and the Champs Élysées.

After dinner we took our coffee on the Boulevards, it being my last opportunity for watching the chattering throng. There were other entertainments on my first visit. Hughes took me to the Beaumarchais Theatre in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where I saw what I have noted as "Trayboucayres," but I can recall nothing of it. I visited, too, the Cirque de l'Impératrice in the Champs Elysées—a very elegant structure, since, I think, called the Cirque d'Été. With my brother I went to the New Grand Opera, where we had the "Faust" of Gounod, with Madame M. Carvalho, Castel-Mary, Bosquin, etc. With the performance I was not so much impressed as at our own Covent Garden; but the Opera House in many respects seemed a wonderful structure, with, if I remember rightly, indifferent seating accommodation. We would dine, or *déjeuner*, at Austin's or Duval's (then a novelty, I think), or Tissot's, in the Palais Royal. At Enghien I see that we dined at "Le Cheval Gris," but I remember neither the restaurant nor the dinner. The charm of one's first visit to Paris I suppose can never be repeated, though I had many happy days there at a later time, after my brother's marriage.

On Monday, July 25, I left for England, and on the following Wednesday returned to my duties at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. What followed in France is a matter of history. Her fearful reverses one after the other—the cooping-up of Bazaine under the walls of Metz; the dilatoriness of MacMahon, who, instead of relieving him at any risk, had fallen back on Sedan, where he surrendered to the Germans, and the climax, when the invalided and sorely

6

humiliated Emperor gave up his sword to King William. The letters from my brother which follow were written to my mother and myself, with the exception of one to his friend, the late Frederick Allen, of Old Bond Street.

Messrs. Lavy & Co.'s house of business was at this time in the Rue du Mail, near the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. "J." who is mentioned in the postscript of the third letter was a German and a partner in the firm, who was compelled to leave France. This correspondence carries the record to the end of May 1871.

Letters from Sydney Arnold

Paris,
July 30, 1870.

My dear Frank,

Business is quiet, and political excitement about the same as when you left. The Emperor, however, left about Thursday, so I think now they'll soon be at it. Hughes and I went to the Opéra Comique last night—"Daughter of the Regiment." "Le Kobold," a new one-act piece, a little trying on the whole. Achard (a great tenor) sang "Le Rhin Allemand," and Galli-Marie the "Marseillaise," with chorus, soldiers, sailors, view of the Rhine Mountains, etc. Though a fine voice, she has not the dramatic force to give it effect. Still it was pretty. She was dressed in a white robe, with a gold star on her head, and the tricolour flag round her. The cannons in the chorus were very effective too. . . .

Above written yesterday after poor J.'s departure. Hughes and I have just returned from the Français. After the first two acts of "Le Lion Amoureux" (cast as before) the famous speech was encored, and then Agar sang the "Marseillaise." I wished you had been there, for it was a real treat. She has a very sonorous and powerful voice, and her rendering of the

lines was perfect; real dramatic force, which Galli-Marie entirely lacks—of course it is not her line. The last verse was encored, audience standing, and we were thoroughly gratified.[1] No fighting to hand yet. Strange's Alhambra company arrived here yesterday. They open on the 11th, I hear.

Thine always most affectionately,

SYD.

PARIS,
Sunday Evening, August 2, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Your more than welcome letter came into my hands on the 15th August, about the saddest day of its kind that Paris has seen for a long while. No fêtes, no fireworks. It came like a second Sunday, and only served to make the business week one day shorter. For the matter of business it might as well be Sunday all the week; nobody would lose much. Nothing but war—war—war! I am glad my little details of passing events interested you, and I will do my best to satisfy you again. Still, as you get the "Standard," you will have a capital idea of what is going on, and I should think have the state of things pretty fairly before you. In Paris, people are now less disconsolate than they were. Those Prussian victories of a fortnight ago completely damped them for a time; then came the change of ministry, stormy assembly of Parliament, and threatened revolution. But this has blown over, and I think that every French citizen will spill his blood if necessary in the country's cause. Now is no time for revolutions; they must *save* France first, then think of how they shall govern her. I fear it is all over with the Emperor; he is having a hard time of it, and much as he is to be blamed, he is to be pitied more. He

[1] Mr. Rudolf Lehmann in "An Artist's Reminiscences," gives an interesting account of Rachel, after the Revolution of 1848, doing the same thing at the Français. She half spoke and half sang. The enthusiasm, he says, was indescribable. "Her voice trembled with contained rage, she seemed the incarnation of the goddess of War," etc.

was deceived himself when he rushed headlong into the war, though virtually of course he is culpable; but "his faults lie open to the laws; let them, not us, correct him." Certain it is that France was not nearly ready, and bravely as she has fought, she has had three to one everywhere. Those battles of Woerth, etc. were real butcheries, nothing less. See what civilisation brings us to! With equal numbers France must certainly have been victorious, though it seems they have not nearly the order and formation of the Prussians. Several dispatches arrived last week, on the whole more favourable for France, but nothing decisive yet, and no clashing victory, which every one is waiting for. I am anxiously waiting to see those flags appear again. People are wary and cautious now, but there must be a great battle one of these days near Châlons, which will half decide the affair. A defeat of the French would bring the Prussians on to Paris, and defeat of the Prussians would send them back to their territory. You see they are now firmly on French ground, having taken several towns, and are already annexing parts of France to Germany. The French are a long way from Berlin yet—it appeared very easy—and I fear the war is far from being at an end; but all is uncertain. Looking for the worst, it does seem hard if the Prussians should come to Paris. It is certain that Paris will not surrender; it would be sacrilege for this beautiful city to be attacked, and foreign regiments to ride down our Boulevards; but they swear to make barricades of their dead bodies before the Prussians shall enter. It is doubtful though whether Prussia would so humiliate France as to attack the capital. Having got to Paris, I should say peace would be made to the shame of France; and it would be a bitter lesson for her. But this is looking at the blackest side. France is far from defeated yet, and any day the tide may turn in her favour. I hope so; she has already suffered a hard trial, and I can't bear to think that her prestige should diminish. I wish all were finished, for this is a sad and

desolate way of living. War is indeed horrible, and surely must be a sin. What misery and ruin is already being felt—desolation and mourning. Men now are shot down by thousands—the result of years of education, talent, etc., all gone in a moment—suffering and anguish too over the whole land—all because sovereigns are ambitious. It is a fearful thing, and its glory is dearly bought. France two months ago was peaceful and happy. She expected to find glory ready-made. She has been sorely mistaken. Prussia, who has found some glory, has paid dearly for it. But your papers will have preached to you of all the horrors of war, and I can only feel an eloquence which I am incapable of expressing. The head clerk of our London house, one of the most charming fellows it was possible to know, went to Germany for his holidays (he was German) and was detained there as a soldier. He was already under-lieutenant, and on the point of being made captain; but he fell in that fearful battle of Woerth. What suffering and agony he may have endured, God only knows. The bodies lay there for perhaps a day and a half ere they were removed; the rain pouring all the time; he may have suffered for a whole day the most acute pain and parching thirst—a living death in fact. They may well call this dying honourably. If the sufferings of the vilest criminals are prolonged for five minutes on the gallows, we cry "Mercy," but an honest man may pass twenty-four hours between life and death on a battle-field with the poor satisfaction that he is dying gloriously! There is a capital account of this battle in the "Telegraph" of yesterday (Saturday), which gives a very fair idea of what the poor soldiers suffer. They have not expulsed the Prussians from Paris, as was expected, but allow the peaceful ones to remain, though of course if they advance upon Paris, all will have to go.

Always the same,

Most affectionately,

SYD.

PARIS,
August 23, 1870.

MY DEAR FRANK,

The state of affairs is very serious here, and the calamities of war are to be seen on all sides. The disadvantage of defeat, too, adds to the desolation, and all is doubt and anxiety. The probability of the Prussians coming to Paris is quite as vivid as before. Would it not be shameful to see this beautiful city subject to destruction and ruin? But we must hope it won't come to that. Of course your recollections of Paris are still fresh, and I should think you will find as much pleasure in the digesting as the eating. You will say that you ate much too fast; well, I think we did a lot for the money, and it was just as well, as the opportunity may be long in presenting itself again. It is a holiday I shall always look back upon with pleasure and satisfaction. The Alhambra troupe are at the Châtelet, where they opened on the 13th, and at any other moment would certainly have had a splendid success. As it is, I should say Strange is *eating* money, as the expenses must be enormous, and he made all arrangements for a three months' season here. The entertainment is really first-rate, remarkably the Brothers Hanlon, Vokes family—first-rate ballet, etc., etc.

Saturday afternoon.

You will see the above is four days old. Still jogging on. J. leaves for London on Monday, I think, where he will stay until affairs have calmed down. You see the Prussians are now within a few days of Paris, and we know not what is in store. If the worst comes I shall have to think seriously of self-preservation. The law is that *all foreigners* shall leave when the enemy is within three days' march; but I don't think they'll put it into effect. I am living in the hope what when the Prussians arrive something will somehow be peacefully arranged and the affair concluded. If they keep us locked in for six weeks it will be

awkward; and sending shells down the Rue Vivienne will be far from pleasant. God only knows what will happen. All is uncertain; but be assured I shall set full value on life and limb, and trust to smuggle through somehow with life, should the worst come. Should I be "sent to my account with all my imperfections on my head," why, you must think of me at my best and know that my dying wish would have been for your good.

Ever, my dear brother,

The same SYD.

P.S.—Shall very likely take a stroll along the fortifications to-morrow and eye the cannons.

PARIS,
August 30, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I feared a day or two ago that we should have had the Prussians here by this time; but it will be some days yet, as there will most likely be fighting before they march straight on to Paris. I can only hope the result will be such as to prevent their coming at all, and should wish, for France's sake, that they were driven back to the Fatherland. This, however, is still very doubtful, and the French will have worked hard if they get this. Paris is now thoroughly fortified, but whether sufficiently to resist whatever of the Prussian army remains to attack it, the future must prove. There are sufficient provisions in Paris for many weeks to come, and all people not having direct means of subsistence have been turned out. A victory for the French *now*, before the Prussians reached Paris, would be almost everything for them; but should the French be defeated, and the full Prussian forces march on, the issue must be very doubtful. The Prussians, too, must get on to it quickly, for of course they have not all the means of provisions, roof, etc., which the French have. Whether Paris would really hold out to her last man is doubtful also. It is certainly very

patriotic but not politic; and I should hope they will completely surrender sooner than allow useless butchery and destruction of life and property. I have no real fear for myself, as I cannot believe it would come to fighting in our streets and burning down the buildings. Anyhow, I shall keep myself as secure as possible, avoiding tumults, crowds, confusion, and bullets. You will understand then the anxious state of mind of all Frenchmen, and particularly Parisians; but they seem full of hope and courage, all hard at exercise, and if not "eager for the fray," at least willing for the fight. On Sunday a notice was issued for all Germans to clear out within three days, and they are now packing off by thousands. My good J. has gone, and left me the responsible manager of counting-house and cash, as I am the only man here who is not liable to be called upon. The "Times" has got into sad disgrace here with its pretended rank Prussian sympathies, and they talk of excluding it for ten years, though I don't think that, but France is worth at least a certain amount of respect. I have not yet seen the fortifications, but shall do so ere long, as the occasion is a rare one, and I hope the last. Every one seems to say that this must be the last war, and I hope it may be. That it is the most terrible and inhuman, because the most civilised, there can be no doubt. I hope, by the by, that my letters are reaching you safely. I shall write a few lines to Mr. A[llen] to-night to say I am safe and sound. Will write you the moment any change occurs. Should, however, the Prussians show up one of these fine mornings, you must not be alarmed if you do not hear, as most likely all communications, railways, etc., will be cut off immediately. Hope on, and believe me, my dear mother,

Ever affectionately,

SYD.

Please forward to Frank at once—I fall back upon Dickens for relief, and find him a very agreeable *entr'acte*.

PARIS,
September 6, 1870, *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I fear you will be unnecessarily anxious, events having taken so disastrous a turn. Fearful to contemplate is the state of affairs at this moment. You will have read of the total defeats of the French, the wounding of their best generals, the taking prisoner of the Emperor, and the proclamation of the Republic! The latter event on Sunday went off brilliantly, in fact it was the only step to take, and the unanimity was splendid; at least it has had the effect of binding all in patriotic friendship; but do they really mean to hold out *insanely* against all hope? Paris alone remains now, and the Prussians are advancing in full force, elated with all their brilliant triumphs. I *cannot* think Paris is capable of such a resistance, yet they seem determined to fight to the death. This is madness. Will there be no voice powerful enough to stop them while there is time? Oh, hot-blooded and too high-minded France, pause ere it will be too late! If they run to their own destruction, I shall pity them, while admiring their erratic patriotism. Should they be victorious—God only knows how the tide may turn—I shall be thankful that I have been deceived in my calculation of their position and their strength. In either case the struggle will be a *fearful* one, and we can only hope that the remaining powers will insist upon some arrangement of difficulties ere this last series of hostilities shall have commenced. This too seems doubtful. Prussia will have sure guarantees for her future tranquillity and the amour-propre of France will carry her beyond calm judgment and reflection. My real opinion is, that if France holds out as she swears she will, she must be almost damned. What misery this fearful war has already created! No one doubts her patriotism, but why act in madness? I may be wrong though, and I hope I am. You must not be anxious for me; I shall take the best possible care of

myself should the worst come. My whole sympathy will be with France, be she right or wrong in acting as she is. But it is only right that I should look after myself, as neither myself nor my country has a finger to move in the affair. It must be a long time before France will be herself again. Supposing the war concluded, no one knows what the Republic may produce. For the moment it has a thousand advantages, but for a permanency—well—we shall see. I have intense sympathy for the Emperor. Of course here, he is a traitor, and all that is bad. Even allowing him to be so, I think a man fallen as he has done is deeply to be pitied (unless a man be a devil). God only knows what anguish he must suffer, and I fear it will not be long ere he will sleep with his forefathers. He is much blamed for not having died a true soldier on the battlefield. It would perhaps have been better for him, for then at least he would have enlisted much sympathy and admiration in spite of his faults, whereas now it is regarded as ignominious retirement. Only two months ago, and he had the reputation of being the first man of the world, and now he falls, and " when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to hope again." The news to-day is, that the Prussians are steadily advancing, and I fear that all aged from eighteen to thirty-five will be called at once to service. In this case I shall be the only man here. We are already reduced to four. Should I be left alone, there will be little or nothing to do but to keep an eye on the place, as in that extremity all business will be suspended. I beg again that you won't be unhappy about me. I have not a particle of fear. Should the worst really come—and I seem to have a presentiment that the worst will not come, but that humanity will make its voice heard in good time—I shall remain quiet indoors, keep myself safe, and as much out of the way as I can, and trust to God for the rest. I shall write to you very often now, but should communication be stopped (as it certainly will if the Prussians come) you will

understand my silence. God bless you all again and again.

Ever the same, etc.

PARIS,
September 6, 1870.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Sunday was a memorable day here, "Vive la République" everywhere. I was walking along the Rue Rivoli, and I saw the mob tear down all the coats-of-arms, and Emperor's heads, and throw them to the ground. France has been much deceived of late—only a few weeks ago, and they were quite as unanimous in crying "Vive l'Empereur!" All this is a bitter and hard lesson for her, I hope a profitable one. I walked up to the Tuileries, but the flag was down and the Empress gone. The "Garde Nationale" marched, shouting "Vive la République," with bits of green ribbon on their bayonets, until I thought great "Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane." There is something very sad though about the downfall of Royalty. You will find some well written articles in the "Daily Telegraph" if you have time to read them—a little too Prussian perhaps, still, well written, solid English articles. Well, England proves to be the great country after all. I have been turned out of our delicious front room and put at the back. There's a consolation that if they fire on to the Imperial Library I shall be less likely to have a bullet in my head, but I shall not lose sight of that first law of nature. No; I *cannot* yet believe that Paris will be besieged. We must wait a little longer, and all will be known. The Prussians are now within four days' march and may be here before the week is out. What comes must come, but I hope it won't come. Be assured that I shall do all for my own safety, and you must all pray God to take care of me.

Ever yours, etc.

PARIS,
Sept. 10, 1870, *Saturday.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The last act of this fearful war will soon be played, and the future is in the hands of God. We can only hope for a speedy and happy end. I hear that it is very probable postal communications with England will be stopped *at once*, so I hasten to send you these few lines. If this be the case, you will understand my silence and not be unnecessarily anxious. I shall take every precaution for my personal safety, and if it comes to going down into the cellar with a week's provisions, why I must do it; so let us hope and trust for the best. I hope no harm will come to me. I really do not think there will be any danger. If the *very worst* comes, my danger would be as slight as that of any soul in the city. Our position is central, and I shall not stir out when hostilities have commenced. Cheer up then, and let us hope to spend a happy Christmas together, and talk over all these horrors. Paris is sadly transformed just now. The Tuileries is to be the Prussian ambulance. I shall have much to relate to you. How I wish they would proclaim peace at this moment. Don't be unhappy, I beg of you. Love to all.

Yours, etc.

Enclosed in last letter

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Don't be uneasy about my safety. I trust all will be well. This *may* be the last letter just yet, if so, good-bye for the present. I hope we shall soon be square again. Papers to hand—thanks. *God bless you*, my dear boy.

Ever, etc.

PARIS,
Sept. 11, 1870, *Sunday afternoon.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote you very hurriedly yesterday, having heard from Mr. J. that the postal communication was

on the point of closing. This will probably reach you the same time as that of yesterday, and will most likely be the last words from me until peace is restored and the world becomes civilised again. That this will be soon how we all earnestly wish. Yours dated the 9th is to hand this morning. As long as we can correspond we will do so, but I fear no more letters will pass between us for some time. I had a line from J. this morning saying that his would probably be the last. The extent of the horrors in this bloody preparation of defence is difficult to estimate, but exaggerated accounts doubtless get abroad. At present every justifiable means is taken to defend Paris; but I should say your "Echo" correspondent was wrong. You should find true accounts in the "Telegraph" and "Standard." There is a faint, very faint hope still that some hand may intervene, but at present it seems certain that Paris will be attacked. There is much talk about burying ourselves in the ruins, barricading the streets, etc., but I should think their good sense will come to the rescue when they see resistance is hopeless. I am sure all reasonable Frenchmen would have it so, and it is to be truly hoped that all such false ideas of patriotism will vanish after a first defeat. I cannot conceive such a quick and sensible people to be so blind to all reasoning. I consider that I am in the safest part of the city, being in the very centre. I do not think that hostilities will go beyond the fortifications, at least it is to be hoped not. Whether I shall remain here (Rue Vivienne), or take up my quarters at Rue du Mail, I hardly know. I am sorry friend Hughes is not here. I must look out for a chum of some sort to keep me company; loneliness is my great fear. Paris presents a peculiar aspect to-day; hardly a man that is not in uniform or armed, and all full of fire and hope: but when I see these military blouses and amateur soldiers, I tremble for them face to face with those disciplined Germans. There are

very few Englishmen left in Paris. I went to three English churches to-day, but all were closed, so I went to the splendid Madeleine. The church was crammed and half military. The crisis must soon be here now; all seems to be ready, all theatres and concerts are closed, and everybody armed. The Prussians will, I should think, be here before the week is over. If it must come, why, the sooner the better; can't endure this doubtful state much longer. But I repeat I have no fear. Of course the sound of distant cannon won't tend to cheer me much, but I doubt not but that I shall get through safely. I shall try and arrange to spend Christmas at home, all being well. I am anxious to see what peaceful England is like. Let us hope this last stage will soon be over; and that Kings and People will settle down into an eternal peace, profiting by the lesson they have had. We will look forward hopefully.

Ever yours, etc.

Enclosed in last letter

MY DEAR BROTHER,

All letters, I know, will have been forwarded to you. I fear this will be the last just yet, but shall of course write again if I can. Mother must not be too anxious, for I apprehend no danger. Shall hope to meet you safely at Christmas time. The Châtelet people all went off hurriedly on Thursday, though Strange announces opening again. All were obliged to close from last night. Paris is completely transformed. I don't think Fred Vokes will forget his last night in Paris. I shall not. Speak to him of it if you drop across him. Once more good-bye, my dear brother. *Au revoir.*

Most affectionately yours,

SYDNEY.

7, Rue du Mail, Paris,
Sept. 13, 1870, *Tuesday afternoon.*

My dear Frank,

Yours of Saturday reached me early this morning. As each post going out may be the last, I write you a few lines sharp. You will know how all was going on up to Sunday last; nothing of great importance since. Prussians advancing; Paris drilling itself; faint hopes of peace, and so on. Still, the attack seems certain; must hope that it won't be carried too far. You who knew Paris in its peaceful moments would hardly recognise it now. Military and dust are the two great elements. "Why may they not soon be rolled into one?" The principal defence of Paris will be the "Garde Nationale"—composed generally of men of an advanced age—and the "Mobiles," being the youthful part of the population exempt from the regular army, that is, having drawn lucky numbers, or bought off. The country Mobiles are a great sight. Our young Peduzzi would be big by the side of most of them. They are sunburnt, though it is a very sallow brownness, and the military outrig of the seediest possible order; a general aspect of clumsiness, and absence of anything bright; but I say nothing against their ability, strength, or patriotism. I can't help laughing at them though. Poor fellows, I hope they'll come off sound. The Prussians are now within nine miles of Paris, but it must be a week or ten days yet ere the siege begins. They must first collect themselves, then arrange their defence, trenches, etc.; for of course it is useless to attack us from open ground. God knows how or where it will end. Both nations are evidently to blame in this last step; as to which is the more wrong, the more I think of it the more I get puzzled, and only finish by wishing it over. What a hard time of it our poor France has had; such clashing wholesale victories have never yet been heard of. I know not what to think of the Republic. For the present moment, it was doubtless the best step to

take, but as a form of permanent government we must look to the future. I hunted up a few acquaintances last night, and find there are some Englishmen left still. I hope the quiet way of living does not mean three months on a ham, etc. The city gates open now at 5 a.m. and close at 6 p.m. After 6 a.m. on the 15th no getting away or coming in without special permission. J. writes me every day, and hopes I shall "get through" all right—not more than I do. He's a very good fellow, and I hope he won't have difficulty in getting back to France again. Thus we jog on from day to day, and if the siege must come, I should say another week or ten days will bring the dread sound of the cannon and mitrailleuse. The slaughter will be something fearful. I don't dread so much the internal scum of which the "Daily Telegraph" makes too much, though there is doubtless some of it about. Fire is the worst thing to fear. I am very hopeful for myself. I would fain, though, that humanity be spared this fearful blow. There's a gleam of hope yet, though not a very wide one. I hope I am safe, and think so; but of course must be very careful. Well, goodbye, my dear boy. Must hope all the time, and retain our firmest affection through all. Thine, dear Frank,

Ever,

SYDNEY.

PARIS,
Sept. 17, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Finding the post still open—though at present a two-days instead of one—I avail myself of the opportunity; not that I have much to tell you, but knowing a few lines will be welcome. Strange that the communication has kept up so regularly; in fact, if you could see Paris just now you would find it impossible to believe that the Prussians are within twenty minutes of us. The only change in the aspect

of the capital is its military one. To meet a man without some trace of his military capacity is quite a rarity, and the crowds of brown-faced provincials, small but tough, make the city more remarkable. But beyond this, all goes on the same. Very few places are closed ; people seem to come in and go out of the city much in the regular way. The Boulevards only a little less lively than usual. We still enjoy our three-ha'penny omnibuses, splendid gas-lights, and cheap and good provisions ; good milk still at twopence a bowl. It is impossible to realise the sad truth that we are surrounded by a determined, hostile enemy, and that within a few days the destruction of the city may have commenced. That this may not be, we all heartily pray. I am a little more hopeful of peace than I was a week ago. Altogether there seems a fair chance of it, though for the sake of the glory, and of handing the fact down to posterity, King William would only make it, I should say, under the very walls of Paris. I cannot think that this bloody work will be carried further. It does not seem possible or human that Paris should be attacked. The Prussians could now make a glorious peace, demand sure and ample guarantees of safety, and an overwhelming indemnity. And they could retire proud—justly so—and merciful victors. The moral example they would give would add much to this triumph ; but to insist on taking French territory is to wound the very soul of every Frenchman, and is really cutting the pound of flesh nearest his heart. I do not say that France is right in expecting to get off without yielding part of her land, but this is her sore point, and she will fight to the last for it. As Prussia can have sufficient guarantees, an endless amount of money, and half a fleet, without insisting on this humiliation, it would be wrong and cruel of her to press the demand ; nor would it be logic, as real peace would not be made, and what pleasure could there be in governing some millions of people who recognised France as their

mother, and who would ever be yearning to break the yoke? Besides, France has already been *sorely humiliated.* Should the Germans insist on their present terms, and consequently besiege Paris, I shall not have another grain of sympathy for them, and before the civilised world they will have lost all respect and admiration in spite of their numerous good qualities and, until now, just cause. I shall hope—if but despairingly—to see them completely driven back, and to see the mercy dealt out to them which they deal now. It grieves me to think of the destruction that this fearful war is the cause of: thousands of lives, and how much ruin and suffering! Not the least painful is the fact that all these splendid forests and woods round Paris are to be burnt down to avoid being shelter for the enemy. The preparations that are made, in the event of the siege, are fearful to contemplate. I have as yet seen nothing of the fortifications, but shall take a glance at them to-morrow, and call on a friend in his military capacity of Garde Nationale on the ramparts. In Paris itself the preparations are endless; on the fortifications they must be very striking. It must still be some days before the siege commences, though the Prussians are, so to speak, at the gates. They have much to prepare ere they attack, but I sincerely hope our wishes for peace may be realised, and that all the horrors of carnage, destruction, and anguish may be spared us. You English who have visited Paris as the home of pleasure must find it difficult to realise its present position. Ambulances are being established everywhere. The Palace of the Tuileries is the central ambulance for the Prussians; the Magasin du Louvre devotes its first floor to the wounded. Everywhere there are receiving houses, and central offices for every purpose in connection with this effusion of blood! The tradesmen of our street have subscribed and raised a fire engine on their own account. Much must be feared from fire; much, too, I should say from

Photo by Franck.

GENERAL TROCHU.

Governor for the Defence of Paris.

Photo by Bacard Fils.

JULES FAVRE.

Minister of Foreign Affairs.

p. 98]

disease. If the siege comes with all its furies, what thousands will be lying dead, the river, too, teeming with corpses—no gas, bad weather, in fact, a thousand dangers. I cannot think the French could eventually resist the force of the enemy, but Paris is so well prepared and fortified, and her sons so determined to hold to this last point of honour, that the struggle must be a fearful and prolonged one, and countless its horrors. The only true safety seems in Peace, for which we must all sincerely hope. I wrote to Frank a day or two back. I will write again soon, and so long as I *can*.

Ever, etc.

Read the "Telegraph" if you can.

PARIS,
Sept. 20, 1870. *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

It is doubtful whether this will reach you ; all the lines are cut, and there is no getting out of Paris for love or money. The post still exists, though of course—as the service, I suppose, is done by *diligences* —subject to endless delays and irregularities. We have had no letters from England since Sunday ; then we only had London letters of Friday. There is still a faint hope of peace, Jules Favre having left Paris to negotiate with the King of Prussia. May God grant it. The Prussians are now round Paris, and fighting is going on at several points near, though as yet none at the fortifications. Ambulances are springing up in almost every street, and in many of the theatres—drilling in every place and square. I went on Sunday to see the fortifications. My impression—for what it is worth—is that they won't resist long against powerful attacks. The siege, though, may be a long and painful affair. If once the Prussians get in I see no course but to surrender, but if they take to barricading and street-fighting, then the real horrors will commence. From the fortifications—that is at

such a distance as the Prussians must keep—there is no fear of the bombs coming into central Paris. Business is entirely dead—many places closed, but Paris as gay as ever. It seems incredible that the enemy is outside. Boulevards crowded as usual. The Tuileries gardens present the most striking *coup d'œil* of all. Horses, artillery, tents, and soldiers mingle among the beautiful foliage and statuary. I tried to find the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne on Sunday, but could trace it no longer. I don't like this being cut off from England at all. We get no papers, of course, now, and begin to wonder how our dear friends are. Who does not hope for peace? There will be a terrible struggle if peace is not made, for I believe the Prussians will fight hard. I hope you are all well and not anxious. I am still hopeful that the siege will be avoided, but am not fearful as to my own safety should it present itself. If I can render any help to the wounded, and so on, of course I shall not remain idle, but not to risk my own safety. I shall remain indoors altogether as soon as danger is at hand. At present the issue of all this seems doubtful, though all here have full belief in the siege, and prepare bravely for the worst. As I told you, almost every able-bodied man is armed. God bless you; I am always thinking of you all and hoping we shall soon meet again when glorious peace is established.

Ever the same, etc.

PARIS,
Saturday, Sep. 24, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The post-office here continues to accept letters from the provinces and for England. Whether they will reach their destination before the conclusion of the war is very doubtful. We have had no letters or papers from England since Sunday last, the 18th, the Prussians being all round Paris and the railways all cut. The letters are dispatched by balloon, so that

all is irregular and uncertain. All letters too from here must be written on thin paper, and *folded*, not "enveloped." You will have read with regret the result of Jules Favre's mission to the Prussian head-quarters, their exorbitant and unnatural demands, which must have convinced the civilised world of the desire of the Prussians for bloodshed and massacre and the destruction of France. I have no more sympathy with them now. It is Prussia now that is making war, and in the eyes of God must be responsible for the inevitable horrors that must ensue. I can only hope and pray for poor France, and now that she has so many hard yet profitable lessons, should welcome the day when she should exterminate these bloodthirsty victors. We must wait and still hope. Heaven only knows what is in store for Paris now. She may conquer yet, though at an enormous sacrifice perhaps, for I cannot think it will be an easy matter. I fear the siege will be *very long*, but I cannot think that her destruction will be allowed, even if contemplated. But really opinions differ so as to the possibility of bombarding, etc., etc., that it is difficult to know what to think. There will be a long struggle at the fortifications ere this is thought of. But I repeat I hope it will not come to street-fighting and barricading. These are the horrors that we ought to dread, and which I hope will be avoided. Bombarding to any extent seems to me impossible on account of the enormous size of Paris. I shall remain very quiet, and avoid all danger ; of this I cannot too often assure you. Yesterday we could distinctly hear the cannon all the morning at the fortifications, and altogether it was a capital day for the French. It will now continue seriously to the end. They are more than ever determined here to defend France sooner than accept the Prussian terms, which are truly unacceptable. Thus they are cruelly urging on this cruel war, since France would offer such conditions as a nation could safely and honourably accept. May they soon bitterly learn

the punishment due to them. There is no question about France's *firm resolution* to hold out until the last. My only fear is that they may hold out too long and continue to fight against hope. This will be pitiful should it happen so. Should the Prussians succeed in entering in any quantities, I hope the curtain will fall on this war without the dreaded pillage and barricading. You must excuse all my disjointed jottings and ideas, and only take them at their worth. I can only sum up by repeating what I said in my first letters—all is doubtful and uncertain. We have heard nothing of Strasbourg for several days. With what admirable courage she has held out! Her statue in the Place Concorde is *covered* with immortelles and flowers, and I could not help shedding tears when I saw the troops making their pilgrimage and depositing their tokens of sympathy and admiration. Well, I must wind up this straggling epistle, hoping it will soon reach you. God bless you, and don't be anxious for the safety of

Yours, etc.

The next eleven letters came by Balloon Post. They were written on a single quarto sheet ($10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$) *of very thin paper. The outside was always marked "par Ballon Monté."*

PARIS,
Friday, Sept. 30, 1870.
(Reached Bedford Oct. 9.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

This complete isolation is far from cheering, I assure you. I am continually with you all in thought, and would give something to be able to look in upon you if only for a few moments. The privations of the state of siege are beginning to be felt in a hundred ways, and I beg that you will be very thankful—all you who are sailing on still waters. I wrote you on the 17th, 20th, and 24th inst. The first may have reached you in the regular way. The

two latter most likely having been dispatched by a balloon—sent up on its own account—may have come to hand, may not. Where these balloons would descend is a matter of much doubt. Perhaps into the sea, perhaps into the Prussian armies. I can only hope our letters have fallen into the hands of good French citizens, and been forwarded to their destination. For the future the letters will be conveyed by "Ballon Monté." That is, some one will accompany it. Thus it is more hopeful that my letters will reach you. However, I must leave this to say how we are getting on. Since mine of last Saturday nothing has occurred to advance either the French or Prussian ends. All has been so fearfully quiet that it must portend *something*. A week has passed with scarcely a shot being fired: this morning, however, we have heard the cannon again on the ramparts, so they are evidently stirring more or less. The weather is lovely; days warm and bright, evenings chilly. I walked out the other day as far as Asnières. I could not help contrasting the scene with your unmolested homes in England. Nearly every house evacuated, the inhabitants having had to fly for their safety. The little town had a fearfully strange aspect. Empty houses, broiling sun, dead dogs, dust, and desolation, with here and there a few more courageous than the rest who would hang about until the last moment, determined to have the "last pull." Barricades were being erected, and the pretty bridge—which many a *canotier* of the Seine will long remember—was a complete ruin, having been blown up. Picture all this at Hammersmith, and it may give you an idea what it is. Nothing has happened yet to create any fear or anxiety; the future remains a mystery to us all. Of course, we get no English papers or letters. We hear vague rumours of demonstrations in London against the Queen on account of her over-Prussian tendencies, and to express sympathy with France. And of the Emperor of Russia having sent for Thiers.

But we are all in the dark as to what the world thinks of it. It is difficult to understand that the neutral powers can tolerate the siege of Paris, or the unnatural demands of Bismarck & Co. Would the world really permit the possible destruction of this centre of civilisation, science, and art? We hear of armies that are preparing in the provinces of France to march upon the Prussians. Every day's delay is favourable to the French, but it cannot be long now ere the fighting will begin vigorously. I don't feel yet very lonely, and have cultivated a few English acquaintances.

We have nothing to do in business. I feel great solace in Dickens, whose works I am now always at.

Provisions, I must tell you, are already much dearer. Milk is entirely out of the question. Butter from 6*s*. 6*d*. to 10*s*. per lb.; eggs 2*d*. and 2½*d*. each; good meat is very rare at the restaurants. I now pay 7½*d*. instead of 5*d*. for my beefsteak and potatoes; in fact, provisions of all kinds are dear. The meat at the restaurants is *very dear*, and often inferior. The only thing good seems to be horse-flesh, but we haven't come to that yet down our way. At five o'clock yesterday morning there was nothing but horse-flesh to be had at the "Halles Centrales." But this is nothing to what must come if the siege is much prolonged. All cafés are closed at 10.30, though up to this hour the Boulevards are as gay as ever. Most of the shops are closed at 7 or 7.30. Altogether it is a dull and melancholy holiday, giving us opportunity of looking up our authors, and wearing out our old clothes. I heartily wish it were over. The being cut off from England is to me the sorest point up to now. Don't be uneasy about me, I feel very confident.

Yours ever, etc.

PARIS, *Oct.* 8, 1870.
(Reached Bedford Oct. 19.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

My last letter was on 30th September, and I hope reached you safely. For three weeks we have had no communication whatever from England or the country. My only fear is that you will be getting unnecessarily anxious about me. I see nothing to fear whatever. The more the siege advances the more confidence I feel in the French; and I am now fully convinced that Paris will not be taken by force. The Prussians still surround us, and are very quiet. Their tactics would appear to be to take us by famine, which, indeed, seems the only probable chance. The fortifications are now in splendid order: they have very clever men at the cannons, and the citizens are becoming first-rate soldiers. But the best news of all is that armies are creating all over the country to march to our help, and I am getting quite hopeful that the Germans will find a defeat that they did not bargain for. They reckoned on the *interior disorder* to take the capital, but the Republic has been well received, and all are determined and united to save their dear country. It is difficult to decide the end of this war, or the length of it. I should hardly think though, judging from present probabilities, that the siege of Paris will exceed the 1st December. I do not think either that we shall be bombarded, so pray be easy on that point. They may starve us out, but I hope that ere this happens their defeat will have been proved. For myself, I am now tolerably comfortable, having found an agreeable companion to live with me; we are good society for each other. There is very little business about, though. Altogether I am as happy as I could be under the circumstances, but don't like being cut off from England like this. Provisions are no dearer than last. The weather so far has been bright and warm, but to-day is wet, and our friends on the ramparts will find it cold work.

It may interest you to know that the treachery of the Emperor is now made known in a hundred ways by the papers and correspondence of the family, which have been found, and are now regularly published. Be of good cheer; I don't doubt but that I shall get safely through. We continually hear the roar of the cannon, though no serious battle has yet taken place. They have some splendid marksmen among the French artillery. My friend R. is a soldier; but I have long fully determined not to take any part in the affair beyond that of a sympathiser. I should not care to die for another country, and they don't want for men. France has all my sympathy.

Yours, etc.

PARIS,
Monday, October 24, 1870.
(Reached Bedford, November 6.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am very anxious that this should reach you. My last letter I sent off a fortnight ago. We are still in a state of siege, and surrounded by the Prussians. My only fear is that by this time you may have become unnecessarily anxious. Several reports from the Prussian headquarters will have reached you, but they are apt to publish such abominable lies and exaggerations, which your English papers like to colour up, that I am unusually desirous that you should know the real state of affairs, of my increased confidence in the French resistance, and of my own safety. As I said, we are still locked in, and I do not myself think we shall be free before Christmas, and it may be later. Be assured that the Prussians will never take Paris by force. They may by famine, but we have full provisions for another two months, and bread and wine for double that time. The military organisation here is admirable, and governed by men who are cautious and not likely to fall into the errors that damned Napoleon and the dynasty. They have made an

appeal for 1,500 pieces of cannon, which will be ready in two weeks from now. Armies are preparing in the country; and an army—taken from the Garde Nationale—is forming in Paris to make sorties towards the enemy. It appears the precision of the artillery at the ramparts is wonderful, and scarcely an obus is lost. As soon as the Prussians mount their batteries, the forts fire, and invariably destroy them. Thus, to-day is the thirty-seventh of the siege, during which period, four or five engagements have taken place, *all* of which have been more favourable to the French; so believe no reports to the contrary. I read an extract from a Prussian paper which said that they could see from the heights the populace of Paris fighting in the streets. This is one of a hundred lies, unfortunately too soon believed by the uninitiated. I know not what your imagination pictures Paris to represent just now, but I think you would be surprised could you look down upon us. To say nothing is changed would be an exaggeration, but the aspect of the city is not changed in the least, and the most perfect calmness prevails. The horrors of the siege we have not yet felt. Provisions are *excellent*, and but a very little dearer, every one in capital spirits, the health of the capital was never better; in fact there is little to discern between Paris as Frank found it and the Paris of to-day. Certainly the Boulevards, especially of an evening, are quieter, and all cafés close at 10.30, which is now the go-to-bed hour. The theatres are closed, though a few patriotic Benefit representations are being given. But Paris has undergone no such change as a siege elsewhere would have enforced. The organisation, social as well as military, is first-rate, no internal discords, all is patriotism and firmness. I sincerely hope that France will soon get out of her troubles. She has had a rude lesson, from which she should profit, but she truly deserves now that fortune should favour her. Bismarck counted on the mob of Paris, and gave himself a fortnight to

march in. Bismarck, "I charge thee, fling away ambition." I shall not be content till the Prussians are driven back and learn bitterly what their ill-conceived ambition is worth. They could have proclaimed a glorious peace after the affair of Sedan. Enough of this ; let me speak a little of myself. I am very happy—not overworked, that is certain, though we have done a very good business since the end of September. I get plenty of time to sleep and read, and indulge moderately in both. I am living well, and looking—so they say—better than ever. I am sure that I never felt better. Altogether, it is an easy life, and rather enjoyable than otherwise. Of course we get no news from England, nor have we had any since the 18th September—the second day of the siege. I hope you are all well, and if you have been desponding, don't do so any more, but be as hopeful as I am. I shall expect a prodigious bundle of letters when the communications are re-established. I will write again in a week, and am very anxious that my letters should reach you.

Ever the same, etc.

PARIS,
Monday Morning, November 7, 1870.
(Reached Bedford, December 5.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I should have written some days back, and hoped my next would have spoken of peace, but alas we are farther than ever from that blessed state. Metz has surrendered, and the last reasonable hope has fled with it. The armistice proposed by the neutral powers—for a whole week we have hoped for it, and then for peace—has been refused by Prussia, who is irreconcilable! Surely such a cruel war never was, nor is to be again. Might is Right, but it is a hard doctrine to stoop to. It is heartrending to reflect upon what France has suffered, and is still suffering—robbery, starvation, requisitions, ruin, defeat, sieges,

bombardment, and death on a wholesale scale. Strange that no man has been found great enough to find a substitute for war. Surely this will be the last of them. Paris must surrender sooner or later; only a miracle can save her. Unless there is an interference by the neutral powers—Prussia having refused to listen to them—you will hear of some bloody work before many days have passed. Proud Paris making a last supreme effort to show her honour must make the world admire her. But I see no hope, for the end must be the same.

Meat is getting scarce, and though there is bread and wine for weeks to come, the grand trial must soon be made, and there will be some desperate fighting within earshot. Should the French by some miracle succeed in driving them back, it will be the most glorious day of their history; but I don't think it. The Prussians will perhaps attack first, though they need not, except to hurry the end, for they are sure to have us by famine, if they have sufficient patience to sit and wait in the cold. They cannot bombard until they have taken one or two of the forts; but I still believe Paris is impregnable by force. I made the tour yesterday, some thirty miles by rail. The preparations in some parts are gigantic. For myself I must not complain. I get my horse-steak every morning for breakfast—beef and mutton are almost out of the question—which, I assure you, is delicious, and it is an absurd fancy to think otherwise; but I am longing for a little simple, nourishing English living. No butter, milk, eggs, or cheese. I give you a few market quotations, as well as I can remember. Eggs, 4*d.* each; chickens, 11*s.* to [?]; pair of rabbits, 28*s.*; a turkey, 44*s.*; ham, 6*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; inferior salt butter, 11*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; fresh butter, 24*s.* per lb. Hardly credible, but quite true nevertheless. I should think—though my opinion is worth nothing—that we shall be free by Dec. 15 at latest; and I shall seize the first opportunity of

visiting my dear country, for I have much to say to you all. I am always thinking and dreaming of you, which is the most that is allowed me. I hope my letters reach you. Think of me, but not seriously, for I fear no harm. Should they bombard—which I don't think likely—it is the only thing that I shall have to fear; and I shall then shut myself in the cellar for a fortnight if necessary. You must not be surprised if I turn out "thin-nish." I hope there are some nice fat letters on the road for me, or I shall be much disappointed. In any case I will now wish you all a happy Christmas and New Year.

Ever, etc.

The following letter was much blurred and stained with the damp.

PARIS,
Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1870.
(Reached Manchester Dec. 2.)

MY VERY DEAR FRANK,

Any of my letters—and I hope many—that have come to hand have of course been forwarded you for perusal. No English letters have reached Paris since Sept. 18, the day the Prussians invested Paris. Little did I think when I welcomed you here but five months back that such a cruel and barbarous war would lay waste this beautiful country—its towns and villages burnt to the ground, its houses devastated, men and women cruelly butchered and violated, and every conceivable horror that we, when we boast of civilisation, attribute to savages, brought into practice by an intelligent nation, now placed by the maxim of "Might is right" at the head of Europe and the world. "Here's fine revolution an' we had the trick to see't." France has been greatly to blame, and is having a bitter lesson. Prussia is equally to blame in inflicting the lesson without a gleam of mercy; and not satisfied with seeing France conquered and humiliated, urges conditions which

will ensure an eternal strife between two great nations. We know France declared the war, but Prussia prepared for it, urged it, and desired it. This has been but too clear. The siege of Paris still continues, and it seems probable that the New Year will wake upon a scene of carnage. It is pretty clear now that the Prussians do not intend to attack or bombard, but simply wait until the provisions are exhausted.

The French are only now waiting for the artillery, which is in rapid progress, when a great attack and last effort will be made, and more bloody work is inevitable. This will probably be in about three weeks' time: meanwhile the armies are preparing, and though we often hear the cannon of the forts, there have been no attacks from either side lately. In the country the work of devastation proceeds: still there seems to be a fair hope of one or more of the country armies coming to the rescue of Paris, who still hopes to save herself. We have suffered but little privation yet. Meat is plentiful—though we eat principally that noble and useful animal the horse—and bread and wine abundant; plenty of salt meat too. What we *never* get now are milk, eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, etc. Fresh butter is something like 32*s.* and 35*s.* per lb. I need not say that the penny cups of refreshing milk are out of the question. Paris is quiet and very orderly: public health capital. Nor do I find time hang too heavily. There is little to do in business, and I fill up with fire and literature. I have been twice to the "Français" morning "patriotic" performances, and have been highly entertained. I saw two acts of "Esther" (Racine), which pleased me immensely. Favart was very fine; charming scenery and choruses. I go once a week to the Opera (one franc), where they give concerts of *morceaux* from the best works, with full orchestra and chorus; no scenery. These entertainments I find very elevating. I need say nothing

of the perfection of the music. I still "grub" at the great Deschamps', who passes twenty-four hours every week on the ramparts, and who has undertaken to "nourish" me with his family should they be obliged to close from want of provisions. (It may come to living on bread and wine.) This is very good of him, and I shall not forget it. I am wondering and very anxious to know how you are getting on, and what you contemplate doing after Christmas. It seems more than probable that I shall pass that festive season here and "in siege," with a nice fresh "cat cutlet." Doubtless I shall survive. Perhaps it is not too early to wish you all a Jolly Christmas and a Happy New Year. Please forward this with a host of love to our dear Mother, Grandma, etc. Accept, my dear Brother, a thousand good wishes from

Yours ever fondly,
SYD.

PARIS,
December 7, 1870.
(Reached Bedford December 14.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

As there is not the faintest hope of my joining you in the flesh this Christmas, I must trust that this will reach you in time to assure you I shall be with you in the spirit. We shall most likely pass the day together—five or six Englishmen—and my first toast will be "The loved ones at home!" As regards our "inner men," we must make the best of the state of things "as is." And let me tell you that we are still living comfortably—plenty of fresh meat—principally horse, which is nice—bread and wine in abundance. Vegetables and salad too we get. We must scour the market for our Christmas dinner—get a plum-pudding run up if possible, and make the best of it. To all of you a happy Christmas. Since my letter to Frank on November 22, the great struggle for the

freedom of Paris has commenced. Two serious battles were fought outside Paris last week, in which the French fought gloriously, attained the position they had in view, and created fearful losses among the Prussians. The French suffered much too. The fighting will be renewed in a day or two, most likely at another point. Should France succeed or not in driving back these invaders, the greatest credit will be due to her for giving up life and everything for her honour. What the Republican government has done in the way of arming and organising the armies, and in making the artillery, is truly wonderful. Let us hope that good fortune will come to them. It cannot be very long, I should think, now before the war will be over, or at least Paris free. Should Paris succeed in making a break, and in reprovisioning herself, the siege may last for months yet. Peace will only be made either by her inability to do this—provisions will run short in seven or eight weeks' time—or by her succeeding in thoroughly defeating the Prussian armies. Should she succeed in breaking through them, you see they have yet to be driven back; so really the war may last a long time, though the general opinion is that it will be over by the end of the year; as one or two great battles gained by either side, would settle the question. I hope we shall be free by New Year's Day. I would give anything for a rasher of bacon, a couple of eggs, a bit of good roast beef, and some butter; but these are not to be thought of. Cats and rats are eaten freely, but we are not at that yet in our district.

Yours ever, etc.

PARIS,
December 21, 1870.
(Reached Bedford December 28.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote a fortnight ago, and wished you all the happiness of the season, but now that Christmas

is so close at hand—who would think so here?—I feel fully disposed to repeat my wishes. It has been an unfortunate, for many, a terrible year, but here we are at its end safe and free from suffering. Needless to refer to the thousands in misery, ruin, or their graves. For my own part, I am full of thankfulness; instead of all the horrors of a siege, which I was resolved to endure —privations of every kind, bombardment, disease, and a hundred miseries—I have hitherto suffered nothing. We shall soon have to live on very low rations, but I am sound in health and can stand it as well as any Frenchman, minus the fatigues of military occupations, from which I am free, and they are not. I shall pass a quiet day on Sunday and think often of you. We shall pass the evening together (six or seven Englishmen), and shall have a plum-pudding, though turkey and roast beef will be absent. But we shall enjoy ourselves, never fear. I should prefer being in England, but shall make the best of what might have been very bad, and *is good.* A great battle—perhaps the decisive one—is announced for to-day, and ere Christmas is here more blood will have been shed and thousands of brave hearts flown. Let us hope that the responsibles will meet with their just reward. Much happiness to all of you. I shall hope to be free before very long, and shall seize the first opportunity of seeing you.

Ever affectionately, etc.

PARIS,
January 5, 1871.
(Reached Bedford January 12.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The New Year wakes sadly in France. No rejoicings, all bent on the one great object of deliverance. The weather has been bitterly cold for the last fortnight or more, and the sufferings of the poor soldiers are intense. Frost and snow incessant. It is said to be the coldest winter they have had here for

fifty years. Everybody has a cold except myself—and how many frozen—*sometimes to death*—over their stern duty.

You will be glad to hear that I spent a really happy and jolly Christmas. We were seven or eight, and the plum-pudding turned out very respectable in spite of the absence of suet. Of course we had no beef, but the horse was delicious. We had quite a merry evening, and drank heartily to the absent ones; in fact it was an immense success, and with our room decked with evergreens, quite worthy of the "Illustrated London News"—"A Christmas during the Siege of Paris." It may interest you to know the bill of fare from which a party of Englishmen dined on Christmas Day at one of the swell cafés here.

Wolf cutlet, Cat with rat stuffing and sauce, Roast camel and plum-pudding, etc. You will understand from this, that the Zoological Gardens are now no more.

The Bois de Boulogne is being cut down to provide wood for burning, which is a *fearful price*, and if the weather continues severe, the trees from the Boulevards will be taken too. All this is very sad. We are eating the cab horses. But how admirable is all the organisation. Does it seem credible that for four months nearly two and a half millions of souls have been provided for—and the Wolf not at the door yet—to say nothing of the armies that have been formed out of shopkeepers. Really France deserves to be victorious. No news from the country for a long time. Bad weather for the poor pigeons. Never offer me pigeon pie again, for I shall not have the heart to eat it. We hear of a change of government in England, and probability of war with Russia. Is it so? Paris can hold out until February 11 *certain*. Let us hope that before that date France will be saved. Terrible cannonading to-day incessant [?] to the minute—has not ceased since the morning. You know the Prussians are bombarding the forts, but it is a sad waste of

powder: as to bombarding Paris, more than ever impossible. We hear they are dying by thousands from cold and disease. My health is splendid, and you would little fancy that I have endured one hundred and ten days of siege. I shall not soon forget it though—I am always thinking of you all.

Ever the same, etc.

PARIS,
January 12, 1871.
(Reached Bedford January 16.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote you this day week—the 5th inst.; the same day the bombardment of Paris commenced. I told you of the terrible cannonading of that day, but ignored at the time that the bombs had fallen in Paris. Let me now give you all the assurance possible by letter, that I am entirely free from danger, and that if you suffer any anxiety on my account, it is wrong, for I am safe and sound, and unless I run intentionally into the quarters they are bombarding, *there is not the slightest cause for fear.* The batteries of the Prussians at Châtillon, etc., can reach nearly all that part of Paris on the left side of the Seine. We are on the right, and in the centre of Paris, and unless the enemy can take two or three of the forts, which is simply impossible, no shell can fall within from two to two and a half miles of us. The "Bombardment of Paris" will be greatly exaggerated in your papers; but I will write you now once a week, or oftener, and you need only believe WHAT I TELL YOU. The tears come to my eyes as I write this, for anything more dastardly and cruel than the bombardment of inoffensive inhabitants I cannot conceive. What is almost incredible, and more cowardly, is that they have fired upon all the hospitals, which are so well known by their domes and easily recognisable at a distance. Women are killed in their beds, and children in the arms of their mothers. The old and the infirm, the sick and the wounded are the

marked objects of their cruel artillery. Some of the obuses are more than half a yard long, and a quarter of a yard in diameter, and weigh about 200 lb. These are the chivalrous weapons of the nineteenth century!

They always bombard at night, but considering the thousands of shells that fall, there is very little damage done, and comparatively few killed and wounded. Frank will remember the beautiful church of St. Sulpice, where there is a statue of the Holy Virgin with magnificent alcove in painting—this has been struck. Streets are deserted, families turning out in hundreds, seeking refuge in central Paris. I have heard of individual cases of horrors too terrible to write about. But the pigeons arrive, and we have good news from the provinces. We are daily hoping for a military movement that may save Paris. My heart will bleed should the Prussians be victorious. I don't think they will. For myself I feel no apprehension. We have a good warm cellar should it be necessary, but I don't think it will come to this.

Ever the same, etc.

I am in splendid health and get meat twice a day still.

[*The following appeared on January* 28 *in a weekly West End London paper called "The Courier."* It was headed "LIFE IN PARIS BY A BESIEGED ENGLISHMAN," with this preface.]

"The following letter (by balloon post) conveys an idea of the actual state of Paris a week ago. It was received last Tuesday morning by a gentleman at the West End, who sends it to us for insertion."

PARIS,
17*th January*, 1871.
123d, Journée du Siège.

MY DEAR MR. ALLEN,

I have written to you twice since Paris has been besieged, but as correspondence is quite a

"spec" nowadays, it is possible that my letters have miscarried.

As a matter of duty (or rather of pleasure) I write again a few lines, assured that you will be interested to know that I am up to now "sain and sauf." You know, perhaps better than I can tell you, what is passing outside Paris; I can only give you intelligence internal (and infernal). Altogether I consider the present situation as very favourable for the French, and shall quite hope to see Paris *débloqué* before we are a month older. I dare not be too sanguine, but cannot help hoping. Whatever happens, every one must admire the patience, patriotism, and determination of the Parisians, and, in fact, all Frenchmen; you, who understand them so well, will know how to appreciate the sacrifices that all are making to save the mother country from degradation. The "defence" and "*approvisionnement*" of Paris, and the organising of armies is *admirable*—ADMIRABLE. You know that we are being bombarded. Since the 5th instant thousands of "obuses" have fallen into Paris; property destroyed, inoffensive beings killed and wounded by these chivalrous weapons of the nineteenth century, some of which are 20 inches long by a quarter of a yard diameter, and weigh 94 kilos (about 200 lbs.); but this will never demoralise the Parisians. The most perfect order prevails. It is wonderful the comparatively slight damage these shells occasion—many never burst at all; then the houses being of stone the damage is comparatively slight. They have a happy knack of falling sometimes upon one's breakfast-table; but there is no danger of smashing many eggs, which are now sold at 75 cents each. It is three months since I tasted butter, cheese, eggs, or potatoes. The siege takes away all your delicacy about living. I recollect being falsely accused of crying out against sprats; I'd give something to try them now. We eat horse only. I had a dog cutlet the other day, which, I assure you, was delicious. I am anxious to taste *cat*, which I

shall do on the first occasion. It may interest you to know the "Carte de Jour" from which a party of Englishmen dined on Christmas Day at the Café Voisin: Potage St. Germain, côtelette de loup; rôti de chameau, chats garnies de rat, plum-pudding, etc. (this was a special line from the Jardin des Plantes). I passed a jolly Christmas; we were seven or eight Englishmen.

But to return to the bombardment, the most dastardly and cruel means of attack. The Prussians have taken for aim principally the domes of the hospitals and ambulances, well known and easily recognisable from a distance, being the Drapeau de la Convention. Thus, the principal sufferers are the aged and helpless, the sick and wounded, and young children. This is perhaps the most horrible cruelty of the cruel war, and is unpardonable.

For myself I am quite safe, and at present free from danger; they cannot bombard central Paris unless they can take two forts, which is next to impossible, and which they have been attempting for the last three weeks. No shells have fallen within two miles of us, St. Sulpice being the nearest. This beautiful church has been struck, as also the dome of the Panthéon, and nearly all the hospitals. I think we have provisions for another month at least; before then, let us hope that one at least of the country armies will come to our relief.

I am longing to see England again, and, next to seeing my dear friends, shall welcome a slice of good roast beef, or a rasher of bacon; but I dare not contemplate such a godsend.

There is plenty of mustard and pickles here, but no beef or mutton; however, as long as bread and wine hold out (of which there is still abundance), we shan't starve, even if we don't fatten. Thank God, my health is first-rate—never better. I cannot speak too highly of Legée's military bearing, which is admirable. He has just returned, after three weeks in campaign, and the most intense cold of the last fifty

years; he is of the Garde Nationale Mobilises (Compagne de Guerre).

Hoping first that this will reach you, and secondly that it may interest you.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Very sincerely yours,
SYDNEY B. ARNOLD.

For the last three days incessant cannonading day and night from the French and Prussian batteries.

PARIS,
Friday, Jan. 20, 1871.
(Reached Bedford Jan. 24.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote you a week ago, and shall now write every week regularly. I gave you details of the bombardment, which continues, though very slowly, and with comparatively small damage. Thus fifteen days have only killed about fifty people; and at times the cannonading has been terrible. The windows shake sometimes, as we are warm in our beds; but they have got no nearer central Paris, nor is there much hope for them. The siege cannot last long now. Five or six weeks at the very extreme. Another great battle commenced yesterday; but no definite results yet. I have still confidence in the French cause.

Provisions are now getting scarce, though we have hitherto suffered no real privation. I have a little store of biscuits and wine to help me up when the worst comes. My health is first-rate, which is almost everything. I am longing to see England again, and have a little good living. You have no idea what people can eat when they are forced to it. I could stomach most things just now. I sincerely hope you are all well. I am always thinking of you, and continually dreaming of some of you. Last night while walking up Cheapside I saw the shells fall upon the General Post Office, and flung myself upon the pavement flat, which, you know, is the customary thing as soon as

a shell falls—then one fell close to me and did not burst, which was very obliging, only I woke and found it was *all a dream.*

Yours ever, etc.

Enclosure

My dear Brother,

I am more than ever anxious to have some news of you. Paris is sadly disfigured, and I am thankful that you saw it in its brightest days. It will take years to bring it round to its old self. I don't know what has become of Hughes, who I hope is safe and well. Should he happen to be in England, say a lot for me. Am longing for the end of the siege.

Ever, etc.

[*Hughes had proceeded to Trouville, before the investment, and never returned to Paris.*

The letter (with enclosure) just given, was the last by "balloon post." The remainder came in the ordinary way.]

Paris,
Monday Morning, Jan. 30, 1871.
(Reached Bedford Feb. 10).

My beloved Mother,

Peace at last, thank God! The armistice is signed, though the peace is not, but this is only the affair of another month! France is literally *crushed.* The continuation of the war is impossible. France is conquered out and out—through and through. I shall never doubt the heroism of her children, but the thorough inactivity and incapacity of her leaders is shameful. Paris surrenders under the form of an armistice, with famine before her eyes. I have a whole lot to say to you on this sad subject, but let us to home matters. Shake hands all round and embrace in the spirit. You will understand how anxious I am to hear all about you, how you are, how

you have been getting on, and a thousand details, all of which are interesting, and a hundred of them essential to my happiness. During the armistice, which will last about a month, I suppose, the postal communications from our side—and I suppose from yours too—will be restored; the letters to be left open, and to pass by Versailles, the Prussian head-quarters. So write me at once, if you have not already done so, and tell me *all*. I have written to you about a dozen times during the siege, and I hope my letters reached you, as they should have served to suppress any anxiety for me. We have got through easier than I bargained for: the end came upon me quite by surprise. It does not seem possible to me that we have been, for five months nearly, cut off from the world. It is a memorable incident of my life, and I am thankful to say comprises some of the happiest days I have ever spent—Christmas to wit. My health is capital, and I have not suffered a moment on this head.

So far all well. A treat to fall back again into one's ordinary routine. I shall look with intense anxiety for your first letter, which I hope will not be delayed *en route*. Meanwhile I write you all my affection, etc. So far good, and I am full of gratitude and hope.

Ever the same etc.

I wrote you on the following dates September 6, 10, etc., etc.

[*Most of what is contained in the following appeared in* "*The Eastern Counties Daily Express,*" *two or three weeks after I received the letter.*]

PARIS,
February 21, 1871, *Tuesday morning.*

DEAR FRANK,

Here we are again! We have had a long whack of isolation, but are safely through it all. It

might have been a good deal worse. I shall ever feel grateful to the balloons that we saw passing over our heads, that spanned the circle of iron which kept us prisoners, and thus gave you the intelligence of our safety and the details of our privations. There is much that is touching and striking in the Siege of Paris. It has left impressions that will never be erased from my memory.

I have seen misery in its blackest form, and accompanied by a spirit of submission which is truly admirable. A few incidents are still stronger. I shall never forget the thousands leaving their homes with their "little all" in a hand-barrow, flying from the bombardment ; nor the raw, damp evening that I went up to Montmartre, and saw the fire from the mouths of the Prussian cannons, eight miles distant, and the fatal and ghastly ROAR and CLASH as the obus burst, perhaps killing an old woman or a sick child.

On a sunny Sunday afternoon, the boys were sliding in the Palais Royal, while a hundred cannons were vieing with each other in the work of destruction. It was deafening. In the Rue Rivoli on the same occasion, a regiment of the Garde Nationale, admirably equipped, with clashing music, marched to present their brilliant cannons to the Government. The bombs were falling but a few minutes before.

I have seen women waiting at four o'clock on a November morning in a cold and drenching rain to have their miserable ounce and a half of horseflesh, and officers carrying their black bread under their arms to the restaurant. I have seen young men, used to good living, enter a restaurant, and finding the meat above their means, make a meal of rice, bread, and water, and still leave their two sous for the service. A merchant of our street was in our house one day, and was buried on the next, not from a wound or illness, but because he had received too good news of his family. I have known a Colonel of the Garde Nationale read an article that cut him up, and he died

from apoplexy two hours afterwards. I have seen the effects of bombardment upon churches, hospitals, and museums. I could give you a hundred others. Only one more. Last evening at 8.30 there were six thousand persons waiting at the corner of our street. It was pouring with rain; but there they were, huddled together, many asleep on the pavement; women bowed with age and scantily clad, passing the night thus, in order to partake of the munificence of the people of England. The headquarters of their distribution is at Copestake's Paris house, close to us. I give all my spare time in assisting them. On Sunday alone we distributed 10,200 portions, amongst 2,600 families. I was cutting bacon all the afternoon. You will perhaps see a sketch of us in the "Graphic" and other papers.

I have much more to tell you of the Siege, but cannot write all. I have already received about twenty letters, of all dates, from different friends. Yours dated February 9th to hand on the 15th, January 30th to hand on the 18th, and February 13th to hand yesterday. I had heard from M. that you had been to Glasgow, and had done well. Yours of the 30th, however, put my mind at rest. Delighted that you are still at the Prince's, and judge, from the absence of any mention, that you are satisfied with your progress. What about London? I had a few hurried lines from Freddy Allen, followed by a ham—highly acceptable. We are stuffing ourselves to death just now. Yesterday I saw some English papers. What a treat! The illustrations *re* Paris in the "Illustrated London News" are perfect and truthful. Must pull up here and return to the cheese-cutting. Write soon and tell me all about yourself, what parts you have been playing, progress, critics, etc.

Ever affectionately, my dear Frank,

SYD.

Coquelin with his patriotic recitals at the Français

has moved the whole house to tears. A sturdy soldier next to me cried like a child over "The Defence of Châteaudun."

7, Rue du Mail, Paris,
Feb. 26, 1871.

My dear Frank,

I regard the Prussian entry into Paris as the grossest mistake. I suppose we shall never hear the last of their having conquered France; but I am really glad to notice the genuine sympathy and fraternity of the British people for poor France in the hour of her sorest trial. I am indeed pleased that you saw Paris at its best. You saw the opening of this fearful war when all was ignorance and folly. They have long since paid for this. How different to the end! With much bad in them, they have so much that is really admirable as to merit the sympathy of all sensible and unprejudiced men. It must have been a thriving season in London. I suppose we shall have the British tourist here in his glory in a few days' time. I had been very anxious for you during the Siege, and your letter has dispelled every fear. Glad you went home at Christmas. Excuse this fearful scrawl. Thank all inquiring friends. I am badly perched in a café. This will be posted in London.

Thine ever as affectionately,
Syd.

No gas yet.

Wednesday Evening, March 15, 1871.

My dear Frank,

Business is so unsettled here just now. A sad want of confidence—no government—fears of revolution, etc., etc. Sunday was a July day—to-day heavy snowstorms worthy of December. The Distribution Committee presented me with a very handsome pipe, from which I occasionally take a consolatory whiff, for which I hope my mother will not blame me.

Ever most affectionately,
Syd.

Theatres are reopening. Gas back again. Foreigners arriving, and great Paris assuming once more its gay aspect.

[*Our joy at the termination of the Siege and the gratitude we felt at my brother's preservation had scarcely been indulged in, when the tragedy of the Commune, with all its horrors, began, a grief not only to France, but to the whole civilised world.*]

PARIS,
Thursday Evening, March 23, 1871.

MY DEAR FRANK,

At last, then, it has come out! It would have been strange indeed if Paris had passed peacefully through the sad ordeal of her complete humiliation. Here we are then at the crisis. After five months of suffering and privation the real danger has now come upon us. Far more to be feared than the cruellest Prussians are these provokers of civil war. They have no purpose, no faith; their end seems mischief and bloodshed; their crimes are of the blackest, and *unpardonable*. If you could only see a battalion of these "devils" as they march through the streets, armed to the teeth, you would be truly horrified. I saw one to-day, and such a band of demonish heads I never beheld. On almost every face was depicted the most complete blackguardism. I have often noticed—and you may have done so while here—the *hellish* expression of a great part of the lower classes. It is much more remarkable than in London—men who appear fresh from a hotbed of vice and crime—a sort of brute expression that you instinctively despise and shrink from lest you should be inclined to insult them. These are the men of to-day—unwashed, unshaved, long black hair—the very pictures, in fact, of what they are—stumpy, ignorant, and wicked. What a contrast to the bright sun of spring; for the climate here at this time of year is truly invigorating. One

walks out feeling a better man and that there is something to live for. Paris is a vast camp at this moment —barricades everywhere. Free circulation is impossible. The Insurgents are complete masters of Paris, though since the heartless affair of yesterday[1] the orderly members of the Garde Nationale are turning out, and hold their own in certain quarters.

Our quarter is the most respectable, and all the defenders are out. The Mairie is in their own hands, also the Bourse, and they keep the Reds at a respectful distance. Still, these latter occupy nearly the whole of the capital—their headquarters Place Vendôme —and they have all the artillery that is left. A collision may occur at any moment. In fact, matters cannot go on like this. The Government will doubtless step in ; but I see nothing in the end but bloodshed and massacre. How sad is all this, and at a moment when France requires all the good she possesses.

For myself, I would rather see the Prussians enter. They would put them down, for the Insurgents are the greatest cowards possible. Paris presents a strange aspect, and the beautiful spring weather only adds to the horror. Armed men at the corner of every street, barricades in all the populous quarters, every shop and café closed, or with the shutters all ready; women venturing to the doors and windows, and a general rush when a collision is anticipated. The traffic is all stopped—in short, a better picture of desolation and horror it is difficult to conceive. As I was dozing off on Tuesday night I heard three shots fired—ghastly and deathly discharge ; then the shouts and moving of a crowd. I learnt afterwards that they were only fired into the air by the Insurgents to disperse the mob, but the effect upon me was terrifying, and '48 rushed into my head, with ideas of bloodshed and corpses. The Place Vendôme presents the saddest sight of all. Napoleon the First looks down upon these unworthy and cowardly Frenchmen, backed by their barricades

[1] The disturbance and bloodshed in the Place Vendôme

and cannon pointed towards the Boulevards. It cannot last many days longer, perhaps not many hours; the people are coming to their senses. It is impossible to understand the want of energy and action on the part of the Government, but I sadly fear more blood will be shed. I have certainly seen enough lately of the black side of Frenchmen. I really can feel little sympathy with a country that gives birth to these men. I pity from my heart the intelligent community, who must blush for their countrymen. For myself, I study avoiding danger, and don't feel disposed to risk my life for the gratification of curiosity. Don't be afraid; I'll look after Number One.

Ever the same,
SYDNEY.

PARIS,
May 12, 1871.

MY DEAR FRANK,

France is as mad as ever—madder if anything. To-day the Colonne Vendôme is to be pulled down.[1] Was ever such a country so sadly the victim of its own vices and passions? I am completely *disgusted* with everything, and am longing for a few days' rest, when I can bask in the sun in my own dear country without being bothered by business, cannon, and French political follies. I hope the Comédie Française is doing well. Excuse my fearful scrawl.

Ever yours, etc.

I am in perfect safety, and unless they blow us all away, may consider myself out of reach. Don't be anxious. I am longing to see you.

[1] It was razed on May 16. Lady St. Helier's first husband, Colonel Stanley, was an eye-witness of its destruction, and an interesting account of it is given by her in "Memories of Fifty Years." My brother, I know, saw it happen, but he does not allude to it in his letters.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

N° 395 LIBERTE — EGALITE — FRATERNITE N° 395

COMMUNE DE PARIS

LE PEUPLE DE PARIS

AUX SOLDATS DE VERSAILLES

FRÈRES!

L'heure du grand combat des Peuples contre leurs oppresseurs est arrivée!

N'abandonnez pas la cause des Travailleurs!

Faites comme vos frères du 18 mars!

Unissez-vous au Peuple, dont vous faites partie!

Laissez les aristocrates, les privilégiés, les bourreaux de l'humanité se défendre eux-mêmes, et le règne de la Justice sera facile à établir.

Quittez vos rangs!

Entrez dans nos demeures.

Venez à nous, au milieu de nos familles. Vous serez accueillis fraternellement et avec joie.

Le Peuple de Paris a confiance en votre patriotisme.

VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!

VIVE LA COMMUNE!

3 prairial an 79.

LA COMMUNE DE PARIS.

IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE. — Mai 1871.

THE LAST PROCLAMATION OF THE COMMUNE.

Photographed from an original poster.

[p. 128]

PARIS,
Thursday afternoon, May 25, 1871.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

My first duty is to write to you. I am safe and well. The horrors of these bitter days have nearly stifled me. My suffering has been INTENSE, and at one moment I thought I could have borne it no longer. The night of Tuesday, May 23, will be the most heartrending recollection of my whole life. But, thank God, we are all preserved, though literally worn out with anxiety and excitement.

I will not attempt here to relate you one of the hundred horrors that have passed under my own eyes. We have to be thankful that our quarter of Paris has not been destroyed. All was ready mined, but the army made rapid progress, and they had no time to execute their dastardly plans. We are now out of all danger. Only a remote part of Paris remains to be taken, and ere this reaches you the ruined city will be in peace. All around me is horror—blood at every corner, and fire everywhere. Yesterday we were bombarded furiously. Shells were bursting around us, and the balls whistling past us for several hours. But fear no more, the red-white-and-blue floats from every window, and we can walk about our neighbourhood in perfect safety. The sun is scorching; everything tends to render our position more horrible and unbearable. The aspect of the streets is *most pitiful*. All is destruction. You CANNOT CONCEIVE what has passed in Paris during the last three days. God protect me from ever witnessing such sights again. My cup is full to the brim, and I shall be worth nothing until I have had rest. Thank God for me!

PARIS,
Monday, May 29, 1871.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote you on the 25th (Thursday). Yesterday the cruel and horrible conflict finished. Thank

God a thousand times. We have cruelly suffered, but what thousands still living have lost their all; many their lives also, and they well deserved it, though in many cases the innocent will have suffered with the guilty. The horrors and atrocities that have been perpetrated are unequalled in the history of the world. Paris is a heap of ruins! I am very anxious to hear from you, and impatient to see you. Amen to all these horrors!

. . . . .

To dwell on the delight with which we welcomed my brother, after all that he had passed through, would be superfluous. To my dear mother especially it had been a time of fearful tension. The mimic stage and its doings, after these great dramas, will seem insipid, but I must return to my own experiences at Manchester, going back to August 1, 1870. That sterling actor, Henry Compton (father of the well-known Edward Compton), was made a feature of, and started with "Paul Pry," in which I acted Frank Hardy. Then followed a few performances of "Much Ado about Nothing." Mrs. Charles Calvert—happily still to the fore—and Frederick Belton were the Beatrice and Benedick, Compton, Dogberry, that accomplished actress, Miss Fanny Brough, Hero, and Claudio fell to me. As Dogberry, Compton was admirable; but it was as Touchstone that he was seen to the greatest advantage. Henry Compton's daughter, it may be remembered, became the wife of the popular dramatist, Mr. R. C. Carton.

It was at this time I first met Tom Taylor, who was afterwards to become a good friend to me, and of whom I shall have much to say. He had written a four-act play called "Handsome Is That Handsome Does," in which Compton played the part of a dale schoolmaster—the scene being laid in the Lake district. Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Carlisle, and Miss Charlotte Saunders were in the cast. My part was "a muscular

Christian," one of a reading party. It was a subordinate character, but on the second night Mrs. Liston (Miss Maria Simpson) offered me the chance of making a first appearance in London at the Olympic Theatre. I was to have the choice of two or three parts in the play, but none of them seemed to me to give quite a fair opportunity for a London *début*, so I thanked her and declined the engagement. The play was afterwards presented in Birmingham and elsewhere in the provinces, and I then assumed the part of an old lord. Its later production in London, where, in addition to Compton and Miss Saunders, George Belmore, David Fisher, Charles Warner, Miss Mattie Reinhardt, and Miss Maria Jones appeared in it, was not, I think, attended by any great success monetarily. Compton, who was an inimitable comedian in his own line, was ill-suited to the leading part. I next appeared as Edward the Fourth in Calvert's revival of "Richard the Third," from the text of Shakespeare—the old patch-work version of Cibber's having before this always been adopted. It was played fifty-three times.

On March 6, 1871, "Timon of Athens" (with a ballet and a clever *danseuse*, Rita Sangalli) was produced for, I believe, the first time in Manchester. It was in three acts, comprising eight tableaux. I played the cynic Apemantus, and had occasion to be grateful for most appreciative notices of my acting. This rarely seen play ran for twenty-four nights. I was then engaged for the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, to play Apemantus and stage-manage the production, all the scenery, etc. to go over there from Manchester. But Calvert told me that the necessary guarantee was not forthcoming. It was, however, open to me to go to the rival city and take my chance. I did so, with unfortunate results. I played Leonato in "Much Ado," etc.—Waller in "The Love Chase," and Archibald Carlyle in "East Lynne"; but finding after seven or eight performances that there was no salary,

nor any apology or explanation, I seceded, and some months after had the doubtful satisfaction of receiving a bankruptcy schedule. Among others, a fellow-sufferer with me was Miss Cleveland (Mrs. Charles Viner), who afterwards became Mrs. Arthur Stirling. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in the same city, I acted, for John Billington's benefit, Ironbrace in "Used Up," Miss Lottie Venne, a colleague of my old Nottingham days, being, I remember, the "Mary" on the occasion. The name of the play aptly expressed my monetary resources. I then came to London "to seek my fortune," for it urgently required looking for.

CHAPTER IV

1871 to 1875

One day in the spring of 1871 I encountered in the Strand that true Bohemian, Charles Dillon, and fell into talk with him. He was a gifted actor, but wanting entirely in nobility of appearance or dignity of bearing. A very fine and touching performance, though, he gave in "Belphegor, the Mountebank." It was with him, in this play, that Lady Bancroft made her London *début*. The theatre was the Lyceum, and J. L. Toole played the leading comic part. I do not remember ever having seen Dillon act any Shakespearian part. It was said of him that he was "an actor of great emotional gifts, but very deficient in intellectual ones." He was a strange, erratic creature, and in a measure the type of an actor quite extinct, I should suppose. He led a wandering life, and as a manager was lacking in any sort of business habits. I know, for instance, that when travelling with his company, he would often pay them their salaries from a pocket handkerchief at a railway station, without any regard too for punctuality—or regularity as to the amount due. I first met him at Manchester, and he was then full of a scheme for a revival of "Coriolanus" —about the very last character for which he was suited—and he hoped to get me to support him. My meeting him in London was connected with my seeing one of the idols of my boyhood. While we were

talking, a fresh-coloured, grey-haired man accosted him, chatted for a few minutes and then walked away. "Do you know who that is?" asked Dillon. "No," I replied. "That's James Grant the novelist." How strongly I was tempted to run after him, and tell him what delight he had given me. As boys at school how we revelled in his stories, "The Romance of War," "Harry Ogilvie," "The Yellow Frigate," "The Aide de Camp," etc., etc. In those days Sir Walter Scott was but "a good second"; but age brings wisdom.

I went one night about this time to the Queen's Theatre to see "The Beautiful Mrs. Rousby" in Taylor's "Joan of Arc." Physically beautiful, she certainly was, but the noble heroine had failed to inspire the actress.

It was in May, when I was casting about for an engagement, that I wrote to Tom Taylor, in the hope of his being able to help me. I had heard that he had been pleased with my acting in Shakespeare at Manchester.

Tom Taylor was born at Sunderland in 1817. He became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards held the Professorship of English Language and Literature at London University. A prolific dramatist and adapter, he was also appointed art critic of the "Times." (In 1874 he succeeded Shirley Brooks as editor of "Punch.") In 1871 he was Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board. He asked me to call on him after office hours at Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. Although nothing came of my first interview but a sympathetic chat, the way was paved for pleasant intercourse later on.

On June 7 he began a series of letters in the "Echo" on the subject of a National Theatre. Dr. Doran, George Godwin, the author of "History in Ruins," etc., and J. R. Planché had previously interested themselves in it, and a recent visit of the Comédie Française to London had given a stimulus to

the matter. I gave Tom Taylor my views on the subject, and told him how earnestly I looked forward to the consummation of such a scheme. A scholarly critic and journalist, the late Joseph Knight, had often urged the same idea in the columns of the "Sunday Times," and on March 26 he had written an article with the title of "How to Obtain a Subvention." A fortnight afterwards a letter from myself appeared in the same paper, supporting the idea as earnestly as I could. Taylor took the opportunity of giving me a letter of introduction to Knight, and of telling him the purport of his correspondence in the "Echo."

This introduction, though doing nothing much for a subsidised theatre, put me in touch with a charming and cultivated man, and was the means, more or less directly, of leading to one of the most valued friendships of my life.

It was on a Saturday in July 1871 that the celebrated banquet to the members of the Comédie Française took place at the Crystal Palace. Lord Dufferin presided at what must have been a delightful and interesting function. I remember being much excited about it at the time, but participation in it was unfortunately out of my reach. In a letter from my brother (September 22, 1871) he writes: "I had a long chat with a Frenchman who was teeming with the Crystal Palace banquet—got me to get him an English paper. He knows some one at the Conservatoire, and says the impression left with the members of the Comédie is of the very happiest, and that they prize with fervour and gratitude the remembrance of the reception in England, and particularly the banquet. Our young D. has just returned—says he read the account with tears in his eyes, when he reflected that at least there was 'some of France's old grandeur left her, which the Prussians can never take away.'"

The chance of getting a London engagement seemed very slight, so I again accepted one from Charles Calvert for the Prince's Theatre at Manchester,

where he proposed in the autumn reviving on a grand scale "The Merchant of Venice," in which he wanted my services as Antonio. Tom Taylor came down to see the performance, and I again wrote to him, asking what he thought of the revival, reminding him at the same time of his promise that I should appear in London in one of his plays if the opportunity should occur. He answered that he could not make any definite promise, but he said he would mention my name to Miss Adelaide Neilson, who had one of his plays, in which there was "more than one part which you could act very well."[1] But what follows is more material in his letter. (I have omitted some allusions to Antonio's costume, etc.)

"I was sorry not to see you during my visit to Manchester and the Prince's Theatre; but I did not come behind the scenes during the performance, so had no opportunity of telling you how much pleased I was with the piece as a whole—I think the masque overdone —and with your Antonio in particular, which was grave, intelligent, and dignified. I was much pleased with Mr. Calvert's Shylock. I like the Oriental, dignified gravity he gives the part, which is quite compatible with any amount of bitterness, hate of the Christian, and tenacity. I thought the young men's parts better played than they would have been at any of our best London theatres as they are. The Salarino (S. Lacy), in dress, look, bearing, and delivery, particularly good, and the Bassanio (F. B. Warde) and Lorenzo (H. Vaughan) both very far above the average. Altogether I saw the play with very great pleasure and a wish that we could have Shakespeare as creditably presented here."

The ladies he has omitted, but Portia, Nerissa, and Jessica were played by Miss Carlisle, Miss Rose

[1] The play alluded to probably was "Anne Boleyn," produced at the Haymarket in February 1876. Howe, Cecil, Conway, Harcourt, K. Bellew, and Forbes-Robertson appeared in it. Also—besides Miss Neilson—Miss Carlisle, Miss Lucy Buckstone, Miss E. Thorne, etc.

Coghlan, and Miss Nellie Deitz. Solanio was acted by Clifford Harrison, who afterwards distinguished himself as a public reader and reciter. The music for the "Lorenzo Masque" was supplied by Arthur (later Sir Arthur) Sullivan. I met him for the first time, and I remember—how easily we remember some things—I was gratified by his praise of my acting. We chatted, and among other matters he mentioned that he was doing a piece in conjunction with W. S. Gilbert. Not until 1878 did I see him again, when at the Court Theatre in London he composed the music of a trio in W. G. Wills's "Olivia." "The Merchant of Venice" was highly successful, and was played for twelve weeks. The notice of the play which appeared in "Punch" (October 14, 1871) was written by Tom Taylor. When I was engaged by the Bancrofts to play Captain Dudley Smooth in Lord Lytton's "Money," he wrote me the following, containing kindly advice and well-deserved praise of their management:

March 21, 1872.

DEAR SIR,

I am very glad to hear of your engagement at so well-conducted a theatre as the Prince of Wales's: the best—all things taken into account—in London, in point of intelligence of management and completeness of presentation. I hope you may take a permanent place in the company. Remember in such a company and such a part that the utmost softness and apparent simplicity, a feline calm and composure, are especially required in Dudley Smooth. But even this may be, and often is, exaggerated into something quite "caricatural" and impossible in society. Any such exaggeration of softness and slyness is as bad as exaggeration of the opposite kind in more demonstrative parts. Wishing you much success, I am always,

Yours very truly,

TOM TAYLOR.

I made my first appearance in London on Saturday, May 4, 1872, and had every reason to be gratified—as I was—at the result. At the end of July came the vacation, and in August, my brother being in England, I returned with him on a second visit to Paris. I find, however, in a letter from him dated July 12 some details that may be worth preserving. The recent death of the brothers Coquelin, under exceptionally sad circumstances, will be fresh in the memory of playgoers. My brother had made the acquaintance in Paris of poor Coquelin cadet. They met one day in the Palais Royal—but I will give his own words:

"We strolled on, conversing and conversing. He saw that I *believed* in the Comédie. He wanted to know what were the great attractions in London just now. Of course I said 'Money,' and mentioned 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' He spoke of Sothern, who, he said, was *great* in Dundreary; of Mathews, whom he admired in 'l'Homme Blasé.' Asked me what I thought of Fechter, who, he remarked, used to play at the Français. He alluded to the youngest Miss Vokes. He considered she had extraordinary talent. I spoke of the retirement of Wigan and his performance in 'La Débutante.' I told him of a letter by Got during the siege, which I had just come across. Of course we spoke of the siege, etc. [Coquelin cadet saw active service, and distinguished himself at Buzenval.]

"He said he saw Rossi, an *Italian*, play Hamlet, and it was really a marvellous performance, perfection. To use his own words, 'It gave me cold in the stomach.' He is most anxious to go to London, and hopes to go with the Comédie next year: they didn't go at all this year. He has a high opinion of the English and of the estimation in which they hold the Comédie. In short, he considers London firm for business. He spoke of Faure, Nilsson, and Patti, and the concert they gave before the Queen, which seemed to amuse and rather tickle him, whether from

the 'creamy ensemble' or Republican motives I know not. I spoke of Boucicault's adaptation of 'La Joie Fait Peur,' and we shook our heads when we thought of poor Noël, an Irishman. He had previously alluded to Boucicault's productions.

"He regretted not understanding English, but said that at twenty-five he was past learning it. I said, 'Poor young man,' and offered to take him in hand: should be proud, etc. Of course from a stranger he could hardly accept this. But you will see that we got on well together, shook hands cordially—'Au revoir! Au plaisir!' I daresay I shall drop across him again."

The younger (or Ernest) Coquelin, it may be remembered, unhappily developed melancholia, and passed away in an asylum. His elder brother's death in 1909 was kept from him for a time. When he heard of it he collapsed, and expired within less than a fortnight from the time that his brother died. Coquelin cadet was only sixty-one years old.

After the evil days of the Commune, Paris was a sad spectacle. Ruins everywhere were witnesses of her terrible and heart-rending experiences. Tragedy and sorrow must with the French make way for amusement, however; and, of course, the theatres were a study as well as a relaxation to me. At the Variétés I must confess to having been bored by "Les Cent Vierges"—a long and tiring entertainment. At our first visit to the Français we were treated to "Le Chandelier" of De Musset and "Le Malade Imaginaire," but I have no note of the cast. At the Gaîté Theatre I saw "Le Fils de la Nuit," with Lafontaine, Desrieux, and Mesdames Devoyod and Adèle Page. At the little Déjazet Theatre one evening I witnessed the classical "Andromaque," with Taillade and Madame Dugueret. On my next visit to the Français I saw "Le Misanthrope." The Alceste was Laroche. In the cast were also Maubant, Coquelin cadet, Mesdames Madeleine Brohan, M.

Royer and Lloyd. With it was acted "Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien"—Got, Delaunay, Thiron, Mlle. Reichemberg, and Madame Jouassain. I was charmed with the acting in both plays. At the Palais Royal Theatre "Tue-la" was given, with Hyacinthe, Lheritier, and Lassouche, followed by "La Cagnotte," which displayed the drolleries of Geoffroy, Lheritier, Lassouche, Calvin, etc. One other visit to the Français enabled me to enjoy the following: "Au Printemps" (Laluyé), Talbot, Boucher, Reichemberg, and Jouassain; "L'Étourdi," in which Lélie was played by Delaunay, and Mascarille by Coquelin—a splendid performance; and "Les Deux Ménages," given by Coquelin cadet, Garraud, E. Riquer, and Croizette.

My last visit to the play was to see at the Ambigu Comique "Le Courrier de Lyon," with Lacressonière as Dubosc and Lesurques, and Paulin-Menier as Choppard, their original parts.

I quitted the city on September 15, and on Saturday, the 21st, the run of "Money" was resumed, and acted until February 22, when Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" was produced, in which I did not appear.

My brother, who was called to the South of France on business, and who had, it may have been noticed, a rare talent for making friends with eminent players, became acquainted at Châlons with the once celebrated Mlle. Déjazet.

On February 18, from the Hôtel des Champs Élysées at Macon, he writes: "This little journey will be memorable by one pleasing episode at least, for I have made personal acquaintance with the great Déjazet, and you will be pleased to hear that we are now very great friends. I made my *début*, so to speak, that evening at dinner, when we had an hour's comfortable chat, principally, of course, on England, London theatres, actors, etc., etc. Her last words

were, 'Ah, monsieur, c'est un grand pays le vôtre!' She swears by Charles Mathews, knew Madame Vestris intimately, thinks London a fine city, and was delighted with her stay there.

"This morning she recognised me cordially, and I travelled by the same train here, went to her hotel, and put up there, as she recommended the people so strongly. She left in the afternoon for Lyons, where she has relatives. She invited me to go and see her at Lyons, which, of course, I accepted, and shall pay her a friendly visit to-morrow or Thursday at two.

"She is a charming old lady—*seventy-five years old!* I won't say that she looks nineteen, but she retains all her senses, is quick, of keen perception, witty, and most agreeable in conversation. I cannot help feeling an intense interest in her, as much for her exquisite talent as for sympathy with her age, and still having to act. I am charmed with her altogether, and feel a delicate sympathy difficult to express. I saw her act at Châlons (a sort of Norwich theatre improved) in a charming little piece, 'Les Premières Armes de Richelieu.'

"She plays Richelieu, aged fifteen, a rôle she created in Paris some forty or fifty years back. Her acting was simply charming, though the voice betrayed occasionally signs of declining age. There was nothing in the least repulsive. She was piquant, vivacious, and full of verve. Acted and sang charmingly. An impersonation that I could enjoy again and again, and hope I may have the pleasure to do so. It is a cleverly constructed two-act dress piece, and was well enough acted throughout. They played also a five-act (24 tableaux about) drama, 'La Closerie des Genêts' (a good piece, though),[1] and my poor old friend did not come on until 12, the performance concluding about 1.30 a.m.!

"She said she was not fit to act, but she did act, and well, too These little reminiscences are, I need

[1] In a version called "The Willow Copse" Webster was very popular.

not say, very agreeable to dwell upon, and cheer the mind and spirits."

I remember my brother telling me of his promised visit to Déjazet, and of his taking her some flowers. Of this he gave details some years later (April 22, 1877) in the "Sunday Times," to which he often contributed a column. After giving impressions of theatricals in the city, he says: "It was here that five years ago I last saw Déjazet—seventy-five years old, but still charming, and acting with wonderful spirit and grace, despite the visible traces of time, for there was still something more than the shadow of her former self. Her voice, though a mere thread, had still retained its silver sympathy, and her acting had all that delicacy for which she was unrivalled. I can never forget the charm of an hour I spent in her society. The dear old lady grew young again in reviewing the triumphs of her early life. And then she told me all her troubles, but in such a genuine spirit of unselfishness and resignation. She was 'so old,' she said. She spoke affectionately, too, of England. A year or two later she was given a monster benefit, only to be followed a few months afterwards, alas! by a public funeral, when all Paris testified to the esteem in which they held her, who, of all French actresses, was the most truly French, and the most truly Parisian."

The portrait of her in character—in "Le Marquis de Lauzan"—she sent to my brother. On the back of it is written "Souvenir de Lyon, Déjazet, 23 février, 1873."

The other picture of her which, by the kindness of Monsieur J. L. Croze, I am able to reproduce, is dated 1865.

It was never my good hap to see Déjazet, but the present race of playgoers may also get an idea of her personality and her art from the following extract from an article which appeared in the "Daily News" of December 3, 1875:

Photo by Tourtin.

DÉJAZET IN "LE MARQUIS DE LAUZAN."

Photo by Tourtin.

DÉJAZET,

From the collection of M. J. L. Croze.

p. 142]

"Old playgoers know that the influence of Virginie Déjazet was one that far transcends the power of words to define. She achieved perfection in the parts which most of all tempt young and old to the theatre—those parts which bring into relief all the sweetest aspects of woman's character—love, helpfulness, gaiety, kindness, modesty—and none of their vices. She was the cheerful village maid who remains faithful to a rustic swain, disdaining wealthier suitors, or the true-hearted little sempstress who aids a struggling husband to put a smiling face on the trials of poverty, or the quick-handed, quick-witted, mirthful Abigail who helps to make the course of true love smooth by acting as go-between for two young people whom the harshness of guardians has parted, and who pertly tells hard truths to these said guardians till they relent. When not figuring in these parts Déjazet was admirable in another set of characters which always appeal keenly to popular sympathies—those of gallant, generous, scapegrace boys: "Napoléon à Brienne," "Richelieu in his First Duels," the "Vicomte de Létorière," and so forth. Whenever she appeared on the stage she brought gladness with her. Once or twice, we believe, she undertook parts where she died consumptive or broken-hearted; but these were foreign to her nature, and she had the good sense not to persist in them. She was fitted to shed only such tears as can be dried with the corner of an apron between a smile and a peal of laughter.

. . . . .

"No actor ever questioned her claims to popularity or made light of those gifts which had caused her to secure so firm a hold on the public. First, she had studied to make up for natural deficiencies; and if her voice was not powerful, the skill with which she used such voice as she had was consummate. Then she was full of native grace and wit; and, last, though not least, the main secret of her charm might be summed

up in this: that she showed herself on the stage as she was in private life—the sweetest, most lovable woman who ever breathed."

The following letter was in answer to one of mine in which I mentioned having heard some report of a play of Taylor's that was to be produced.

LAVENDER SWEEP, WANDSWORTH,
March 4, 1873.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,

I am afraid that the production of my piece is not by any means certain; but if you will come and see me here any morning about one o'clock, in time for luncheon, I will be glad to have a chat with you, on this and other matters. I congratulate you on your success at the Prince of Wales's.

Yours very truly,
TOM TAYLOR.

I had never before visited the dramatist at his charming home at Wandsworth—our previous interviews had been at the Local Government Act Office, after the duties for the day were over. For the first time, too, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Taylor. She had been a Miss Laura Barker, a Yorkshire lady, and was gifted musically. She was a clever violinist, and had composed many songs. It was said that she had played with both Spohr and Paganini.

The chat that I had with her husband "on other matters" was concerned with a scheme he had then on hand. It was to introduce a young American friend, J. Steele MacKaye, to the London stage in the character of Hamlet. If he could succeed in doing so, he was anxious to secure my services for playing the King and possibly the Ghost also. MacKaye had many gifts personally for Hamlet, but in some respects, unfortunately, was but an amateur. The fact of his having been a pupil of Regnier and of Delsarte scarcely justified him in assuming in London one of

the greatest Shakespearian characters. I promised my support to the scheme, which, as to scenic presentation, costume, etc., eventually proved to be highly creditable. Taylor announced that his object was to produce the play "not for the sake of the actor who was to play the part of the Prince of Denmark, but chiefly for artistic and æsthetic reasons, for the sake of the dramatic art and the public," etc., etc. It might be thought a desirable thing, however, even if the interests of the leading actor were to be ignored, that the title-rôle of the tragedy should have some consideration. It else merely became "Hamlet" without the Prince. But of course the success of the play as a whole meant the success of the leading actor in the drama. The truth is, that the money for the purpose was to be supplied by MacKaye—or his father, Colonel MacKaye. Both father and son were very agreeable people, with whom I afterwards established the friendliest relations.

There was a great deal of delay in getting a suitable theatre for the purpose, and after much difficulty it was decided to try the experiment at the Crystal Palace for half a dozen matinées. The first was on May 3rd. I am under the impression it was the first time that a theatrical performance, other than a pantomime, had been given at the Crystal Palace. I have spoken of Taylor's idea of my "doubling" the parts of Claudius and the Ghost. I did not favour it, though I consented to do so if it was decided upon. He had the notion of presenting the scenes in which Hamlet's father appears, by the help of what was known as the "Pepper's Ghost" plan: an optical illusion once very popular. Wisely I think it was abandoned. The performance on the whole was, I suppose, a very average one; and the Hamlet was "found wanting." MacKaye was supported by some experienced and competent actors, but they, under the circumstances, scarcely did themselves justice. For a Hamlet also who was deficient in voice, power, and physique, the Crystal

Palace, with its huge auditorium and at that time defective acoustic properties, was very trying. The audience on the first performance was a splendid one, and included many people eminent in art, letters, etc. After the play was over I remember that Taylor brought some of his friends behind the scenes to meet the actors. He introduced me to Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," and also to a grandson, I think, of the author of "Evidences of Christianity." Professor Paley was a translator of Æschylus, and of the Odes of Pindar, etc., also one of the original members of the Cambridge Camden Society. I had an interesting talk with him on matters archæological. In the last scene of "Hamlet," I was, as the King, provided with a handsome curved Danish drinking-horn, with feet or claws attached to it. When drinking to the Prince I took the horn in both hands, and lifted it in front of me. Professor Paley had noticed the error I made in doing so. He explained to me that when the right arm was extended the claws rested on the muscle of it, and by bending the limb and putting the mouth to the wide end of the horn, drinking was natural and easy. This I found to be the case. Indeed the chances would have been that if the King had tried to drink with any liquor really in the vessel, it must have been attended by an unseemly and very unregal slobberiness. There was doubtless good authority for the particular form of cup used. The costumes, etc. chosen were of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. The revival was altogether very interesting, though it was over-heralded, and consequently begot disappointment.

On May 10th the MacKayes gave a pleasant little dinner to the actors in the revival, at the Salisbury Hotel near Fleet Street. About two months afterwards a tour was made in the country with "Hamlet," and I think with other plays—not, I am afraid, a very profitable venture. MacKaye returned to America, and though he failed to satisfy the English critics in

Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.

ADA CAVENDISH AS MERCY MERRICK IN "THE NEW MAGDALEN."

p. 146]

Shakespeare, he eventually became a well-known dramatist in his own country. He was the author of a popular play called "Hazel Kirke." As I have said, I have the most pleasant memories of him, and also his wife and his father. His death occurred in 1894 while in the train on his way to San Francisco.

Thanks to the kind recommendation of the Bancrofts, I was selected by Wilkie Collins to play the part of Julian Gray in "The New Magdalen," and was engaged by Miss Ada Cavendish, who was to produce it at the Olympic Theatre on May 19. Up to this time her management had been rather disastrous. "The New Magdalen" was her first money-success. It attracted large audiences, and was played without a break until September 27—about nineteen weeks. Julian Gray was an excellent and most effective part, and the drama had a grip that was irresistible. The ethics of the play were condemned by the press. The "Times" thought that "in the time of our fathers the conclusion of the New Magdalen's history would not have been tolerated." Matthew Arnold, I believe, always spoke very highly of the play. It had been presented in America by Miss Carlotta Leclercq, who acted Mercy Merrick, before the time of the London production. It was a fortnight or so after its appearance in England that I had the pleasure of lunching with Wilkie Collins at 90, Gloucester Place, Portman Square. There were present also, Squire Bancroft, John Hare, Steele MacKaye, Frank C. Beard—Dickens's friend and doctor—and Charles Reade the novelist. The latter I had not met before, though I had played the repellent Mr. Meadows in his play, "It Is Never Too Late To Mend," for twelve nights during my second season on the stage. I remember the frank and kindly way in which Reade offered his hand and said : "Here's a gentleman, I think, whom I ought to know." We fell into talk together about reading and readers, and I happened to mention Le Texier, the French reader,

an account of whose art I had met with in Boaden s "Life of John Kemble." I recall how astonished he seemed to be that I should have heard of him—and indeed at that time I knew nothing of him from any other source. Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood" gives an interesting account of his art, which, according to Sir Walter Scott also, was most exceptional. There was at the luncheon much pleasant conversation generally ; one subject—Charles Dickens, had a special interest. The impression of Dr. Beard distinctly was, that Dickens's readings hastened his end. So earnest was he on the subject, that he induced most of us to go round to his house in Welbeck Street, in order to see his professional journal, giving particulars of the state of Dickens's pulse, before, during, and after his public readings. He took so much out of himself, that the exhaustion that ensued was only a natural consequence. Dr. Beard was summoned to Preston in response to a telegram, and the readings were peremptorily stopped. The attack, Sir Thomas Watson declared, was "the result of extreme hurry, overwork, and excitement, incidental to his readings."

Dr. Beard, by the way, was a friend and professional adviser to William Bodham Donne, at one time Examiner of Plays, and also to David Evans of St. Paul's Churchyard, a valued friend of my brother and myself. He was a true type of an honourable City merchant, the traditions of whose house are well sustained by Colonel William Evans of the Honourable Artillery Company. David Evans was a hearty, jovial, kindly man who had always enjoyed a good play. How he delighted in recalling the triumphs of the elder Farren, and how his eyes would sparkle at the ravishing memory of Mrs. Nisbett. This allusion to him reminds me of a story that a relative of his used to tell. Some lady who had been married three times and was about to take a fourth husband, was interviewed by a friend, who delicately hinted that her bereavements did not cause her to lose

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

WILKIE COLLINS.

p. 148]

courage. "Ah no, my dear," she answered with a philosophical sigh, "the Lord keeps taking 'em, and so do I!"

But I have left our luncheon party, though I have nothing further to say of it except that three of those who helped to form it have passed away—our good host, Charles Reade, and Steele MacKaye.

On the evening of June 10 Aimée Desclée, the great French actress, came to see "The New Magdalen." I had a casual introduction to her on the stage after the performance. Her art was said to be wonderful. She created a profound impression in London, where she appeared in "Frou-Frou," "Diane de Lys," and "Maison Neuve." In "Frou-Frou" it was believed that she had no equal. By many she was thought to be the most gifted actress since Rachel, and speculation was rife as to her possibilities in "Medea," "Phèdre," and Lady Macbeth. She was a musician, too, of unusual talent. Unlike some of her sister actresses, she lived very simply, on the third floor of an unfashionable Boulevard—her companion, an old and faithful servant. She seems to have been quite unspoiled by success, and was but thirty-seven when she died in Paris in the year following her visit to London, after, sad to tell, six months of physical agony, her very last words being: "Seigneur, Seigneur, pitié; c'est trop souffrir!"

It was about the middle of the same month that some one asked for me at the stage door of the Olympic after the performance one evening. It was James Albery, the author of "Two Roses." He introduced himself and said he should like me to act in some play he was writing or had written for the St. James's Theatre. I have an impression that it was not produced there. At one time I saw him pretty constantly. His charming "Two Roses," which gave a sudden popularity to Irving, kept the stage for many years; but he was not able to command success with most of his plays, though he had

many delightful gifts for stage work, and certainly came under the influence of Robertson. The following letter he wrote to me when I was staying at Brighton. Henry Neville had undertaken the management of the Olympic Theatre.

15, Hart Street, Bloomsbury,
Oct. 7, 1873.

My dear Archer,

Neville has done what he had to do, and certainly a manager was never better received. The people applauded everything, and were put out at nothing. Of the piece—this between friends. If it were translated into another language, that language would possess one of the worst plays ever acted; but as a mongrel dog is often a greater pet than a well-bred one, if it "smokes a pipe," "sits up," "turns a mangle," etc., so "Sour Grapes" by its tricks and oddities got made much of. It is full of thoroughly Byronic turns and well-studied stage tricks that kept the audience always on the look-out, and many a time we laughed, not perhaps because we saw the fun, but because we were used to laughing at actors in such situations.

It lacks freshness to make it draw, but it will not be voted dull. The audience were more like an election meeting than anything else; but I can speak for myself, that though the play lasted three and a quarter hours, I did not get tired. "Richelieu" is a good, but not a great performance. What it lacks, no study on Irving's part could give it. It wants that tone that comes from brain *power*. I mean a sort of mental physique, a moral toughness that affects the voice, look, manner. Suppose, for instance, Gladstone, who possesses the quality to a wonderful extent, were dramatised. I mean the character. Irving could not play it. Ungoverned rage, sorrow, dread he can depict, but not pure mental force. He well expresses the emotion of a mind acted on, but not of a mind

acting on others. He lacks what one may call the muscle and sinew of the brain.

Sorry to see your weather is broken up.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES ALBERY.

While at Brighton I was lodging near the Old Steyne quarter. It was in the same house in which my friend Miss Lydia Foote and her mother were staying. I first met Miss Foote at Manchester, when we acted in a version of Colman's "John Bull," by Dion Boucicault. The mother of Lydia Alice Legg, for that was her real name, was a Miss Goward, a sister of Mrs. Keeley. Lydia Foote had been on the stage from early childhood. The pathetic heroines of the domestic sort she excelled in. Charming actress as she was, she had little liking for the stage. It was to Charles Mathews that she was indebted for her name. On being told that it was Legg, he exclaimed, "Ker! we can't call her Legg—suppose we make it Foote."

In London I met her again in September 1872, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, when she acted Clara Douglas in "Money," on its production after the summer vacation: Miss Fanny Brough having played the character on its first revival. Miss Foote, for whom I always had—like so many of her friends—a great liking and regard, I was grieved to hear underwent much physical suffering, which was borne bravely until her death, which took place at Broadstairs in 1892. She was buried at Kensal Green.

On Saturday, June 28, there was a musical and dramatic matinée at the Olympic. The music was executed by Gounod, Ferdinand Hiller, Léonce Valdec, and Mrs. Weldon. Aimée Desclée recited "Le Revenant," by Victor Hugo; and Miss Cavendish, Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"; Wilkie Collins, who was about to start on a reading tour in America, gave a reading of a "Strange Bed."

He lacked the physique and varied gifts for a public reader, but what he did I thought was earnest and impressive. I afterwards went with Squire Bancroft to the Queen's Theatre to see "The Happy Land," a burlesque written by W. S. Gilbert and Gilbert à Beckett, in which there was a dance supposed to be executed by Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton. It was originally produced at the Court Theatre, and the veto put upon "making-up" the parts to represent the three statesmen added much to its popularity.

On July 17 the Prince and Princess of Wales (the late King Edward and the Queen-Mother) came to see "The New Magdalen." From the Prince I had the honour and pleasure of some kindly words of commendation.

It was in September of this year that I was first introduced one evening to the Arundel Club—a literary, artistic, and theatrical club, of which in after years I became a member. On this first occasion I met a very constant and faithful attendant there—Richard Lee, the journalist and dramatist. On the night before, a play of his, dealing with the Monmouth rebellion, called "Chivalry," had been produced at the Globe Theatre, then under the management of Henry J. Montague.

After the run of "The New Magdalen" in London I had an offer to go on tour with Miss Cavendish, which I declined. My country experiences had been rather trying ones, and having succeeded in getting to London, I decided on remaining there. Of course I should have acted in the provinces under different conditions from those which attended my novitiate. A good "part" and a reliable salary were not to be treated cavalierly, and I know the matter cost me much thought and anxiety. The actor who was engaged to play Julian Gray in the country was Robert B. Markby. I met him at the theatre during the rehearsals which were going forward for the tour, when I came to help him by running through the

"business" of the part. I give these details, as he will appear again in these pages.

At the end of this year I saw for the first and the only time, I regret to say, a very celebrated artist. If ever there was a poetical actress in her youth, surely it must have been Helen Faucit. In 1871 she was taking her farewell of Manchester at the Theatre Royal. I was acting at the same time at the rival theatre, the Prince's, so unfortunately had no opportunity of seeing her. The one occasion I have spoken of was on December 20, 1873, at a matinée in "As You Like It" at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. It was not easy to realise that she was fifty-six years old. I give my notes of the performance as they were jotted down at the time. "Miss Faucit's Rosalind full of refinement, grace, and intellect. Compton's Touchstone delicious. Chippendale's Adam good, if a little inaudible. John Clarke's William admirable. (William is always an effective little 'bit.') John Ryder gave a sound but rough specimen of Jacques, and Miss Hodson as Celia was much above the average. My friend Steele MacKaye was the Orlando, but he lacked the necessary experience for the part."

When dining out one evening about this time I met a very old gentleman, a literary worker of some sort. He remembered, he said, Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble well. He told me that he married a daughter of Quick, the actor. I felt it a tribute to my maturity when he said: "Of course, you remember Liston?" I was but two years old when Liston died.

No volume of Victorian reminiscences seems complete without a reference to the once celebrated supper- and music-rooms known as "Evans's." I first visited them, of course, after the new large hall was built, and when under the management of John Green—more generally known as "Paddy Green"—who had been a chorus singer at the Adelphi. At one time, it has been said, he carried a hod and helped at the building

of Her Majesty's Theatre. The glees and madrigals at "Evans's" were rendered by the fresh, beautiful voices of boys, supplemented by alti, tenori, and bassi, and it was a real pleasure to hear them. A pleasure as real, but of quite a different kind, were the admirable grilled chops and steaks, and the potatoes "in their jackets"—the latter a distinct feature of the place. These were served at the entrance end of the hall—a sort of annexe ornamented with theatrical portraits, where conversation could be carried on without interrupting the music. Thackeray knew "Evans's" well, and has called it "The Cave of Harmony." Under the same title he speaks of the "Coal Hole," where Costigan's song so angered Colonel Newcome,[1] but I was never inside this establishment. At "Evans's" there was a supper-room on high where ladies could be admitted, and, through a grille, see and hear all that was going on without publicity to themselves. I remember that one evening, early in 1874, a friend took me in, and I was introduced to "Paddy Green," whose leading characteristics were a courtly affability and a well-filled snuff-box. "Evans's" gradually became out of vogue, and I fear he was a serious loser in the long run. He died at the end of the year, aged seventy-three. He had conducted the rooms with strict decorum, and was known to myriads of eminent people. Not only remarkable Englishmen, but distinguished foreigners from every part of the world, made "Evans's" a favourite meeting-place. There is a story I have heard of a Russian gentleman who came to England with one solitary letter of introduction, given him by a Moldo-Wallachian friend on board a steamer on the Danube. It was merely a scrap of paper, on which was scrawled the words "Evansechopsingsmokroom, Kovent-Gard."

[1] There seems to be a doubt, according to Sir Francis Burnand, whether Thackeray did not intend the scene to be at "Evans's," as it was in its very earliest days, when songs were volunteered by *habitués*. See his "Records and Reminiscences."

About this time I met at dinner on more than one occasion Octave Delepierre, the Belgian historian and antiquary. He was also a writer on macaronic literature. He was a man of courtly and genial manners, and seemed much interested in Shakespeare and the drama. His daughter by his first wife—Emilia Napier, sister of Lord Napier of Magdala—married, I believe, Mr. Trübner, the publisher. The Lyceum Theatre was at this time under the management of Mr. H. L. Bateman, whose daughters were appearing there. At the end of February 1874 I saw the new four-act play "Philip," by Hamilton Aïdé. It was indebted to Balzac's "La Grande Brétèche" for the scene in which Juan was walled up by the masons. My criticism was: "Not a badly-constructed piece, but poor and conventional in dialogue; worthy of the Surrey side of the water. Irving in a part showing his defects and mannerisms terribly. Clayton dressed and made up well, but ineffective in acting. John Carter as a servant, good. Put upon the stage superbly and in excellent taste. A lawn before a villa in Brittany was very pretty. Afterwards met Bateman in the front of the house and had a long talk with him." In March I met for the first time the veteran artist George Cruikshank, whose etchings in "Oliver Twist" had fascinated me as a small boy. We talked of art and etching, actors and acting, etc. He recalled memories of Grimaldi and the Kembles. He told me he once had the idea of becoming an actor. He fancied particularly "Macbeth." A little incident amused me in connection with him. He was at this time a strict teetotaller, and therefore declined wine at dinner. Later in the evening, when we had joined the ladies, a very large tumbler of milk was brought to him, and it was curious to see the almost shamefaced way in which he accepted it, and tried in a manner to conceal the tumbler, though quite appreciative of his hostess's kindly intentions.

I went on May 21 to see Tom Taylor's new play

"Lady Clancarty," in which Ada Cavendish and Henry Neville were appearing. My notes say, "An interesting, if not a strong play, but the situations too much spun out."

It was when "The New Magdalen" was first produced that I became acquainted with Stefan Polès, whose nationality and origin were something of a mystery. Both Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins had employed him in various capacities, the latter in connection with the business of the play I was acting in. He was of slight build, with a head which betokened much cleverness, and small, searching eyes. He was a skilful linguist, and had the most persuasive, insinuating manners. His zeal was apt to outrun his discretion. He died at the Middlesex Hospital, and his body, I believe, was unclaimed. It was said that he bore a wonderful resemblance to a well-known Russian spy. It was when Wilkie Collins was absent on his American tour that Polès must have been busying himself with plans for a revival of "The New Magdalen." At any rate, theatres were suggested which it seemed to me were quite unsuitable for the purpose. The small Charing Cross Theatre, afterwards Toole's Theatre, did not seem likely to give the play its best chances of success, as at that time failure had been constantly associated with it. These details will enable Collins's letter, in answer to two of mine, to be more clearly understood. As a matter of fact, it was revived at this theatre, but not until January 1875, Markby again supporting Miss Cavendish in the title-rôle. I was then acting at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK STATE,
January 6, 1874.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I have got both your kind letters (dated Dec. 7 and Dec. 16). I entirely agree with you about the Charing Cross Theatre; but a letter from Miss Cavendish—as I understand it—informs me that

she has actually taken the theatre, on her own responsibility. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done but to "make the best of it." I have written to Miss Cavendish on the subject. For the rest, I can only thank you for your advice, and say that I sincerely hope you will give the experiment the advantage of your assistance by playing Julian Gray. The one thing needful in the interests of the piece is to prevent any possible impression from getting abroad that the revival is a failure. It would be well, with this object in view, to advertise that the theatre cannot possibly be obtained for longer than a limited period.

My "readings" are getting on famously. The one drawback is that I cannot read often enough to make a large sum of money, without the risk of injuring my health. Everywhere there is the same anxiety to see and hear me, but I cannot endure the double fatigue of railway travelling and reading on the same day. Thus three or four days a week are lost days (in the matter of money), but gained days (in the matter of health), and I have suffered enough to make health my first consideration. As to my personal reception in "the States," it has really and truly overwhelmed me. Go where I may, I find myself among friends. From this place I go to Chicago (stopping at certain smaller towns on the way). From Chicago, I go "West"—perhaps as far as the Mormons. This will be my last tour. I propose giving farewell readings early in March, in Boston and New York, and sailing for home during the last fortnight in March. I shall be very glad to hear how this venturesome Charing Cross experiment promises to turn out, if you have time to tell me. My address is, etc., etc. With all good wishes

Yours truly,
WILKIE COLLINS.

On March 21, Collins having returned from

America on the 18th, I had luncheon with him at Gloucester Place. He looked bright and well, and was in capital spirits. I met there Mrs. Ward the artist, the wife of the Royal Academician E. M. Ward,[1] and also James Payn the novelist, and at that time, if I remember rightly, the editor of "Chambers's Journal." He was an energetic-mannered, pleasant man, with a somewhat round and protuberant forehead, and very full eyes. I once afterwards, when he edited the "Cornhill Magazine," submitted a short story to him. Though he "declined it with thanks," he told me why: "It was too melodramatic for the 'Cornhill.'" My friend, F. W. Robinson, accepted it for his monthly "Home Chimes," of which I shall have more to say. We had some very pleasant particulars from our host of his American experiences, as well as many personal reminiscences of his friend and fellow-worker, Charles Dickens.

Forster's Life of the great novelist had recently appeared, and with the rest of the world I had been much interested and excited about it. John Forster was severely criticised in many quarters, as it seemed to me unfairly. I asked Collins, who knew him well, if he thought a word of sympathy from me—a complete stranger—would be acceptable. "Certainly," was his answer; "mention that you know me." I did so in my letter, which was in praise of the biography, and in censure of his detractors. Collins, at this time, I think could hardly have had the opportunity of seeing Forster's "Life," and I doubt whether afterwards he altogether admired it. However, I was pleased at receiving the following more than courteous response:

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W.,
March 25, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you very much for your letter, of which the contents are not more acceptable to me

[1] Mrs. Ward has recently shown herself a very interesting "Reminiscent."

than the spirit that moved you to write it. I do not know you so well as I ought—infirmities of health having for the present closed to me what was once my greatest enjoyment. But the foundation of all good acting, in both comedy and tragedy, is the power of feeling earnestly; and that you possess this high qualification for the art you have chosen, your letter sufficiently shows. With my best wishes.

Believe me,

Most truly yours,

JOHN FORSTER.

It was less than two years after this that the author of "The Life of Goldsmith" died in his sixty-fourth year.

In July 1874, five or six weeks after my brother's marriage, I crossed the Channel again, and stayed for a few days with the newly married pair at their pretty home in the Rue de Rivoli. In the following September I paid them a second visit, which was prolonged until the end of October.

At the Châtelet Theatre I saw the popular melodrama "Les Deux Orphelines." (In the English version at the Olympic in 1878 I played the Count de Linière.) We went to the Gaîté Theatre to see "Orphée aux Enfers," with Offenbach's music—one of those interminable spectacular pieces again that the Parisians so revel in, but which I found very wearisome.

Octave Feuillet's "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" at the Vaudeville should have had more interest for me, but nothing of it lingers in my memory. But a July evening in a Paris theatre, with indifferent seats, can very easily become—well, an infliction, to put it mildly.

I went with a friend of my brother's one evening to the Opéra Comique to see "Le Pré aux Clercs" (Herold), and found the music to be most enjoyable.

On October 7 I saw with some friends the "Romeo

et Juliette" of Gounod. It would have been a greater pleasure could I have forgotten, or I had never known, Shakespeare's tragedy. Much of the music impressed me with its great beauty. The Romeo was Duchesne and Juliette, Madame M. Carvalho.

On October 14 I had an offer from the Bancrofts to rejoin them, which I accepted.

Two more enjoyable evenings at the Théâtre Français are all I need give details of. The first, "Le Tartuffe" (Dupont-Vernon, Talbot, Madame Dinah-Felix, etc.); "L'Aventurière" (Maubant, Coquelin cadet, Madame Arnould-Plessy). The second evening, "Les Femmes Savantes" (Delaunay, Coquelin, Coquelin cadet, Talbot, Mesdames Jouassain, Lloyd, etc.), followed by "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" (Got, Berton, Mademoiselle Croizette, etc.).

On October 25 I left Paris for London. I remember with what astonishment I read in a newspaper as I journeyed to England that it was proposed to present a Shakespearian play at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre. But of this in a future chapter.

The next communication I had from Wilkie Collins was as follows:

90, Gloucester Place,
Portman Square, W.
Nov. 16, 1874.

My dear Archer,

It is only right, in a friendly sense, to tell you that I have accepted a proposal for reviving "The New Magdalen" at the Charing Cross Theatre in January next. I have hesitated solely on your account, feeling the serious loss to the piece of not including *you* in the cast; but the proprietor of the theatre concedes the guarantee that I have always insisted on in such cases, and I have no alternative (having said *No* so often) but to say Yes when my wishes are all consulted in the matter—and when Miss Cavendish is willing and ready to try the experiment. I have only to-day announced my

LA COMÉDIE FRANCAISE.

Photo by Reutlinger.

ARNOULD-PLESSY.

Photo by Reutlinger.

FAVART.

p. 160]

consent. The serious question of replacing you—I suppose we *must do that, so far as we can* !—has not yet been discussed between Miss Cavendish and me. Please keep this little morsel of news a secret for the present (until the cast is settled) from the outside world.

Yours ever,
W. C.

The guaranteed "run" is two months, with four more at our disposal if we succeed commercially.

The fog was eating my back and shoulders on the first night,[1] and I was obliged to leave "Society" to be seen at the earliest future opportunity.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that Collins's appreciation of my rendering of Julian Gray was fully valued by me.

Here is a letter from Tom Taylor in answer to mine telling him of my re-engagement. The part alluded to as being unsuited to me was Lord Ptarmigant in "Society."

LAVENDER SWEEP,
Dec. 7, 1874

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Thanks for your letter. I am glad to know that you are at work again. I should be glad if it were in a part more suited to you. I don't know what to say about "The Merchant of Venice" in your little box. I fear it may give rise to some scoffing among the profane. But what I fear even worse is the indication the production of the play seems to give, that the Prince of Wales's is departing from its successful policy of taking a line and sticking to it. It would have been wiser, I should have thought, to have cast about for some living author to replace Robertson, than on *that* stage to take to Shakespeare.

[1] Of "Sweethearts," by Sir W. S. Gilbert.

I hate huge theatres, but they may be too small as well as too big. All this *entre nous*, if you please, as I wish entirely well to the theatre and all its undertakings and all concerned in them.

Yours faithfully,
TOM TAYLOR.

Wilkie Collins's play was revived at the Charing Cross Theatre January 9, 1875. Here is his letter after the event.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
January 24, 1875.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

My only excuse for not having reported progress to you is that I have been confined to my bed with a violent attack of cold. I am only now able to get out again. Financially we are playing the piece at a profit. The first week's returns (which are all I have yet seen) are decidedly encouraging—£93 in the house on the first Saturday. *Excepting your part*, the whole piece is far better played than it was at the Olympic. The Lady Janet (Miss Le Thière) and the Horace (Mr. Leonard Boyne) both really very good, and received with genuine applause by the audience. Miss Cavendish greatly improved, and very successful with the public. Mr. Markby plays Julian quietly and with discretion. I have no complaint to make. We shall see how we get on. The first week was far better than I had ventured to expect. My week's fees were at least ten pounds higher than my calculations anticipated. Give my love to Bancroft, and tell him the news "so far, so good."

Yours ever,
W. C.

CHAPTER V

1875

In the spring of 1875 an event of exceptional interest to the theatrical world took place in London. It was the first appearance in England of the Italian actor Tommaso Salvini. Nothing that I had ever seen in acting moved me more profoundly, or to greater enthusiasm. Salvini made his *début* at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of Othello. On the evening of April 1st a friend who had witnessed it, told me what a wonderful impression the actor had created, and that the performance was altogether unique, a fact duly published in the newspapers on the following day. I was acting at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and rehearsals of "The Merchant of Venice" were going on daily, but for an evening or two the house was closed, and on Friday the 16th I found myself free, and made my way to Drury Lane Theatre.

We have it on Cibber's authority that Barton Booth's finest character was Othello; though it seems declamation was stronger with him than passion. Betterton, his great predecessor, of course played the part too. Spranger Barry was so popular in it that it restrained Garrick even from appearing in the Moor. The story goes that when Quin was asked by a lady how he liked Garrick in Othello, he replied: "Othello, Madam, psha! No such thing. There was a little black boy, like Pompey, attending with a tea kettle, fretting and fuming about the stage, but I saw no

Othello." Both Cibber and Macklin, in spite of their partiality to Booth, gave the preference to Barry. From what can be gathered from the old writers it seems probable that actors of a later time displayed the power, which is, with great tenderness, essential in the part. Edmund Kean's was clearly a great performance. Neither John Kemble nor Macready shone in it, I believe. G. V. Brooke, an uncultivated actor, but with some special gifts for it, made an immense impression, but fine though he could be at times, it is curious that he never seems to have equalled the wonderful performance at his *début*. When Salvini appeared Phelps was the only tragedian really to the fore. In the October previous, Irving for the first time played Hamlet in London.

Little of Phelps's acting I had witnessed. It is true that I had played Cassio to his Othello, but a fair criticism of any performance in a play in which I have taken part has always been difficult.

I had studied "Othello," and every word in the acting version was naturally familiar. This greatly enhanced the enjoyment of the tragedy. I knew nothing of the Italian language, and I make all allowance for the pleasure derivable from the mere music of the soft Southern tongue, but never until that night had I seen acting to which the epithet *great* could be applied.

Salvini was simply magnificent! His superb presence, noble features, and splendid voice were gifts, but his acting of the part was, beyond question, a treat as rare as it was wonderful. The first scene, as Othello enters with Iago, was quiet and natural. In the short interview with Brabantio, there were indications of what was to come later. His address to the senate:

> "Possenti, gravi,
> Venerandi patrizi, e miei signori!"

was in all respects admirable. The fond and loving exultation expressed by the eyes and features when

Photo by Lock & Whitfield.

SALVINI AS OTHELLO.

Appeared originally in "The Saturday Programme and Sketch-book.'

Desdemona replies to her father and the senators, and the dignity, soldierly bearing, and tender courtesy displayed in the first act, were very fine. Salvini's distinction—using the word in its highest personal sense—was one of the most charming attributes of his acting. He combined, in an extraordinary degree, two great qualities—tenderness and power. In the Cyprus scene of the second act, Othello's entrance to Desdemona was beautifully rendered—

> " If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate."

In the same act—Othello's only other entrance—is the interruption of the fighting of Cassio and Montano. This was impressive to the last degree. Salvini stood like an angry lion ; his voice ringing out with masterly power

> " For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
> He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
> Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion."

Then one felt assured that in the following acts was to be witnessed a performance of Othello more than worthy of such a beginning. Such expectations were fully realised. The acting by Salvini of the rest of the tragedy was one continuous triumph. Through all, his presentation of the character was what may be called a magnanimous one. His rendering was that of a simple but grand nature that finds the statements of Iago utterly incomprehensible. When conviction is forced on Othello, the anger and grief bear everything before it. There was nothing stilted or unnatural in the performance ; though there were errors of taste, which I will refer to. One felt also, as should be the case with the best acting, that the artist did not, in spite of an immense display of force, ever reach his limit. There was no feeling that the actor

was "distressing" himself; though few people realise what a tax on the mental and physical powers playing such a part as Othello is. It must be remembered that Salvini only acted two or three times a week. It was always a wonder to him, he declared, that actors in England attempted great Shakespearian characters night after night, for a continuous run. Such a task to himself he felt to be impossible. Those who saw his presentation of Othello fully comprehended this. At the time of which I am writing, he was in the very prime of life, and his magnificent voice, if overtaxed, might soon have lost its beauty. I was fortunate enough to be able to witness his performance of Othello many times, and I found that increased familiarity quite justified the adjective that I first used with regard to it—*great*. Not until the third act of the tragedy do the opportunities, which Shakespeare has given with a lavish hand, occur for showing the highest mettle of an actor. Very charmingly he rendered the short scene in which Desdemona pleads for the forgiveness of Cassio. Then came Iago with his insidious suggestions, gradually sapping the peace of mind of the Moor.

> "Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
> Know of your love?"

From this passage until the end of the act, which was terminated by

> "I am your own for ever,"

he showed the highest skill. In Drama, there is nothing more perfect than this scene, and he did it the fullest justice. Throughout, there was no attempt to make points or gain applause. That is to say, there were no forced points. When they were made—and how they impressed one!—they arose naturally and truthfully from the situations.

> "*Iago.* I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.
> "*Othello.* Not a jot, not a jot."

No one who saw his performance will forget his rendering of this line, which was said also to have been one of Edmund Kean's striking effects.

How splendid, too, was the familiar apostrophe :

> "Oh ! now, for ever
> Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
> Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
> And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
> Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !"

On the many occasions I saw him, he varied the way of delivering the passage, sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, etc., but its effect was always grand in the extreme. The whole of this act was very fine, and from the passage just quoted until its termination, the passion of the scene gradually rose to the highest pitch. He produced a marvellous effect when he seized Iago by the throat and threw him down as if to trample the life out of him : then suddenly remembering himself, he gave him his hand and helped him to his feet. The effect upon the audience was, to use a conventional phrase, truly electrical. Very impressive, too, was his kneeling and speaking the lines :

> "Never, Iago, like to the Pontic sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont ;
> Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
> Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
> Till that a capable and wide revenge
> Swallow them up."

A feeling of relief was experienced when the act-drop came down, arresting the tension inevitable upon this unequalled display of tragic power.

After such a panegyric it will seem extravagant to say that the fourth and fifth acts were even grander still. The handkerchief episode, the scene with Lodovico, that also with Desdemona and Emilia, with its display of bitter sarcasm—the exquisite pathos of—

> "Had it pleased Heaven
> To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
> All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
> Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
> Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
> I should have found in some place of my soul
> A drop of patience," etc., etc.

It was all wonderfully beautiful. Then came the last terrible scene, the death of Desdemona and of Othello, bringing the tragedy to an end.

To those who never saw Salvini's performance of Othello in its maturity, this praise may seem excessive, but it is not so. It was not perfect, for there were, in the judgment of his English audiences, errors of taste as I have said, which distinctly marred the perfectness of the assumption. His seizing Desdemona by the hair of her head, and half dragging her across the stage, was one of these. But the manner of Othello's death was what was most offensive to taste. With a short scimitar, he literally cut or hacked at his throat, and fell to the ground gasping and gurgling. There is enough in the tragedy to overwhelm, without such an appeal to the morbid; but this was clearly going beyond the bounds of good art.[1] The employment of thunder and lightning in the last act, too, did not add to the real impressiveness of the scene. But these were spots on the sun, the performance as a whole was beyond praise, and even the coldest critics were stirred to enthusiasm. Great as Edmund Kean must have

[1] I have understood that the reason Salvini adopted this form of taking his life was that the Moors wore only curved weapons and were given more generally to cut than to strike, but Shakespeare's words are:

> "I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
> And *smote* him—thus,"

been in Othello, the impression was—and I talked with those who had seen the English actor—that Salvini was finer in the part. G. H. Lewes took exception to the Italian actor's performance in the fifth act. Apart from the error in taste, over his death-scene, he did not think this act was rightly conceived. This was not the general opinion amongst those best able to judge. I must not dismiss the subject of this play without alluding to an incident which was then, I think, without parallel. A request signed by nearly every prominent English actor of the day was sent to Salvini, asking him to give a morning performance to enable them to witness his Othello. The idea, I believe, originated and was carried out by Mr. James Mortimer. Here is his reply, which appeared in the "London Figaro."

La cortese domanda che ricevo, dall'eletta schiera degl'Artisti Drammatici Inglesi, residenti in questa Capitale, di rappresentare una Tragedia di Mattina, onde possano assistervi, lusinga talmente, il mio amor proprio che mentre m'accingo ad appagarli ne provo la più alta soddisfazoine. Questa onorifica testimonianza di stima fatta ad un artista straniero dimostra l'ospitale e generoso animo vostro, e la considero come la più grande dimostrazione che m'abbia ricevuta nella mia lunga artistica carriera.

Abbiatevi tutta la mia riconoscenza!

TOMMASO SALVINI.

Translation

The courteous request which I have received from the *élite* of the English dramatic artists, resident in this capital, to give a day representation of tragedy, in order that they may be able to be present, is so flattering to me, that in hastening to comply I feel the utmost satisfaction. This high testimonial of esteem, offered to a foreign artist, is a proof of your

hospitable and generous spirit, and I regard it as the greatest honour I have received during my long artistic career.

Accept the expression of my sincere gratitude,

TOMMASO SALVINI.

LONDON, *April* 10, 1875.

To the LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LONDON STAGE.

This was a memorable performance. Never did the actor play more superbly, and it is doubtful whether at any time in his career he had a more appreciative and enthusiastic audience. There are many who will recall the occasion as being of a never-to-be-forgotten delight. An average audience would of course be incapable of following the play as such an assembly as this was able to do. As a consequence, the keenest appreciation was shown for the beauties and subtleties of the impersonation. The excitement shown at the end of the tragedy was a thing too to remember, and the gratification of both actor and audience was complete. It was at the time truly said that "no such tragic acting had been seen in England since the days we knew only by report or tradition."

The next play in which Salvini appeared was "Il Gladiatore," an Italian version of the tragedy of Alexandre Soumet, produced at the Théâtre Français in 1841. The scene of the play was in Rome during the time of the Empress Faustina, and dealt with the Pagan and Christian conflict. In many respects it was a forbidding and tedious production. But there was one scene that redeemed it, by the power and beauty of Salvini's acting. In the fourth act, as the Gladiator, he is ordered to slay in the amphitheatre a young girl who has confessed herself a Christian. He removes her veil and is about to strike her with his weapon, when a scar upon her shoulders discloses to him that she is his own daughter. In the fifth

act, Virginius-like, to save her from dishonour and destruction, he takes her life. Salvini's acting in the scene in the arena was equal to anything in his Othello. The combination of melting tenderness and power was supremely fine. I wish I could write enthusiastically about his other Shakespearian productions. At a matinée on May 31 he appeared for the first time as Hamlet, which can only be described as "Hamlet" from an Italian point of view. Allowing that it was an exposition of only certain phases of the Prince's character, it was successful. But how could a performance be tolerated that omitted the first scene on the platform, the greater part of Laertes's advice to his sister, Polonius's advice to Laertes, the banter of Horatio and Marcellus, the first entrance of the Players, with Hamlet's reminiscences of the speech that was "never acted," and their display of a specimen of their art; the advice of the Players, the scene with the recorders, the banter with Polonius, the disclosure to the King by Gertrude of the death of Polonius, Hamlet's interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ("What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?"), and the dialogue between the gravediggers?

The great speech, "Oh, what a rogue," etc., was cut down to more than half its length. Havoc was played with Hamlet's scene with Ophelia, and there were all sorts of lines inserted to meet the conditions of a translation which omitted nearly all that was reflective and fateful, and without which Hamlet ceases to be. A critic remarked that the actor's triumph "was the more significant in such a contemptible version." As a mere matter of acting there was much that was very beautiful. Fire, grace, distinction, reverence, courtesy, tenderness, pathos, and irony, were expressed by movement, pause, and feature, and above all by a voice full of charm and music. Allowing for the entire misunderstanding of the character, who that saw his performance can

forget the meeting with the ghost in Act I? The scene with Ophelia (in spite of mutilation), the Play scene, the interview with the Queen, and the Dying scene—the two last exciting the audience to great enthusiasm. Though not Shakespeare, it was a noble and matchless effort in tragic art. On May 15 of the following year (1876) Salvini again appeared in London as Othello; on this occasion at the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, which was leased for the purpose by Messrs. Mapleson and Coleman. Although Salvini as the Moor was as fine as ever, I am afraid that the engagement monetarily was not successful, for it terminated very abruptly on May 29.

"Macbeth" had been also announced, but I do not think it was produced at that time. The Queen's Theatre had not the prestige of "Old Drury"—at which, moreover, Rossi, Salvini's fellow-countryman, was then appearing in Shakespearian parts.

He did not meet with the success in London that was hoped for. This, it seems to me, was prejudicial to Salvini. That two Italian companies should have come to the Metropolis at the same time was an error of judgment. Salvini during March, before appearing in London, had acted in the provinces, at the Theatre Royal at Manchester (for four nights), the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, and I believe other cities. Before speaking of his next and last appearance in England, some years later, let me revert for a moment to Ernesto Rossi. Rossi was very popular in his own country, and also met with immense success in Paris. His reception had been so warm there, that he rented the Théâtre des Italiens himself for five months, and appeared three nights a week in a great variety of characters. As I did not see Rossi act, all I could learn was derived from the opinions of friends, and from the press notices. It was not difficult to understand from these sources the reason of his failure here. It was on April 19 that he made his first appearance as Hamlet. I remember after acting

myself on that evening, hurrying down to the theatre in order to hear what impression he had created. The curtain had just fallen, and I shall not easily forget how puzzled my friends were, and how strongly they expressed their astonishment. It should be said that our uncertain spring weather had been the means of rendering him so hoarse that it was at first proposed to abandon the performance. He bravely, however, elected to battle through. It was evident that his voice was out of control and that he was ill, and suffering considerably from the exertion. But his indisposition can scarcely be held responsible for his failure. It was asserted that there was much that was very clever and powerful in his acting, but the representation generally was so erratic and tasteless, that it had little chance of success with a London audience. His appearance was, it seems, not at all Hamlet-like. An undignified and unprincely costume should not be fatal, but the eye looks for something approaching "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The tricks and antics too in which he indulged, "out-Heroded Herod." It was said of Rossi that "no Hamlet could well be madder." The version was vastly superior to that adopted by Salvini, indeed was fuller and more elaborate than any that was usually to be seen in this country.

It must not be supposed because he failed to satisfy an English audience in Shakespearian parts, that he was not an accomplished actor. His skill and ability were acknowledged in much that he did, but he was not generally acceptable in what was called the "legitimate." He appeared in "Romeo and Juliet"; but his acting was judged to be violent and coarse, although extremely effective in certain scenes. He was said to excel in melodrama, but London had little opportunity of estimating this, although in Paris he was greatly commended in "Kean," "Ruy Blas," and "Nero."

To return to Salvini. His next and last perform-

ances in London took place in 1884, and I will anticipate a little further the order of these reminiscences by giving the few last memories I have of this distinguished actor. He was announced to give twenty-two representations at Covent Garden Theatre. They began (with "Othello") on February 28 and finished on April 5. The répertoire was to consist of "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "The Gladiator," "La Morte Civile," and "Ingomar." I was at this time just concluding an engagement at the Novelty Theatre, in Great Queen Street, where I had been acting with Miss Ada Cavendish in a revival of "The New Magdalen." This enabled me to enjoy Salvini's acting once more, and, as I was since married, generally in the company of my wife. His "Othello" I saw twice, and again I thought it a noble, matchless performance. Covent Garden Theatre always seemed to me too large for anything but grand opera. I joined some friends in a box one evening when "King Lear" was coming to an end, and I remember it was not easy with the stage full of people to find out which was Salvini. I saw too little of the tragedy to be able to give any sort of criticism. I renewed acquaintance with "The Gladiator," and admired his acting again extremely. I saw also, for the first time, his Macbeth. In this, to me, he was utterly disappointing. There was no failure in the magnificent voice, and his presence was imposing and grand, but beyond this there was little to be said in its favour. Leaving out of sight the northern element, there are scenes in the tragedy in which one looked to be impressed, and where actors of a much inferior calibre often proved effective, but in no part of the play was it possible to be moved or stimulated. What was said by the late Joseph Knight on "Hamlet" may be applied to both "Macbeth" and "King Lear": "They are so essentially northern in conception that it may be doubted whether a true notion of them can win their way into Spanish or Italian brains." The disappointment may

be thus accounted for. The other two plays, "La Morte Civile" (Civil Death) and "Ingomar" I did not see. In the former he was declared to have done some great things in the art of acting.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti—whom, by the way, I once had the pleasure of meeting at Dr. Marston's—says in his "Reminiscences" that Browning told him he had "seen Salvini act Œdipus, and that it was absolutely the finest effort of art he had ever beheld; not only the finest in the art of acting, but in any art whatsoever, including painting, music, etc." Mr. Rossetti doubts that "this statement of Browning's was a perfectly reasonable one, but certain it is," he continues, "that he made it to me, and this in a tone of entire conviction."

The letter which follows was written to my brother on the day after Salvini's appearance:

LONDRES, CRAVEN STREET, NO. 10,
29 *février*, 1884.

MON CHER ARNOLD,

Mille fois merci pour votre bon souvenir et pour les souhaits que vous venez de me faire. Heureusement ils sont accomplis, car hier soir j'ai eu un grand succès dans Othello. La raison pour laquelle je ne vous ai pas écrit jusqu'à présent c'était parce que j'avais oublié votre adresse. À la fin du mois de mai j'espère vous revoir à mon passage pour Paris, et avoir ainsi le bonheur de vous serrer la main. Mille compliments à Madame et croyez-moi,

Votre Affect^{ne} Ami,
THOMAS SALVINI.

Soon after this—it was on March 10—we had the pleasure of meeting Salvini personally in London. On an occasion when he visited Paris and was not acting there my brother and his wife made a friend of him, and he stayed for some time beneath their roof. We called on him in Craven Street, and my wife and

I found that what we had heard of his personal grace and kindliness had not been exaggerated. He received us most warmly, and it was a pleasure to pay our tribute directly to his fine acting. I regretted that my fluency in the French tongue (he understood little or no English) was so very limited. If my energy outran my correctness my wife made up for my deficiencies, for Salvini afterwards, in speaking to my brother, remarked, "C'est une femme bien intelligente!"

He gave my brother some curious statistics of his tours. It must be confessed they are based on a strange experiment. I need not say, perhaps, that in England he was supported by an Italian company which he brought with him. But on the occasion of one visit to America with an English company he made £10,000, and on another occasion £11,000. He took an Italian company on a tour of the same duration, and realised only £2,000! Here is a pleasing feature of the great actor. He told my brother that his father died when he was very young and left debts behind him, but Salvini worked hard, paid them off, made his way, and attained prosperity, often by very great self-denial. He was born of theatrical parents at Milan on January 1, 1830. His father, Joseph Salvini, was said to be a competent actor, and his mother was a popular actress named Guglielmina Zocchi. He became a pupil of the great Modena, who was strongly attached to him. When but fifteen the loss of both parents proved a sorrowful blow.

In 1849 he took his place in the Army of Italian Independence, fought bravely, and was the recipient of several medals. When he returned to the theatre he obtained enormous success in "Othello," Alfieri's "Saul," and Orosmano in Voltaire's "Zaïre." In "Saul" it was declared that Modena's mantle had fallen on him. In France, Spain, South America, the United States, etc., etc., he secured golden opinions and golden rewards. On the occasion of the sixth

Photo by Lombardi (J. Weston & Son).

SALVINI.

century of Dante's birthday, four great actors were to appear in Silvio Pellico's "Francesca di Rimini." Francesca was to be Ristori; Lancelotto, Rossi; Paulo, Salvini; and Guido, Majeroni. From some cause, Rossi did not wish to act Lancelotto. Salvini at once gave up the grand rôle of Paulo to him, and accepted the more subordinate part in which Rossi was to have appeared.

My memories of the actor are coming to a close, but a little digression will enable me to relate an incident connected with him, that like others given is possibly of more interest to myself than any one else. The Urban Club, an old literary circle, which at one time held its meetings at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and which was associated with Doctor Johnson and his employer, Cave the publisher, have been in the habit of commemorating Shakespeare's birthday by an annual festival. Its chairman was, as a rule, some scholarly and intellectual man whose tastes and sympathies were in the direction of the Drama. Dr. Doran the author, John Oxenford the "Times" critic, J. A. Heraud the epic poet, R. H. Horne author of "Orion," and Joseph Knight had filled the position. Mr. James Fernandez was recently eloquent over "The Sweet Swan of Avon." On April 23, 1884, I found myself, not for the first time, an honoured guest of the club at the Holborn Restaurant. The President was Mr. W. E. Church, a journalist and an eloquent lecturer on Shakespeare, Dickens, etc., his supporting vice-presidents being Dr. Westland Marston and Mr. C. G. Prideaux, Q.C., and Recorder of Bristol. Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, "the grand old man of Australia" as he was called, was also one of the guests, John Maddison Morton, of "Box and Cox" fame, and E. L. Blanchard, too among dramatic authors. Dr. B. W. Richardson, who was present, made an interesting speech, though of what it was apropos I cannot remember. He took from his pocket a small phial, which he said contained

what was probably the very potion that Friar Laurence gave to Juliet in order to take on the "borrowed likeness of shrunk death."

Mr. Thomas Catling, who has recently favoured the world with his reminiscences, gracefully proposed the toast of the "Players." I was about to respond to it, and had the full intention of alluding to the delight that Salvini's acting of Othello had given to his English *confrères*. Just before rising for the purpose a telegram was put into my hand. It was from my brother, then at Manchester, who was at supper in the company of Salvini, celebrating the Shakespeare anniversary; and the Italian actor had taken the opportunity of sending warm and sympathetic greetings. They were received, it is scarcely necessary to add, with the greatest cordiality. With this I finish my details of the actor who gave me and many others in the tragedy of "Othello," one of the grandest displays of the actor's art that it was possible to conceive. Hazlitt said of Edmund Kean, that "to see him in 'Othello' at his best may be reckoned among the consolations of the human mind," and the same remark might be justly applied to Salvini in this character.

There are many who never saw Salvini that will remember how honourably his name was associated with the Irving medallion unveiled in Drury Lane Theatre (November 26, 1909) by the Italian Ambassador the Marquis of San Giuliano—a tribute from the actors of Italy in acknowledgment of a great compliment paid to Ristori.

CHAPTER VI

1875 to 1880

"The Merchant of Venice" was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday, April 17, 1875, and in spite of its elaborate and artistic presentation ran only thirty-six nights. The inevitable "Money" then took its place. As there had been no Hamlet in the Crystal Palace play, so there was no Shylock in this. The feebleness of the Jew was very demoralising to most of us. The criticism in the following letter is, I think, fair on the whole. Fuller and more interesting details are to be found in Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's "Recollections of Sixty Years." Coghlan's Evelyn, in "Money," as his manager states, was admirable; but from Evelyn to Shylock is a far cry.

The allusion at the beginning of the letter is to a play containing a character that I had a great fancy for at the time. I moved in the matter later, but nothing came of it.

Garrick Club,
May 13, 1875.

My dear Archer,

I am still interested jointly with C. Reade in "Two Loves and a Life," which is on the Dramatic Authors' list, though rarely acted in the country, owing, no doubt, to the difficulty of filling up the cast out of most country companies. I have no doubt you would play Webster's part of the Jesuit

very well: better than he did. I do not know if you saw what I wrote in "Punch" on "The Merchant of Venice" at the Prince of Wales's. Coghlan's Shylock is the most hopeless thing I ever saw. All the worse now he has increased his effort and vehemence. The harder he works the pump-handle the more painfully evident the absence of water becomes. The mounting of the play is the best I ever saw—admirable. The Portia perfect. Your Antonio as good as possible, though I think a little too stiff and sad. Forgive me for saying that your besetting sin is a want of fire and fervour. But if the Shylock had been at all up to the mark of the Antonio the play would have been as marked a success as, I am sorry to hear, it is likely to turn out the reverse. Salvini, admitting the *tiger* in his Othello, and the departure from Shakespeare in the last act and death-scene, is an actor of immense power. I have not yet seen his "Gladiatore," but I have followed his "Othello" closely three times from first to last. I hope there is some prospect dawning of a good theatre for the best class of plays in London. Heaven speed the time. Should the hope be realised, you would have my best voice in your favour for a good place in the company. But the prospect is still shadowy.

Very truly yours,

TOM TAYLOR.

There was a vacation at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of five or six weeks, and part of that time I proposed to spend with my brother in Paris. I had made a friend of Mr. Charles J. James, the original lessee of the theatre. He had been a clever scene-painter, and his only son had followed in his steps, showing also unusual promise as a water-colour artist. The old gentleman's kindly, independent nature was very attractive. He had, moreover, an old-fashioned courtesy and bearing, that were delightful, if a little—alas—out of date. It was the most difficult thing

LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Photo by Reutlinger.

COQUELIN.

Photo by Reutlinger.

MAUBANT AS RUY GOMEZ IN "HERNANI."

possible to identify him with the manager, who in the old days produced some of the most lurid and blood-curdling dramas that it was possible to conceive.

He had never, I found, been on the Continent, and I induced him to cross the Channel with me. He was in many respects a man of refined tastes, and I was sure there was much in Paris that would appeal to him. Nor was I mistaken.

He enjoyed his visit extremely, though it became very clear to me that "Mistress James," as he always called his wife, never forgave me for carrying him off. I learnt afterwards that he had never before in the whole of his married life left her for a single night! She was, poor lady, something of an invalid. He did not often join us at the theatre, but his interest in the public buildings, museums, churches, palaces, and gardens, with the gaiety and movement of the crowds on the Boulevards, and the charm derived from a first visit to a foreign country affected him wonderfully, and for years afterwards gave him some delightful stories to relate and memories to digest. At the invitation of a Russian friend of my brother, we all dined one evening at the well-known "Peters's." A little music followed, and the old gentleman was asked, almost as a compliment I think, if he would add to the harmony. To my utter surprise he stood up and sang "The Light of Other Days," and with much grace and sweetness we all thought. I must not forget how my brother and his wife, with their friends, did everything in their power to make his visit an agreeable one, for which he was appreciatively grateful. On his eighty-first birthday he sent me a pretty water-colour sketch—his own work—in remembrance of his "pleasant visit to Paris." His drawing was beautiful to the last. He died in London in 1888, at the age of eighty-four. Before returning I did a great deal of play-going, and had some rare artistic treats, my first visit being to the Français. "L'Avare" was acted by Talbot (Harpagon), Got,

Prudhon, Boucher, etc.; Mesdames P. Ponsin, Reichemberg, and Baretta.

It was followed by "Le Baron de Lafleur," of Camille Doucet, given by Coquelin, Joumard, D. Vernon, Mesdames Jouassain, D. Félix, and Martin. Then came "L'Ilote," in which Got, Barré, Boucher, and Mademoiselle Reichemberg appeared.

I next went to the Théâtre Historique (Ancien Théâtre Lyrique), in the Place du Châtelet. The piece was "Latude ou 35 ans de Captivité," in which there was some admirable acting, though the names of the actors were not familiar to me.

Another evening at the Folies-Dramatiques I saw the popular "La Fille de Madame Angot." M. Widmer (Ange Pitou), etc.

The next programme I find is one of the Châtelet Theatre. The play was "Le Sonneur de Saint Paul," which was, to an Englishman, somewhat amusing, as well as impressive. The ringer was acted by Laray. Some of the characters were "William Smith," "Yorick," "Dudlow," "Lord Weston," "Lord Richmont," "Lord Henri," and "Charles II."

Another visit to the Grand Opera, with the ever-attractive "Faust," enabled me to hear MM. Vergnet and Gailhard, as Faust and Mephistopheles, and Mme. Miolan-Carvalho as Marguerite. Then to the Français again to see "L'Épreuve Nouvelle" (Marivaux), Prudhon, Roger, Truffier, Mesdames Jouassain, D. Félix, and Reichemberg. After which came the "Phèdre" of Racine, with Mounet Sully and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the entertainment concluding with "Les Deux Ménages"—Prudhon, Joumard, Mesdames Broisat, P. Granger, Lloyd, and Bianca. I next went to the Gymnase: the programme consisted of "Quête à Domicile," a comedy in one act, and "Frou-Frou," which displayed some very clever acting. Ravel was the Brigard; Pujol, Henri; and Landrol, Paul de Valréas; "Frou-Frou," Louise, and the Baroness being represented by Mesdames

Photo by A. Liébert.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

[p. 182]

Delaporte, Fromentin, and Persoons. Before returning to England, I paid one more visit to the Français. The programme consisted of "L'Épreuve Nouvelle" (the cast as before), and "Adrienne Lecouvreur," played by Got, Laroche, Kime, Joumard, etc., Mesdames Favart —a fine actress—Arnould-Plessy, another, E. Riquer, E. Fleury, Martin, A. Dupont, and Bianca.

On September 18 I was back again in Tottenham Street, and "Money" was played until November 6, when "Masks and Faces," by C. Reade and Tom Taylor, was revived and acted until April 8, 1876. I next appeared in a play of H. J. Byron's called "Wrinkles," which had but a very short career. This was succeeded by a revival of Robertson's "Ours," in which I acted Prince Perovsky until August 4, my last appearance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but not my last engagement with the Bancrofts, which took place three or four years later.

The following letter from Wilkie Collins was in answer to a letter asking whether he had anything in view for the theatre.

WORTHING,
July 26, 1876.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I am wandering about the south coast, and I have only just picked up my letters here, during a stay of a day or two. This is my excuse for not having thanked you for your letter long since. My present plans are of the purely idle sort, I have just finished a story called "The Two Destinies," and I am feeling too much fagged to do any more work for some little time to come. I wish I had something good to offer you, but I must for my health's sake let my brains rest, and I can only wish you heartily success when you step on a new stage. I hear that your "Russian Prince" was admirable; but I was too ill with the gout to go and see it.

Yours always truly,
WILKIE COLLINS.

P.S.—My plans for the coming autumn are to go abroad, I think, and get new ideas among new scenes.

At the end of September I joined Henry Neville at the Olympic Theatre for a time; first playing in a version of Fechter's successful drama, "The Duke's Motto," and afterwards in "Clancarty." In the latter revival Miss Bella Pateman, whose loss was so lamented recently, made her *début* in London as the heroine of the play. On October 24 Lord Mayor the Right Honourable W. J. R. Cotton entertained at the Mansion House the members of the dramatic profession at a midday banquet. During his term of office, Art, Literature, and Science were also honoured. Phelps, Buckstone, and Bancroft responded to the toasts associated with their names respectively with Shakespearean Drama, Comedy, and Modern Comedy. Tom Taylor, W. S. Gilbert, G. A. Sala, and E. L. Blanchard were others who spoke on the occasion. Phelps, in urging a subsidised theatre, made a marked impression when he said emphatically that he had taken an obscure theatre in the north of London, that he had kept it open for eighteen years, brought up a large family, and *paid his way*! Altogether the banquet honoured the guests and the giver. Besides Phelps and Buckstone, owners of some of the older names of those days were present: such as Mrs. Keeley, Planché, Alfred Wigan, Jenny Lind, the German Reeds, etc., etc.

My appearance for the first time as Hamlet at the Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh (July 6, 1877) did much to lighten my purse. The "Scotsman" and all the other journals were most generous in their commendation; but I was conscious that I did not, owing to the force of circumstances, do myself justice. On the whole, I was admirably supported by the company. C. P. Flockton, for instance, as Polonius was of special value to the experiment. Lauding my capabili-

ties and comparing me with Salvini and Irving, although very gratifying, did not blind me to my deficiencies.

The letter which follows alludes to my project.

90, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.
March 22, 1877.

My dear Archer,

Thank you heartily for the portrait. It is not only an excellent likeness, but, as I think, a finely executed photograph. You are in luck: it is not everybody who is well treated by photography. Richmond (the *portrait* painter) described photography from *his* point of view, as "Justice without Mercy!"

Your kind letter finds me just recovering from another attack of gout—not so severe as usual this time. It is needless to say that I shall feel interested in the result of the "Hamlet" experiment.

Your old friend Julian Gray still strolls through the country theatres with Miss Cavendish. He has been translated into Italian, and turned into *an austere magistrate.* The Italian public won't have a priest of any sort on the stage! The piece has been a great success at Rome, Florence, and Milan.

Yours always,
Wilkie Collins.

It was in November of this year that the late William Farren, for some reason which I do not remember, did not appear at the Vaudeville Theatre in the matinées of the popular "Our Boys" by H. J. Byron, and I took his place. Shortly after this the managers dissolved partnership, and at a later period I acted under the auspices of Thomas Thorne only, who became sole manager. Of his management I will speak further on. Just before Christmas I received the following.

LAVENDER SWEEP,
December 24, 1877.

DEAR ARCHER,

I wrote on Saturday to your old address, 10, Charlotte Street, and only last night found out from Hare that you were a member of the Green Room Club. Are you disposed to read Shakespeare for a couple of hours from time to time with the daughter of the late Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Hampden, and the sisters of Sir Baldwin Leighton? They are intelligent women, with a keen appreciation of Shakespeare and his art, and I should not have mentioned your name to them, had I not felt you had high qualifications for the work. Here is Miss Hampden's letter in answer to mine. Write either to her or to me, and believe me,

Yours faithfully and truly,
TOM TAYLOR.

I was very pleased to accept this offer. It was the first of my private Shakespearian readings—readings which, in the nature of things, could not be very profitable pecuniarily, but which have been at various times and places the source of much intellectual delight, and some most friendly and pleasant relations. How well I remember the first reading early in January at Miss Leighton's in Seymour Street, Portman Square. The play was "Henry the Eighth." We started at four o'clock with the intention of taking about half the play, which I had expected would have absorbed almost a couple of hours. But my pupils—if I may call them so—insisted on finishing it, and I found it was a quarter past eight when the reading was over! Sometimes we would read at Miss Hampden's in Eaton Place, and other friends would join, but the readings averaged, I found, nearly three hours. Miss Hampden's father at one time was much talked of. His election as Bishop of Hereford was opposed by the Tractarian party, and there was a scene in Bow Church on the occasion.

The late Mrs. Simpson in her graceful volume "Many Memories of Many People," gives an account of him. The Bishop, whose daughter was her closest friend, was the cousin of her father, William Nassau Senior. It was due to the kindness of our friend Miss E. Ritchie that in 1897 I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Simpson, although I found she had been intimate with many acquaintances of past days—the Misses Leighton, Tom Taylor, etc. One of her great friends also whom I had the pleasure to know towards the end of her life, was Mrs. Vaughan, widow of the Dean of Llandaff. She was the last surviving sister of Dean Stanley. I have the pleasant memory of a day spent with her at her pretty home amongst the pines at Weybridge, in the winter of 1898. Though a great invalid, she was, as I judged, a woman of the sweetest disposition. She had known Jenny Lind very well, and her recollections of the great singer were full of interest. One March day in the following year I bicycled many miles to make a call on her, but unfortunately she was away from home. "I can only hope," she wrote me, "that you will some day before long try again." The opportunity, alas! never came. Early in August she passed away "painlessly and peacefully" as her cousin the late Augustus J. C. Hare told me. I have it on Mrs. Simpson's authority that the Grotes, the Whatelys, and the Stanleys were Jenny Lind's principal friends in England; and she tells a droll story in her book of a paragraph in a French paper which stated that Mlle. Lind was going to marry the nephew of Mr. Grote, Archbishop of Norwich!"

William Terriss, by the way, was a nephew of Mrs. Grote.

Early in March 1878 John Hare offered me the part of Burchell in W. G. Wills's adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield," called "Olivia." It was produced at the old Court Theatre on March 30. It was, we all thought then, a most charming production, largely due to the taste and skill of the manager. I did not

see it at the Lyceum, but I heard that it lost a great deal by its transfer to a larger stage. Mr. Marcus Stone, now the Royal Academician, designed the tasteful costumes, and Arthur Sullivan and Malcolm Lawson lent their aid with the music of the Hymn and Trio. I must resist the temptation to break my rule of not attempting any criticism of actors or actresses who are still before the public, although it is not easy to be silent on the subject of Miss Ellen Terry's Olivia. Terriss, too, made a strong impression as Squire Thornhill, and Vezin as the Vicar had many admirers. Those who are interested further in the play I refer to Miss Terry's "Story of my Life." From her book I was reminded that Miss Kate Rorke was one of the children who appeared as a little villager. The play had a continuous run of twenty-three weeks, the last night being September 6.

It was on May 22, during the career of "Olivia," that I gave my services at a matinée performance at the Gaiety Theatre, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Memorial and Library at Stratford-on-Avon. It was organised by Miss Kate Field, an American lecturer, writer, and actress. She claimed to be a descendant of the Nathan Field who was included in the list of Players given in the 1623 Folio. I do not know whether the actors did themselves justice, but the programme shows that, though not wholly Shakespearian, there were some clever artists engaged in it. It began with an adaptation from the French by Miss Kate Field, called "Eyes Right," in which the adapter appeared in company with Hermann Vezin, Arthur Cecil (or was it M. Marius?) and Miss Maud Cathcart. Then came the Balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Adelaide Neilson, the Juliet of her time, and H. B. Conway. Miss Field then spoke a few words about the Memorial.

A scene from "As You Like It" came next, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Miss Kate Pattison. This was followed by, "for the first time in England," a render-

Photo by Window & Grove.

ELLEN TERRY AS OLIVIA.

p. 188]

ing of Shakespearian airs played at Stratford-on-Avon on the telephone harp, and conveyed electrically to the theatre. With this the name of F. A. Gower was associated. The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" was then presented with the following cast:

The Duke	C. COLLETTE.
Shylock	HERMANN VEZIN.
Antonio	F. ARCHER.
Bassanio	FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Gratiano	W. TERRISS.
Salanio	L. OUTRAM.
Clerk	NORMAN FORBES.
Portia	MISS GENEVIEVE WARD.
Nerissa	MISS MAUD MILTON.

The next item was "Musical Fire" produced by Geisler tubes; the concluding selection being the scene of the death of Queen Katharine from "Henry the Eighth": Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Kate Pattison, John Maclean, and Rowley Cathcart. During the vision Miss Field was announced to sing "Angels, ever bright and fair." What this miscellaneous programme brought in for the Memorial I did not hear. The promoter of the benefit died at Honolulu in 1896 from pneumonia.

After the run of "Olivia" I was engaged for the Olympic by Henry Neville to play the Count de Linière, in a revival of that popular French melodrama "The Two Orphans." The part was not an interesting one, but the play was acted for twenty-six weeks. There was something to relieve the monotony of it, as on November 9, at a matinée, was produced for the first time a play by Mrs. Holford called "A Republican Marriage." Mrs. Holford was the daughter of General Lindsay of Balcarres. Her husband was Mr. Robert Stayner Holford, who had represented for seventeen years East Gloucestershire in the House of Commons. It was he who built the palatial Dorchester House in Park Lane. Although the name of the playwright was

not announced, it was generally known in artistic and theatrical circles. I played the Count de Courcelles, the aristocratic father of the heroine. Though not a leading part, it had character in it, and I was very pleased at receiving, on two occasions, letters in praise of my efforts from Mrs. Holford. I had taken pains with it, and it was gratifying—when is it not?—to have one's work appreciated. The play was acted for nine or ten matinées, and if I remember rightly it was taken on tour afterwards. There was much merit in it, but I fancy the last act—as so often happens—was not quite satisfactory.

The leading parts were played by Henry Neville and Miss Marion Terry, and among other good actors in it, was Beerbohm Tree—now Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree—who has since—if I may put it euphuistically, scaled his arboricultural namesake. Although we corresponded, I never met Mrs. Holford, but I have an agreeable remembrance of pleasant talk with I think her cousin, Colonel Charles Lindsay. She died in 1901. Her son, Lieut.-Colonel Sir G. L. Holford, is well known as one of the late King's Equerries; an appointment he still holds under King George the Fifth.

Early in March, during the run of "The Two Orphans," Henry Neville gave up his part for a time to the late Clifford Harrison. I had not met him since he appeared in "The Merchant of Venice" in Calvert's revival at Manchester in 1871. Though bright and interesting, he rather lacked the virility necessary for the part of Pierre, as far as I could judge. Personally he was the same quiet, gentlemanly fellow as ever, though I did not come much into contact with him. I am sorry that I never took the opportunity of hearing any of his recitals, which became so popular.

On the 24th of March there was produced at the Olympic W. S. Gilbert's (later Sir W. S. Gilbert) version of "Faust" called "Gretchen." The Faust

and Marguerite were H. B. Conway and Miss Marion Terry; John Billington and Mrs. Bernard Beere also acted in it; Mephistopheles I was responsible for.

Its success was all-important to me, as I had entered into the married state but a month before its production. Though exception was taken to the play, which had cost its author much labour, my own share in it received from the press the most generous praise. But it was acted for seventeen nights only, after which the theatre changed hands entirely. I was hopeful that my success would have led to a good engagement elsewhere, but it was followed, unfortunately, by an exceptionally long period of "resting." Here is a letter from a fellow-actor, poor William Terriss, who came to such a lamentably tragic end. He was stabbed in the back by some madman.

HAYMARKET,
March 31, 1879.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I should have written before to you, but that I have been so very busy. I do so now to heartily congratulate you on your scholarly performance as Mephisto. I was in the pit the first night, and I need not say how I *didn't* shout and applaud you. I don't think the piece will live any time. I assure you, you gave a lesson to me which I shall appreciate.

Yours always sincerely,
W. TERRISS.

Terriss's praise of my share in it was, I believe, honest, and I could not but value his opinion.

It was in May of this year that I was present at the Artists' General Benevolent Fund Dinner. The Bishop of Peterborough (Magee, afterwards Archbishop of York), was the chairman, and his advocacy was full of the most delightful piquancy and humour. Here I first met my friend the late Charles Green of the Royal Institute, whose sympathetic and charming pictures of scenes from Dickens are so well known. He lived

with his brother, sister, and aunt, in a house he had built in Hampstead Hill Gardens, where in his pleasant studio he was wont to gather his friends around him, and—I will not say "play the part" of the genial host, for his inborn kindliness made no assumption necessary. His smoking-parties will be remembered as the most sociable and agreeable meetings. To give the names of his guests would be merely an enumeration of eminent workers in the art world; though Time, again, has sadly thinned their ranks. His connection with the "Graphic" was a long and honourable one; and his illustrations to Blackmore's "Cripps the Carrier," Besant and Rice's "Celia's Arbour" and "The Chaplain of the Fleet," together with the former author's clever story "Dorothy Forster," were replete with grace and skill. In Dickens's works at that time he worthily shared the honours with his friend Frederick Barnard.

"Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," "The Brasses," "Tom Pinch and Ruth," "Nell and her Grandfather at the Races," "Captain Cuttle and Florence Dombey," and the beautiful series for "The Christmas Carol" which he did for Messrs. Pears & Co., are a few that suggest themselves. His work in black and white was of course widely known, but his Dickens work in water-colour, which was not so accessible, seemed to me full of charm. His "Here they come!—on the Derby Course," was, I think, very clever and powerful. It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and received honourable mention. In 1878 he was elected an honorary member of the Imperial Royal Academy of Vienna. Charles Green came of an interesting stock. His mother was a sister of Jane Reynolds, who married Thomas Hood the poet. Their brother was John Hamilton Reynolds, a poet also, and a close friend of Keats, who addressed a sonnet to him. Sir Sidney Colvin speaks of him as one of the wisest as well as one of the warmest of the poet's friends. The younger sister, Charlotte

From a private photograph.

CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

In Fancy Dress.

p. 192]

Reynolds, is alluded to in Hood's comic verses, "Number One."

> "And here I've got my single lot
> On hand at Number One"

was a punning allusion to her—"Lottie" being a familiar name. We were privileged to make a friend of her, in her old age, as she lived, as I have said, with her nephews. The Reynolds family knew Keats intimately, and her reminiscences of the poet were often of great interest. She also came into contact with, or knew well Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Dickens. She was a very genial and delightful old lady, and I regret that I have so little of interest that I can recall connected with her youthful days. I know that she told us she well remembered when she was a girl being taken by her mother to see Mrs. Siddons, who then lived in Upper Baker Street. She remembered that the great actress addressed her in a kindly but somewhat stately way, as was becoming in one "not of the common clay, but cast in the Titanic mould." Miss Reynolds was very musical, and as Mr. Buxton Forman has recorded, Keats would listen to her playing on the pianoforte for hours together, when at her father's house. The mask of the poet's face, taken after death, she presented to the nation. The work of her brother, John Hamilton Reynolds, who died in 1852, is not known now except to students of poetry. He was the author of "The Garden of Florence," a poem founded on a Boccaccio story. He wrote under various pseudonyms, and she once spoke to me of publishing his literary remains. At her wish I sought the advice of friends who were competent to give it; and in one of her letters to me (1884) she gave her reason for renouncing the idea.

"Upon much reflection I have come to the certain conclusion that I am unequal to the undertaking, and in the course of nature at my age, could not expect to be spared to carry out my wishes. There are none

now left who personally knew and valued my brother's talent, and he had for so many years withdrawn himself from literary life, that the task of the revival of his works might not be appreciated by the present generation."

She died October 26, 1884, when she was eighty-two years of age. We felt her loss; and her affection for my eldest son, then a child, appealed to us very strongly. It was a pleasure to me when opportunity offered to go up to Hampstead and read to her, and she was always keenly appreciative. Of her nephew "Charley," as he was called by his intimates, I shall speak again. Though her second nephew, Townley Green, had not the ability of his brother, he was a favourite with all. He did much work in book illustration.

It was in the June of this year (1879) that I had several interviews with that inimitable comedian J. S. Clarke. He was then lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, and my hope was to enter into an engagement with him; but he was on the point of transferring the lease to the Bancrofts. I had not met him before, but I found him always most agreeable at our business interviews. It is not easy to imagine anything droller than his performance of Major Wellington de Boots—the only part I ever saw him play. I have often been the guest of friends who were members of the "Arts" Club, and one evening I met there W. G. Wills, who introduced me to his friend Doctor Scoffern. The latter had written a play which Wills begged me to read and give my opinion on. It was, I thought, romantic and charming, but from the nature of its subject difficult to make successful on the stage. Its author was a clever and interesting man, and had some appointment in the chemical department of the well-known Willesden Waterproof Paper Factory. We especially enjoyed one evening in his company when he came to my rooms in Baker Street. His name is to be met with in some of the old magazines

in connection with interesting papers on various subjects. It was, I believe, in the summer of this year that I came into contact with another rather exceptional personality—the Rev. William Gifford Cookesley. I used occasionally in my angling excursions to go over from Bedford to Tempsford, of which place he was the rector, and my late brother-in-law, who lived in the neighbouring village of Blunham, introduced me to him.

Cookesley had been an assistant master at Eton, was a fine scholar, well known as the editor of "Pindar" and many other classical works. He had in his time been tutor to men who were variously endowed. Though they spoke of him as eccentric, they were unanimous in their testimony to his kindness of heart. One of these was the late James Payn, the novelist, who mentions him in his "Literary Recollections." Another was the eldest son of Charles Dickens.

Montagu Williams, barrister and magistrate, was also a pupil of his, and has stories to tell of him in his "Leaves of a Life." A fourth was Sir Francis Burnand, who, in his attractive "Records" mentioned, tells how beloved Cookesley was by all of them, and relates how he would take a party of seven or eight to the old Windsor Theatre, paying all expenses for dress-circle seats, and a supper to finish up with. After the play he would go and chat with the actors, and there was always a tip for any children that might be acting. Sir Francis wrote a play called "Guy Fawkes Day," which was produced in Cookesley's own rooms. The assistant master was full of fun, and Sir Francis tells some droll stories of him. Montagu Williams says: "He was the very last man in the world who should have had the moulding of young minds." Dr. Gordon Hake, who knew him, states in his "Memoirs of Eighty Years," that he was spoken of by Lord Beaconsfield with great favour in "Coningsby," and it was generally understood that

the help he gave him with that novel was very considerable. I am much mistaken if Cookesley did not tell my brother-in-law that this work contained a good deal of his own writing. Another great friend of his, who is said to have had a curious resemblance to him, was Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice. He was constantly at his house when in London. The late Lord Salisbury and the late Lord Dufferin were in Cookesley's charge at Eton, although the mother of the Viceroy of India seems to have doubted the wisdom in the choice of her son's tutor. Cookesley's hearty sociability at Tempsford I shall always remember. He loved to talk of the play. His enthusiasm for Edmund Kean was tremendous; and when Kean was acting he would walk—I forget how many miles he told me—but some wonderful distance into London and back the same night for the pleasure of seeing him.[1] He was very amusing; he had a magnificent head, a powerful voice, and his laugh was like the roar of a lion. The living of Tempsford, I have heard, was the gift of Disraeli. Before settling down there, he had been vicar of Hayton, in Yorkshire, and (in 1860) Incumbent of St. Peter's, Hammersmith. Dr. Hake speaks of him as "a sturdy churchman, and much mixed up with the writers of "Essays and Reviews." Cookesley died in 1880, in his seventy-eighth year.

In the autumn I found my interest suddenly taken up with a scheme that had absorbed me, as I have recounted, eight years before. On October 8 there appeared in the "Times" a long letter from Mrs. Pfeiffer, a lady moving in cultivated circles, and whose poetical work was well known, advocating the establishment of an Endowed Theatre. There was no novelty in this scheme, but there was in the form of its advocacy, and there was also something practical associated with it. Mrs. Pfeiffer and her

[1] Was it not Browning also who would walk from London to Richmond and back again to see the great tragedian?

husband stated that they had neither the time nor the experience to give to such a project, but if by private enterprise a theatre could be founded for the higher class of English drama, under suitable conditions, they were willing to start the matter by contributing towards it a thousand pounds. It seemed to me an admirable letter, and it was supported by a judicious leader in the "Times" on the day that it appeared. There was something hopeful in the fact that its advocates were content that the plan should be started in a modest way. The sum offered was small, but the writer of the letter thought that one hundred persons might be found who would come forward with a like sum.

The idea of its being state-aided was looked upon as being unsuited to the English genius. Feeling that there was something more promising than usual in the idea, I put myself into communication with its authors, and offered such suggestions as seemed useful for the purpose. I deprecated the idea of an attempt to start a National Theatre in any ambitious way, showing also that a comparison between the Comédie Française and any English theatre must be unsatisfactory, as the conditions were so unequal. I give Mr. Pfeiffer's reply.

MAYFIELD, WEST HILL, PUTNEY, S.W.,
October 12, 1879.

DEAR SIR,

We are both much indebted by your kind and sympathethic letter of the 10th inst. My wife would herself have replied, but is occupied with much work demanding her immediate and first attention. She is making some further suggestions in the form of a letter to the "Times," answering thereby also many letters and propositions received from many typical quarters. Difficulties there will be many, and there should be, I think, considering what the drama has been and is at present; but if we begin with the *independence* that Burns recommends, and, moreover,

begin piano, presenting though a small, but [*sic*] the highest front to the cultivated public, we shall get a firm footing. A consultative council of men of high culture and general public confidence (excluding personal influences and aims) would be the first thing to constitute. If that is accomplished, I fancy Prince Leopold would gladly come forward to hear us, and then the money would follow in due [proportion]?

Believe me, Dear sir,

Yours truly,

J. E. PFEIFFER.

The "Times" of October 16 contained two letters on the subject, one from John Hare, and the other from myself. The former was a well-considered view of the difficulties of the scheme, its general purport being that it was at first advisable to establish an academy or school for the training of actors.[1] My own letter pointed out that the money difficulty alone was more serious than at first sight appeared. That, however, without taking into account the highest form of the English drama, there existed much work that with a sympathetic and intellectual presentation would probably yield success. But that it was to the acting, the absolute and vital rendering, that the first importance should be attached, and I held out a warning against the *mise en scène*, which I insisted was so often a rock ahead. Given artistic and practical judgment in the direction, and with full and fair opportunities, I concluded with my belief in the prosperity of the scheme. I have since had reason greatly to modify these views. In addition to the "Times," other journals took up the subject—when did it ever fail to make good "copy"—and other actors entered into the controversy. The "Daily News" of October 31 printed a second letter from Mrs. Pfeiffer, in answer to a leader in that journal,

[1] Such a school under the auspices of a group of popular actors, dramatists, etc., has since been started.

giving her reasons for objecting to exchange the idea of a theatre for a school of acting. The scheme came to nothing, and I never met its projectors, nor heard what further encouragement—if any—they received. Dickens, in a letter (November 1848) addressed to Mr. Effingham W. Wilson on the subject of a National Theatre, says: "Such a theatre as you describe would be but worthy of this nation, and would not stand low upon the list of its instructors, I have no kind of doubt. I wish I could cherish a stronger faith than I have in the probability of its establishment on a rational footing within fifty years."

One evening in November I went with some friends to Northfield Hall, Highgate, to a reading of "Hamlet" by the late Samuel Brandram. It was the only time I heard him read or rather recite. It was very clever to do what he did, and would have baffled many gifted actors. To stand up in school-boy fashion, and go through a long tragedy with correct elocutionary skill, rendering the various passages with effect—if without too much subtlety or soul to illume it, was an achievement. Such a thing is only possible, as in all readings or similar recitals, by not yielding to the *abandon*, necessary in great scenes. The main defect, as it seemed to me, was the assumption of falsetto for the female voices, which was apt to come perilously near the ludicrous. Brandram was very popular and had many admirers, and it would be unfair to judge by a solitary reading.

In December I was trying to get "Two Loves and a Life" revived, and must also have mentioned a Shakespearian Reading Scheme I then had, to Tom Taylor: as the following shows.

December 22, 1879.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I should have no objection of course to the revival of "Two Loves and a Life," under proper conditions as to theatre and cast, and I know no one to

whom I should more willingly see the part of Father Radcliffe entrusted than to you. Reade is still interested in the play with me, and I am not sure how far we are free from claims on Webster's part for the London performance. It would be better, before taking any step with a view of production, to be clear on this point, so that we might have an opportunity of buying out Webster beforehand. I am glad to hear that you are going to the Haymarket. I had spoken strongly to Irving on the expediency of his securing you for the line of parts played by Forrester at the Lyceum. That is the theatre where I think you ought to be. If I can be of any use with reference to your Shakespearian readings, I shall be very glad. But I am afraid that Brandram stops the way in that direction to a great extent, and many of my friends are his also.

Always very truly yours,

TOM TAYLOR.

I made an appointment to see Charles Reade, and early in January 1880 I called at his house, Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge. The main purpose of my visit was soon settled. He was quite willing that "Two Loves and a Life" should be revived, if a manager could be secured, *but*—Tom Taylor had nothing to do with it!—at any rate for London. The play, he said, was sold in the first instance to Benjamin Webster, and afterwards rebought from him by Reade alone. I may at once say that my attempt to get the drama revived was not successful. At the beginning of our interview he was in an unusually depressed state. He was, he said, "at the end of his tether," and had "no spirit to go into anything with energy." Before I left him he brightened up considerably, and his chat was full of interest. He thought "Two Loves and a Life" originally was on the whole very well acted. There were in the cast, Webster, Leigh Murray, Keeley, O. Smith, James Rogers, Charles Selby, Parselle, Miss Woolgar (afterwards Mrs. Mellon),

and Madame Celeste. We talked of the making of plays. "It is very hard," he said, "to be obliged to write down to the level of an audience." I asked him among other matters what he thought of my idea of the Shakespearian recitals with a company, with or without appropriate costume. "The attempt would be praiseworthy," he said. "Shakespeare," he went on to say truly enough, "has written but a few great plays *as plays*. I do not think it possible to galvanise dead work. The drama is best encouraged by the vital working together of authors and actors." "Remember," he continued, very truly again, "lots of people talk about Shakespeare who never read him." I was surprised to hear him say that he did not think Falstaff funny. He was speaking more particularly of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But he always thought, he said, Caius very droll—his entrance with his sword, etc. This was the last time I met Charles Reade. He was an exceptionally curious compound. He could be, and often was, foolishly and wrongfully vituperative. One had to keep in mind what the song says of the British Lion, "Beware how you tread on his tail." He seems to me to fall into the category to which such men as Robert Stephen Hawker, George Borrow, and Edward FitzGerald belong. But he was a large-hearted, unselfish man although he was a "crank." But for that matter how few men of genius are not "cranks," and the "cranks" of the world are a necessary part of its machinery, I suppose. He died in 1884, at the age of seventy. I shall have to speak of him again when on the subject of Tennyson.

CHAPTER VII

1880 to 1883

On Saturday, January 31, 1880, the Bancrofts opened the Haymarket Theatre, which had been reconstructed and splendidly decorated, with "Money"—I being engaged to play Captain Dudley Smooth again. It is hardly necessary to repeat what has been so often told, the story of the disturbance which arose from abolishing the pit. It was not a happy night, nor was it made more pleasant by one of the densest fogs closing in on London that I ever remember. The theatre, thanks to the taste and judgment of the managers, was under its new conditions magnificent. But the general performance did not "live up" to the playhouse. The cast of the play was in many respects unsatisfactory, and on the opening night demoralisation set in. I was heartily sorry for my managers, for their care, thought, and labour had been extreme. "Money" was, notwithstanding, very successful in attracting audiences, for it was acted seventy-six times.

Attention has again been drawn to the play by the Command performance in honour of the German Emperor and his Consort. Its resuscitation must have been regarded by the present race of playgoers as something of a curiosity. Since appearing in the comedy on the occasion of my first bow to a Metropolitan audience, I have acted Captain Dudley Smooth considerably over five hundred times in London alone.

The part, though very limited as to verbal length, is, for an actor with qualifications for it, one of the most effective in the play; which with all its faults—and they are many—is a clever piece of work. Bulwer, as I have said elsewhere, had what has been called "the dramatic sense": an unmistakable instinct for what would interest in the theatre; and Smooth was of a type that its author was particularly happy in. The part was declined by James Wallack, and Wrench, its first impersonator, was said to have been extremely good in the character. "Money" was originally produced in 1840. It had the advantage of the acting of Macready, Helen Faucit, and Mrs. Glover. A reference to the Stout of David Rees will have been noticed in one of Leigh Murray's letters. But the cast, with a few others of later date, may interest theatrical students. It is impossible to find space for the full "star" casts, etc. Suffice it to say that long before the Command performance at Drury Lane, many actors and authors of eminence have "walked on" or taken part as club members, tradesmen, or servants.

HAYMARKET, 1840. ORIGINAL PRODUCTION.

Alfred Evelyn	MR. W. C. MACREADY.
Sir John Vesey	,, R. STRICKLAND.
Lord Glossmore	,, F. VINING.
Sir Frederick Blount . . .	,, WALTER LACY.
Stout	,, D. REES.
Graves	,, B. WEBSTER.
Captain Dudley Smooth . .	,, B. WRENCH.
Sharp	,, WALDRON.
Old Member	———
Clara Douglas	MISS HELEN FAUCIT.
Lady Franklin	MRS. GLOVER.
Georgina	MISS P. HORTON.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM STREET, MAY 4, 1872.

Evelyn	MR. C. COGHLAN.
Sir John	,, JOHN HARE.

Glossmore	MR. C. COLLETTE.
Blount	" S. BANCROFT.
Stout	" F. DEWAR.
Graves	" G. HONEY.
Smooth	" F. ARCHER.
Sharp	" E. DYAS.
Old Member	" F. GLOVER.
Clara	MISS FANNY BROUGH.
Lady Franklin	MRS. LEIGH MURRAY.
Georgina	" BANCROFT.

On the resumption of the run in September, Clara Douglas was acted by Miss Lydia Foote, and Georgina by Miss Blanche Wilton.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM STREET, MAY 1875.

Evelyn	MR. C. COGHLAN.
Sir John	" C. COLLETTE.
Glossmore	" TEESDALE.
Blount	" S. BANCROFT.
Stout	" A. WOOD.
Graves	" G. HONEY.
Smooth	" F. ARCHER.
Sharp	" DENISON.
Old Member	" F. GLOVER.
Clara	MISS ELLEN TERRY.
Lady Franklin	MRS. BANCROFT.
Georgina	MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON.

On this revival of the play Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Bancroft appeared in their respective parts for the first time. Smooth's scene with the tradesmen in the fourth act was also acted on this occasion. Before this it had been omitted. It was the "Times" critic (John Oxenford probably) who noted on the play's revival in 1872 that the part of Smooth had "come to Mr. Archer in attenuated condition." After the vacation, in September, Stout was acted by F. Dewar in place of Arthur Wood, and Miss Blanche Wilton resumed Georgina.

HAYMARKET. E. L. BLANCHARD BENEFIT. MATINÉE, APRIL 9, 1879.

Evelyn	MR. H. NEVILLE.
Sir John	„ J. MACLEAN.
Glossmore	„ W. TERRISS.
Blount	„ E. A. SOTHERN.
Stout	„ D. JAMES.
Graves	„ J. S. CLARKE.
Smooth	„ F. ARCHER.
Sharp	„ W. FARREN.
Old Member	„ J. RYDER.
Clara	MISS AMY ROSELLE.
Lady Franklin . . .	MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Georgina	MISS ELLEN MEYRICK.

HAYMARKET. RECONSTRUCTED JANUARY 1880.

Evelyn	MR. H. B. CONWAY.
Sir John	„ E. J. ODELL.
Glossmore	„ J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Blount	„ S. BANCROFT.
Stout	„ H. KEMBLE.
Graves	„ A. CECIL.
Smooth	„ F. ARCHER.
Sharp	„ C. BROOKFIELD.
Old Member	„ VOLLAIRE.
Clara	MISS MARION TERRY.
Lady Franklin . . .	MRS. BANCROFT.
Georgina	MISS LINDA DIETZ.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, MAY 1882.

Evelyn	MR. H. NEVILLE.
Sir John	„ W. FARREN.
Glossmore	„ J. R. CRAUFORD.
Blount	„ J. G. GRAHAME.
Stout	„ E. RIGHTON.
Graves	„ T. THORNE.
Smooth	„ F. ARCHER.
Sharp	„ J. MACLEAN.
Old Member	„ W. LESTOCQ.
Clara	MISS ADA CAVENDISH.
Lady Franklin . . .	MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Georgina	MISS ALMA MURRAY.

After-changes in the cast found Mr. J. R. Crauford substituted for Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. Howe (not of the Lyceum) for Mr. J. R. Crauford, Miss Alma Murray for Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Kate Phillips for Mrs. John Wood, and Miss G. Goldney for Miss Alma Murray.

HAYMARKET, AT THE BANCROFT FAREWELL, JULY 20, 1885

[*The first act only played*]

Evelyn	MR. C. COGHLAN.
Sir John	„ C. COLLETTE.
Glossmore	„ A. BISHOP.
Blount	„ C. WYDNHAM.
Stout	„ D. JAMES.
Graves	„ A. CECIL.
Smooth	„ F. ARCHER.
Sharp	„ W. BLAKELEY.
Groom of the Chambers	„ C. SUGDEN.
Butler	„ JOHN CLAYTON.
Clara	MISS ELLEN TERRY.
Lady Franklin	MRS. STIRLING.
Georgina	„ LANGTRY.
Maid-servant	„ JOHN WOOD.

GARRICK THEATRE, 1894

Evelyn	MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Sir John	„ J. HARE.
Glossmore	„ A. BOURCHIER.
Blount	„ A. AYNESWORTH.
Stout	„ H. KEMBLE.
Graves	„ A. CECIL.
Smooth	„ C. BROOKFIELD.
Sharp	„ G. ROCK.
Old Member	„ G. DU MAURIER.
Clara	MISS KATE RORKE.
Lady Franklin	MRS. BANCROFT.
Georgina	MISS MAUDE MILLET.

LYCEUM THEATRE, MAY 1, 1896

On the occasion of a dual celebration (one at the Criterion) of Charles Wyndham's twentieth year of management, the first act only of "Money" was

played; followed by three acts of "The School for Scandal."

Evelyn	MR. H. B. TREE.
Sir John	,, W. BLAKELEY.
Glossmore	,, H. WARING.
Blount	,, C. HAWTREY.
Stout	,, H. KEMBLE.
Graves	,, L. BROUGH.
Smooth	,, S. BANCROFT.
Sharp	,, J. FERNANDEZ.
Clara	MRS. TREE.
Lady Franklin	,, BANCROFT.
Georgina	MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

The result of the two performances was the sum of £2,300, which Mr. Charles Wyndham (as he then was) generously handed over to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. In the "Daily Telegraph" of May 2, 1896, the late Clement Scott gave it as his opinion that the best cast of "Money" that he had hitherto seen was that of the Blanchard Benefit performance at the Haymarket. Although powerful as to names, it could not, I think, compare with the Bancrofts' revivals at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The Command performance, under the supervision of Sir Squire Bancroft and Mr. Arthur Collins, was enthusiastically received, and seems to have been highly successful.

DRURY LANE COMMAND PERFORMANCE, MAY 17, 1911

Evelyn	MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Sir John	SIR JOHN HARE.
Glossmore	MR. FRED TERRY.
Blount	,, CYRIL MAUDE.
Stout	,, A. BOURCHIER.
Graves	SIR H. B. TREE.
Smooth	,, CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Sharp	MR. LAURENCE IRVING.
Old Member	,, ALFRED BISHOP.
Clara	MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
Lady Franklin	,, WINIFRED EMERY.
Georgina	,, ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

It was also early in 1880 that we became acquainted with Mr. Spencer Wells, the eminent surgeon, who three years later was made a baronet.

It was an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship only to be broken by his death. He was born at St. Albans in 1818, and gained his first experiences under Mr. M. T. Sadler, an able practitioner at Barnsley in Yorkshire. Then he went to Leeds, continuing his studies at the Infirmary and School of Medicine. At Dublin, in the year 1837, he passed a session at the Anatomical School. From thence he went to St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and in 1841 became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, attaining to the dignity of Honorary Fellow three years later. After this he entered the Navy as an assistant surgeon, and spent six years in a naval hospital at Malta. In 1848 he was promoted to the rank of Surgeon, and came home in medical charge of the famous old three-decker "Trafalgar."

This was followed by his being sent by the Admiralty to Paris to report on the treatment of gunshot wounds in the hospitals there after the Revolution, previously having gained much experience at Palermo, and afterwards at Rome, following Garibaldi's attack. He then served as surgeon on the "Modeste" under the Marquis of Northampton. After the outbreak of the Crimean War he was one of the chief surgeons of a service equipped by Mr. Sidney Herbert (Lord Herbert of Lea) in aid of the overworked Army Medical Department. He became chief surgeon of a large hospital formed of wooden huts, on the shore of the Dardanelles, for 3,000 patients. He went through the campaign, and was present at the Siege of Sebastopol. (I remember his telling me how, when at any time a shell was thrown into the port by the English, the Russians made a point of instantly returning the compliment.) Ophthalmia was a disease he gave special attention to also. He returned to England, left the Navy, and settled in London. None of the

Photo by Window & Grove.

SIR SPENCER WELLS, BART.

p. 208]

larger hospitals having vacant appointments, he joined the Samaritan Hospital for Women. His splendid successes with ovariotomy then brought his name into the highest repute.

Sir James Paget, in 1877, said that "he deemed the operation of ovariotomy, as perfected by Mr. Spencer Wells, to be one of the greatest achievements of surgery in this century." He and his intimate friend, Thomas Keith, the Aberdeen surgeon, established the feasibility of the operation which led to its wide adoption on the Continent. It was largely helped also by Lord Lister's discoveries in connection with the antiseptic treatment. In 1882 Spencer Wells became President of the College of Surgeons, and delivered the Hunterian Oration; and in 1883, as I have said, he was made a baronet. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to enumerate the many honours and dignities he attained to, such as Surgeon to Her Majesty's Household, LL.D. of Oxford, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Leyden, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of London, etc., etc. His untiring interest in many social defects deserves warm recognition. Improvements in all matters of sanitation, abatement of the smoke nuisance, the health of passengers on board ships, and last, but not least, his strong advocacy in favour of cremation. With Sir Henry Thompson and Mr. Ernest Hart, he supplied the funds for the first crematorium at Woking, and his son-in-law, Mr. J. C. Swinburne-Hanham, is still the valued honorary secretary of the Cremation Society of England.

In the Hunterian Oration in 1883 he told a touching story redounding so much to the credit of his honoured profession that I must find room for it.

"In Africa at the final disaster at Majuba Hill, the officers of the Medical Service remained faithful to their duties even unto death. Dr. Cornish was shot as, with a piper of the 92nd Highlanders, he was carrying a wounded man on a stretcher. Landon, always keen for duty in the field, and taking a special

pride in his Army Hospital Corps, met his fate at the final rush of the Boers. The ruling passion strong in death, he called Dr. Babington's attention, shortly before he expired, to the meritorious conduct of his men." "I have copied this," says Sir Spencer, "from a Colonial newspaper, the 'Natal Witness.' Let me say something more about Landon. He was kneeling, attending to a wounded officer, when a bullet wounded him in the loin; and Longmore writes: 'He at once fell forward. The lower half of his body became completely paralysed, and Landon told Corporal Farmer he must die. Farmer was almost immediately struck by a bullet in both his forearms and was suffering excessive pain from injuries to the ulnar nerves. Landon had a field-case with him containing morphia and syringes, and he had the upper part of his body propped up against a boulder of rock, and in that position administered the morphia injection in both Farmer's arms in succession. The corporal was so relieved that he fell asleep, and remained so for several hours.' Well may Longmore write: 'It is difficult to imagine a more perfect example of professional heroism than was afforded by the conduct of Surgeon Landon, from the time when the Majuba fight commenced, to that when death put an end to his own sufferings.'

"And well have the men of St. Bartholomew's done by placing a tablet in their chapel, to keep in memory his bright example, by a record of his last words—'I am dying; do what you can for the wounded.' And not Bartholomew's men only—not only this College—not army surgeons only, but the whole profession, the whole nation, will rejoice with me when it is made known that Her Majesty the Queen was so much impressed by the story which I have just read to you of Landon's noble conduct, that the report has been preserved among her private records—another proof of the Queen's interest in her soldiers, and in the men who are devoted to them."

From an engraving which appeared in "The Garden."

THE HOUSE AT GOLDER'S HILL.

p. 210]

Possessing the highest skill as a surgeon, Sir Spencer Wells was also the kindest hearted and most genial of men. He had, too, a delightful sense of humour, How many pleasant memories are enshrined of visits to his beautiful home, with its forty acres of ground at Golder's Hill, Hampstead. (Since acquired by the London County Council for a public pleasance.) The house, or that part of it that had not been reconstructed, and a portion of the ground, were once owned by David Garrick, and the great surgeon had two deeds to which the actor's signature was affixed. What wisdom there was in the motto inscribed on the house, Do To-day's Work To-day. Anything more attractive than the whole estate it is difficult to conceive. It is supposed that the grounds were originally laid out by "Capability Brown." The surgeon's friend, Mr. W. Robinson, to whose kindness I am indebted for permission to reproduce the accompanying sketch, said, "As regards design and views, it is the best garden with which I am acquainted in or near this sooty Babylon."

To say nothing of Keats, Leigh Hunt, the Dilkes, and many others, the neighbourhood I speak of is charged with literary and artistic associations. It was here, in the house of his friend Dyson, that Akenside, author of "Pleasures of the Imagination," recovered his health.

> "Thy verdant scenes, O Golder's Hill!
> Once more I seek, a languid guest."

William Blake, artist and poet, lodged at a farm-house near, also Linnell the painter. Miss Mulock, Coventry Patmore, and others were at one time residents here; and the quaint old inn, "The Bull and Bush," was said to be resorted to by Addison and his friends. A large house that stood very near, once called "North End House," was interesting as having a small room or closet where the great Lord Chatham shut himself up during his sad and unfortunate aberra-

tion. Sir Spencer Wells pointed out to me the window of the room, which looked towards Finchley. Whether it still exists I cannot say, but at the time of which I write I heard that the opening in the wall from the staircase to the room was to be seen, through which Lord Chatham received his meals. Howitt, in his "Northern Heights of London," is full of interesting matters connected with this neighbourhood. Gainsborough pointed out to Sir Joshua Reynolds its beauties, and drew his attention to the thirteen degrees of distance. Burke, when walking with Lord Erskine, stopped to admire the view at sunset, and said "Ah! Erskine, this is just the place for a reformer; all the beauties are beyond your reach, you cannot destroy them." What delightful hours we have passed in the lovely home standing in this neighbourhood, not only in the company of the owner of the house, but of Lady Wells, her family and friends. We constantly met there the bearers of names well known in the medical, legal, scientific, official, literary, artistic, and musical world. There were Mr. Ray Lankester (now Sir Ray Lankester), his brothers and sisters, Mr. George du Maurier, Mr. Ernest Hart, Professor G. D. Thane, Mr. H. H. Statham, distinguished in architecture and music, Canon Ainger, Mr. W. R. Beverley, the eminent scene painter and artist, Mr. William Ambrose, K.C., afterwards member for Harrow, Mr. Stebbing of the "Times," Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, who was also an old friend of Macready. Members of the family of Sir Walter Gilbey, and of Mr. Blyth, now Lord Blyth, who once hospitably entertained us in his own house, as did also his lamented brother. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beringer, and—though I do not think we happened to meet them—Madame Marie Rôze and Mr. Harry Furniss, were also his friends. (To the last-named, through our friend the late Burton Barber, I was in after years indebted for some kindly offices.) To enumerate all those names of his own and kindred

professions would be impossible. Many, it is sad to think, are no more. He was a friend and intimate of both the great statesmen of his later years, Gladstone and Salisbury. He once tried his hand at a drama, the name of which I forget, and had gone so far as to allot the parts. I found a line or two from him about it.

3, UPPER GROSVENOR STREET, W.,
May 10, 1880.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,

Here is the play—easily got into 3 instead of 5 acts. How would this do?

Sir Edgar	MR. ARCHER
Alwyn	,, KENDAL
Lord Woodman	,, HARE
Bertha	MRS. KENDAL.

Yours always,
T. SPENCER WELLS.

Like a doubtful wine, it was "deficient in body," for, if I remember aright, the entire drama would not have taken up more than twenty minutes. He had also dabbled in literature. When a young man, he made a wager that he could get a story accepted by a magazine, and he wrote one called "The Genoese Mask" (or Masque?) which appeared in "Colbourn's New Monthly," I think he said, in 1843. Sir Spencer Wells by his skill, to give but a solitary instance, added some years to the life of the great Titiens, and he was honestly proud of the result. There was no common vanity in his nature, but he always had a justifiable pride in his success, after having done all that his ability and experience could compass.

It brought to my mind that steady belief in his real power, illustrated by the saying of—was it Albert Durer? "The work cannot be better done." The mention of Titiens reminds me that he once described

certain traits—if they can be called so—that belonged to her nature, which assuredly were also his own. They appertain only to great personalities, and are, I suspect, a foundation of, if not identical with, all worthy faith. Ingenuousness, simpleness, trustfulness, the attitude, in short, of a little child.

His kindness to the poor was very marked. His best efforts were given to the humblest sufferer, as to the patient able to pay an immense fee. His thoughtfulness in little acts was never at fault. He would be moving early to prepare small bunches of flowers to bring down from the Hampstead conservatories to poor invalids. We were amused at the ingenious manner in which he carried them, when—as was often the case—he cantered down to Grosvenor Street on his cob. He had a "tricky" way, as the boys say, of arranging these tiny bouquets in the lining of his hat. We, like many others, lost in him a true and considerate friend. He died at Cap d'Antibes in January 1897, very sincerely mourned, in his seventy-ninth year. His portrait, now at the College of Surgeons, was painted by the late Rudolf Lehmann. Lady Wells, who predeceased him, was an amiable, delightful woman, with that rare gift—in addition to others that were attractive—a soft and melodious speaking voice.

Their son, who succeeded to the baronetcy, was at one time private secretary to Sir William Harcourt. His death a few years since at a comparatively early age was much to be deplored.

Canon Ainger, whose Life by our friend Miss Sichel, has been made so interesting, I met at Sir Spencer Wells's house for the first time—though he told me he had enjoyed my acting before I came to London. His personality was—how can I avoid saying after this—very charming. He had a "pretty wit," and considerable grace and finish in versification; but I propose to give "a taste of his quality." What little I saw of him was very delightful. His talk was

worth listening to. The last time we met was in the quaint old residence within the precincts of the Temple after he became Master. It was on a hurried visit to London, but I remember we had some pleasant talk of Browning—among other things of "Andrea del Sarto."

It was to Sir Spencer Wells that I was indebted for an introduction to another clever medical scientist, Dr. B. W. Richardson (afterwards Sir B. W. Richardson), whom I have mentioned in connection with the Urban Club. He was a gifted and a genial man. He discovered the application of ether spray for the local abolition of pain. In 1867 he introduced methylene bichloride as a general anæsthetic; and in recognition of his various contributions to science and medicine, he was presented by six hundred of his medical brethren and fellows in science, with a testimonial consisting of a microscope by Ross and a thousand guineas. It was my anxiety to see and hear John Ruskin that brought about my meeting with him. On March 17, 1880, the great art critic was to deliver a lecture on "Snakes" at the London Institution, and Dr. Richardson, who was a member, kindly lent me his ticket. Everybody writes plays nowadays, but at that time I suspected every medical man of having a drama in his bureau. Dr. B. W. Richardson was no exception. He begged my acceptance of a copy of his play and my opinion on its chances of success on the stage. It was called "A Day with Cromwell," written, he says in his preface, "to relieve its author from the too engrossing pursuits and cares of an active career in science, rather than to gain for him a position in dramatic literature." It must have cost its author considerable research, but I fear it was not calculated to prove attractive behind the footlights. It appeared that Phelps had read it, but had done nothing beyond marking certain passages that he thought were good. I wonder whether it was one of those plays hinted at in that capital witticism of

Canon Ainger's, which I am tempted to steal from Miss Sichel's entertaining biography.

To Dr. R., who sends me his dramas:

"Oh! doctor, finding ever fresh
Employment for thy cruel mood,
Thy ether spray to freeze our flesh,
Thy tragedies to freeze our blood.
Thank God, I stand in need of neither;
And yet, were I my mind to say,—
If I must be the prey of *either*
Then let it be the ether's prey."

B. W. Richardson was a Leicestershire man. His advocacy of temperance will be remembered, also his enthusiastic support of the use of the bicycle. In those days it required some courage, in the face of influential detractors, to insist on its merits from a healthful point of view. Its virtue and helpfulness in moderation he preached unceasingly. His literary and journalistic labours must have been considerable. Three years before his death, which took place in 1896, he received the honour of knighthood. He reached the age of sixty-eight only.

That very kindly little man, the late Dr. W. H. Day, of Manchester Square, was another would-be playwright who solicited my opinion of his work.

The occasion of Ruskin's lecture on "Snakes" was the only one on which I ever saw him. The theatre of the London Institution was crowded, and he had a great reception from his many admirers. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal I remember as being among the audience. One could not avoid being impressed by the amount of fun in his composition. His address was full of what can only be called "Ruskinism," but very charming and full of interest. Many of his friends I have become acquainted with at different times, and more than once had the pleasure to meet his niece, Mrs. Arthur Severn, and her husband, the well-known artist. Since beginning these reminis-

Photo by J. & C. Watkins.

WESTLAND MARSTON.

p. 216]

Photo by J. & C. Watkins.

CHARLES DICKENS.

cences I regret to say that another old friend has passed away in the person of Ruskin's solicitor—Charles Mylne Barker, President of the Law Society.

It was in March 1880 that I was happy in making the acquaintance of one whom I have already mentioned, and who became a very dear friend to us—John Westland Marston. I make no excuse for giving a somewhat extended notice of him here, as, apart from our personal friendship, there was a nobility in the man and his work that was unusual. It was under the influence of the latter that I sought his acquaintance. I was one day reading his drama, "Pure Gold," and, stimulated by a fine scene in it, I felt it would be an honour to know its author. Joseph Knight was a very old friend of his, and to him I was indebted for an introduction. Marston was nearly a quarter of a century my senior, and belonged to literary and dramatic times known only to me by hearsay. He was born in 1820, and came up as a youth from Lincolnshire to take his place in the office of his uncle, a London solicitor. He once told me that he claimed descent from Anne Askew. He married a Miss Bourke, a connection of Lord Mayo's family. He was not twenty-two when his first play, "The Patrician's Daughter," was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. Macready and Helen Faucit played the leading parts, others being sustained by Mrs. Warner, Phelps, George Bennett, and Ryder. It was in some respects an innovation, as it was a poetic drama in blank verse, in the costume of the time of its production (1842). The play was entirely successful: Dickens wrote a prologue for it, and, to quote the "Athenæum": "It lifted its author into immediate prominence, and introduced him into the best literary circles of London." "Strathmore," on the subject of the Covenanters, and "Marie de Méranie," of the time of Philip Augustus of France, I think it must be conceded, are his two noblest dramas. The former was produced in 1849 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Kean. The latter, in 1856, had for its interpreters Helen Faucit and G. V. Brooke. Many years ago I had occasion to speak of the extreme beauty of his heroines. Marie de Méranie is an exquisite creation.

Other work consisted of "Borough Politics," 1846; "The Heart and the World," 1847—Helen Faucit, Mrs. Glover, and Benjamin Webster; "Anne Blake," 1852—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean; "A Life's Ransom," 1857—Charles Dillon; "A Hard Struggle," 1858—Charles Dillon. This was the touching little play that moved Dickens so profoundly. The great novelist wrote to Regnier suggesting its adaptation for the Théâtre Français.[1] "The Wife's Portrait," 1862; "Pure Gold," 1863—Henry Marston and Miss Marriott; "Donna Diana," from Moreto's "El Desden con el Desden," 1863—George Vining and Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin; "The Favourite of Fortune," 1866—Buckstone, Sothern, Miss Kate Saville, and Miss Nelly Moore; "Life for Life," 1869—Adelaide Neilson, Charles Coghlan, and Hermann Vezin. "Under Fire," produced in 1885, included in the cast among others T. Thorne, poor Amy Roselle (whose end was so pitiably tragic), and myself. It was not successful, in spite of some effective acting scenes. I did not realise then, as I have done since, that Marston was out of touch with the requirements of the time in modern drama. The higher imaginative work was what he excelled in. He may be regarded as the last of the older poetic dramatists. Other plays that were done, either in collaboration or that were adaptations, consisted of "Trevanion" (with Bayle Bernard); "A Hero of Romance" ("Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" of Octave Feuillet), 1867; "Lamed for Life," 1871; "Broken Spells," 1872 (with W. G. Wills); and "Put to the Test," 1873. In addition to what he contributed to the drama, his

[1] See his letter to Marston in "The Letters of Charles Dickens," edited by his sister-in-law and daughter.

work as a journalist and critic displayed much skill and acumen. Although he produced one or two novels, they were not generally attractive. He has written some beautiful sonnets. It does not seem to me—real poet as he was—that he was always happy in his lyrical compositions. In 1857 he was one of the editors of the long-forgotten "National Magazine." His honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Glasgow. He had a great charm of manner, and was one of the most brilliant talkers I ever listened to: Browning even, it is said, admitted his superiority here. "A great thing is a great book, but a greater thing than all is the talk of a great man," says Disraeli. Besides Dickens and the many actors in his plays, he had for friends, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, Sheridan Knowles, Charles Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, Isabella Dallas Glyn, H. N. Barnett, Sydney Dobell, the Brownings, Hepworth Dixon, R. H. Horne, Madox Brown, William Morris, Thomas Purnell, Augustus de Morgan, the Rossettis, Theodore Watts Dunton, Swinburne, Sir Edward Clarke, "Festus" Bailey, Dr. Gordon Hake, Dr. Garnett, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Lady Duffus Hardy and her daughter, Dinah Mulock (Mrs. Craik), Louise Chandler Moulton, and many others.

At the time I first met Marston his days of worldly prosperity were over, and he had been sorely smitten by domestic affliction. He was living in the Euston Road with his son Philip, the poet, who was, alas, quite blind. His wife, his eldest daughter—who had married Arthur O'Shaughnessy the poet—and his second daughter had been taken from him. The place of this second sister was filled by his father with a devotion that was very beautiful and touching. Of O'Shaughnessy, who produced that clever bit of Poe-ism, "The Fountain of Tears," I knew personally but little. He died in 1881, in his thirty-fifth year; and out of respect to his father-in-law I fol-

lowed him to his grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. Six years later—1887—was buried at Highgate his own son, Philip Bourke Marston, over whose resting-place, at his father's request, I read a few lines that he had written. The death of Philip, who had not accomplished thirty-seven years, was the last and most grievous blow to the dramatist; and though he had long been in failing health, it did much to hasten his own end, which was reached but three years after this, January 5, 1890. An attempt was made under both a Liberal and a Conservative Government to get him a pension, but for some unaccountable reason it did not succeed. The last time was in 1881, when I worked with Joseph Knight to this end. Happily he had true and loyal friends, so that the pinch of actual poverty was spared him. The generosity of his friend Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik) deserves specially recording. Among theatrical friends, the great liberality of Henry Irving and J. L. Toole must not be forgotten. On the morning of June 1, 1887, Irving gave a testimonial Benefit for Marston at the Lyceum, when he revived Lord Byron's "Werner," which resulted in a handsome sum for the *bénéficiaire*. There was unusual merit in some of his unacted plays. Beyond "Charlotte Corday"—which was a beautiful dramatic treatment of this fine character—the titles will not convey much. They were "At Bay," twice purchased by E. A. Sothern for a term of years, an adaptation of "Les Filles de Marbre," mentioned in Leigh Murray's letters, "Found Out" and "Move for Move." He also did a version of Sardou's "Patrie." A short time before his death his two volumes of Recollections, under the title of "Our Recent Actors," appeared. They contain some most admirable criticism on past masters of their art. Several times, as opportunity offered, we went to the play together. I remember how we enjoyed the acting of Catharine Beersman and the Dutch Company of Actors, when they gave "Marie Antoinette"

at the Imperial Theatre at Westminster, in the summer of 1880. On another occasion we dropped into the pit of Sadler's Wells Theatre—then under Mrs. Bateman's management, to see Charles Warner and Hermann Vezin as Othello and Iago. One lovely evening in the month of June 1881 I went down to Elstree in Hertfordshire with him. He was anxious to make a pilgrimage to Macready's house, where he had in years past been a welcome guest. I am unaware whether it still exists, but I remember it as a very plain red-brick house standing in a pretty situation. Marston's memories, though dating some forty years back, gave him immense pleasure. This must have been the house, I think, where Douglas Jerrold once passed a night. The story is that the tragedian lighted him to his bedchamber, and begged to know if there were any wants that he could supply. On Jerrold's answering in the negative, he warmly wished him good night. After a long interval an emphatic knock came at the bedroom door and Macready's head appeared. In a voice of anxious terror, which Jerrold thought as startling as if it referred to some carefully-thought-out and deeply-laid conspiracy, he asked, "Jerrold, have you got a tooth-brush?"

On another occasion Marston went with me one evening to Hampstead to meet Miss Charlotte Reynolds, and they had a long talk together of old times, friends, and associations, to their entire gratification. This was less than a month before her death.

My friend Mr. Herbert E. Clarke, the poet, once compared him with Colonel Newcome. The lines will bear repeating. "He had all the Colonel's chivalry and courtliness, all his hot temper and incapacity for rancour, all his dauntlessness, his meekness in adversity, and his tenderness, combined with gifts and attainments of which Thackeray's hero was entirely innocent." He died in 1890, in his seventy-first year. The memory of his friendship is a treasure

I find it difficult to over-estimate, and will be prized to the end of my life.

Here is a story showing the sort of sensitive reverence which was part of his being. He once told me that he had been invited by Moxon the publisher to meet at breakfast Talfourd, Barry Cornwall, and Wordsworth; but he held Wordsworth in such reverential awe that he did not dare to go! He did not fail to add that he much regretted it afterwards.

The following is not connected with him further than that at his house one evening I met Dr. C. Lempriere, who mentioned that once as a child he was taken to see Dr. Valpy, who at that time was quite blind. He passed his hands over Lempriere's face, and exclaimed, "Ah, you are wonderfully like your father, but you will never be the scholar he was."

The few extracts from Westland Marston's letters which follow may prove interesting. On his holiday trips he was always accompanied by his son.

DEAL,
August 6, 1880.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

After about eight or nine days spent in Flemish France—chiefly at Dunkerque—we are here tasting sweet rest and seaside calm in weather that recalls the summers of old, which I had almost despaired of meeting again. This Deal, a few miles from Dover, which Londoners scarcely know except as the scene of some of Dibdin's sea-songs, is really a most delectable place—a long, pretty old town on the sea brink, rising on the Walmer-Dover side into wooded acclivities, from which one gets exquisite glimpses of bays and waving coast-lines—while inland, to the back of the town, are well-wooded walks, through peaceful old hamlets, or fields

of corn breast-high, and now and then from the roadside vistas of lanes which the wild convolvulus and honeysuckle have not yet deserted. The best of the place is that you can get on such intimate terms with the sea here, the beach being shingle and the tide coming up high—a very pleasant contrast with Rosendael, near Dunkerque, where you can get close to the sea only through intervening sand-pools, and where the beach is so wet that you can never stretch yourself upon it without great detriment to comfort and clothes. I hope that by this time you are well out of London and enjoying your holiday, and I sincerely trust to hear that long ere this all bad effects of Mrs. Arnold's accident have happily disappeared. Tell her I bought a nosegay in the flower-market at Dunkerque. It was the first successor to the bouquet she gave me, and took my thoughts at once to her by associations of sweetness and beauty. I suppose we shall be back in town in about another fortnight. It seems odd that there should always be a satisfaction in coming home, even to dusty London. But so it is ; there always are, or at least ought to be, very pleasant ties to the place where one habitually dwells, and I do not forget that I now possess a new one in the right to call myself

Your sincere friend,

WESTLAND MARSTON.

Philip desires to join in all kindest remembrances.

DEAL,
August 12, 1881.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Philip and I left town on the 2nd of August, and duly carried out our programme. On the evening of our departure we slept at Calais, the next night at Dunkerque, and on Thursday arrived at the new Belgian watering-place Nieuport-les-Bains. We found the sea there splendid. The tide was full in when we arrived, and seemed to wash the base of our

hotel, which was admirably situated, and though dear as regards Belgium, cheap in comparison with England. There is a magnificent stretch of level sand at Nieuport, which, when the tide is far out, seems watered in its courses and hollows by miniature rivers, across which we enterprisingly waded to the main waters, splashing into jelly fish or encountering pugnacious little crabs, who resented our intrusion into their territory, and were disposed to levy a heavy duty at the frontier. The drawback to Nieuport is that it is situated on a plain of such loose sand that walking in any direction (except on the firm sands of the sea) was very fatiguing. We managed, however, to make an excursion to two little Belgian villages or towns. After staying five days we reversed our route, and in the face of a violent gale (which the grand "Calais-Douvres" breasted wonderfully) we arrived at Dover last Tuesday afternoon, coming on here in the evening. Philip desires his cordial remembrances. All kindest greetings from me to your brother when you write.

Ever your sincere friend,

WESTLAND MARSTON.

DEAL,
August 19, 1881.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I rejoice that the charms of Surrey seem to grow upon you by acquaintance. Our weather here has not on the whole been very favourable, but yesterday we managed one of our pleasant evening walks, through wooded lanes and the waving gold of barley crops or wheat, till we reached a thorough sample of an English village, with its yew-shadowed churchyard wide open, and its quaint inscriptions by way of epitaphs. A vicarage house bosomed in creepers and climbing roses hard by, one or two farm-houses, a few cottages, and a neat public-house with hospitable proffers to man and beast, and the exposed attractions of a neatly sanded floor, a table with bright drinking

vessels, and other features abominable in the eyes of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Then we took our way home by a somewhat different road, approaching Deal in the gloaming, and scenting sweet odours from indistinct sources, of roses and jasmine. Arrived, we go to the coast, and see the lights of the hundreds of ships that nightly congregate in Deal roads, or watch at intervals the lights of blue or ruby or gold which suggest the outline of some steam-vessel as she glides on her track. Then we come home to some slight refreshments, after which a cigar or two, a modest glass of whisky, and a few chapters of Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone" beguile us until, at twelve, we drop off, pleasantly weary, to our wholesome beds. How goes all with the young heir? How does he bear it when his mamma does me the honour (of which you inform me in your last) of turning over a few pages of my plays? Does he not strongly remonstrate and loudly affirm that he for her is the one legitimate drama in existence capable ot exciting the greatest possible variety of emotion and of presenting the most absorbing and thrilling incidents? Oh babes, ye poems in yourselves and fatal enemies to all other poetry! at least, so I fear. But what will Mrs. Arnold say to me if I rattle on thus longer? With our love to you both,

Ever yours,

WESTLAND MARSTON.

LONDON,
September 18, 1881.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Day after day I have intended to answer your welcome and interesting letter of the 12th, but have been prevented either by callers, or by a recurrence of that stupefying congestion of the head which leaves me for the time without either thought or expression. It was very pleasant to me to read of your delightful Surrey excursions, and almost to accompany you in them by the help of your vivid pen. I think "The

Devil's Punch-bowl" a rather inappropriate name for a scene of so much beauty as you describe. From what you say, I hope there is some chance of your being back by next Friday, the 23rd. I have invited Dr. Lempriere for the evening of that day at nine o'clock, and shall ask one or two more to meet him—Knight, Dunphie, and Madox Brown. I do not mean selfishly to wish you to quit your country Eden for my gratification; but you know, dear Archer, I shall count upon you if you *are* in London, so fail not. At all events, I hope it will not be long before I have the pleasure of demonstrating to you both personally how much I am

Your sincerely attached friend,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

MARGATE,
July 14, 1882.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

You will perhaps be surprised to read the above address. We duly went to Calais, and the weather being bad proceeded to Boulogne, intending to take the train thence to Longpré, and so on to Tréport. But day after day of disheartening rain succeeded, and we felt how very dreary it would be to be shut up in a small French town in such weather, so eventually we gave up the plan and returned to England. Philip does not like Dover, we have had our fill of Deal, and as it was necessary to quarter ourselves somewhere on the coast, we chose old Margate, which, besides its genuine sea flavour, abounds in studies of character and has an undeniable vitality about it. We enjoyed our week at Boulogne as much as was possible with rain, rain, rain, either making excursions impossible to attempt, or threatening such vengeance in the way of rheumatism as to preclude any further resistance to its tyranny. To-day Philip's correspondence has kept me at work all the

morning, so that I can only send a hasty line, with love to you all.

Ever thine,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

MARGATE,
July 20, 1882.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

We are thankful to you for your kind sympathy as to the weather, which here (though never quite settled and occasionally giving us drenching rains) has considerably improved the last four or five days. We have on several occasions walked nearly five miles out and back again in the evening without coming to any serious harm. One night we walked to Birchington-on-sea to visit dear Rossetti's grave, and on Sunday evening we went to church there. I fancy, my dear Archer, I shall be back in town about the end of next week for a few days. Both Philip and I have calls of business, and shall then have American friends in town. In that case, please God, I shall see you. I rather think afterwards of going to Dorking for a brief while alone. You might perhaps look me up. With our love to you all.

Ever thine,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

P.S.—I ought to say that in revenge for the unusual prevalence of cloud at this time of year, we have had some most wonderful sunsets. That of last night I shall never forget. To have given any approximate reproduction of it would have made a painter immortal. In the west, hung half-way down to the horizon, a soft dark-grey curtain, which, when lifted, disclosed a crescent moon set in the palest and most delicate green, and giving just at that point a silver glimmer to the sand-pools which, more easterly, lay weirdly dark, like lakes of burnt sienna under a sky which, at first gamboge, turned, further on,

black and menacing, yet still flaked with yellow, while between the mystery of beauty on the one side, and the mystery of ominous darkness on the other, the lighted Margate pier, with the subdued music of the band, jutted out and spoke of a tender human life amidst the conflict of the opposing and pendant forces. It was a poem to the eye.

LONDON,
August 15, 1882.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I fancy we shall go for ten days or a fortnight to Dorking after all. I went yesterday to Leatherhead, where the sweet beauty of the place and of the summer evening was a pleasure with a poignancy almost painful, as it set in contrast the jars of the spirit with the peace of Nature. It was late before I returned to the train after having walked a long distance in the dark without meeting a fellow-wayfarer—a light rustle in the trees, however, talking to me all the way. Your evenings being engaged, I fear there is no chance of my getting to you, especially as I am out of town so much. Pen and ink are execrable, but even through such media you will make out my affectionate messages to you both, and the true regard with which

I am always thine,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

DEAL,
August 8, 1884.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Here we are at our old quarters, where on Tuesday evening our old landlady (whom Scott would have made a fortune out of) received us with all the cordial and exuberant demonstrativeness of which she is mistress. She was full of obliging things, and she utters them all in italics. We have the mornings on the shingle and the pier, and with mooning through the pleasant High Street, where various things acquire

an individuality that they never somehow possess in London. A bunch of grapes or Jargonelle pears, for instance, or a brilliant puppet pulled with strings that would ravish your dear young Prince. In the evening we renew our old excursions (not a little trying to my strength) over downs and through lanes, cornfields, and copses. The weather is superb. How much I wish you were all enjoying it. Oh, I am so tired, so glad of, and thankful for, this rest. I could lie on the shingle in the shadow of a boat and dream away all the day, and I think I never fully knew the heavenly bliss of bed before. However, we rise daily at 8.30 (*a.m.* remember) and go to bed at 12. Tell me of all that interests you. You know I live by proxy. Philip, in whom I exist more than in myself, joins in all affection to you all.

Ever thine,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

DEAL,
August 17, 1884.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

You will be surprised to hear that we were absent two days in France. Some friends were on their way to the Continent and we thought it would be nice to join them without notice on the boat to Calais. There we parted, they going on to Brussels, we terminating our brief trip at Boulogne by another train. I assure you the heat at Boulogne is not only beyond what we have in England, but different in its effect. English heat after awhile dries up your vitality and makes you feel that you are a mineral at bottom, but this heat at Boulogne intimated to us that we were originally fluids, and that we had been accidentally congealed, and under this furnace temperature were rapidly being dissolved into our primitive element. We knew then that man is a *soluble* being. I fear there is no chance of your acting upon that suggestion of mine and giving us a pleasant surprise by an encounter on

Deal beach or at the Deal railway station on Sunday. I suppose we shall remain here till September 2. We have been reading Anstey's "Giant's Robe," and like it on the whole. "Richard Feverel's Ordeal" we could not get. How are Mrs. Arnold and her treasure, with his ever-exploring and ever-deducing mind? His happiness is the opposite of mine, which is at present to ignore the existence of everything intellectual; to propound no problem and to solve none—to criticise nothing, to speculate upon nothing, to indulge in no dreams of imagination, and to draw no "valuable" conclusions from facts—the last a process to which in my best times I was never greatly addicted. To lie under the shadow of a tree, or to bask on the beach and see through a haze how blue the sky is, how white the fleck of a passing sail, to hear the happy laughter of children, and to feel that for the present life has no worries, no duties, no exacting pleasures and no sterner virtue than that of enjoying the listless bliss and being thankful for it. This is our enjoyment, and I would it were yours. With love to you all, Philip participating.

Ever thine,

WESTLAND MARSTON.

[Marston had little acquaintance with the works of George Meredith, but being a warm admirer of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," I induced him to read it. He was much out of health at the time, but the next letter gives some impressions. I remember his saying at a later time, that he thought the chapter called "An Enchantress," a most masterly piece of work.]

DEAL,
August 27, 1884.

We have nightly been availing ourselves of your kindness in the loan of "Richard Feverel," about which I positively will not say much until I see you; especially as we are not much more than half-way through it. We came upon many things the flavour

of which we greatly relished—upon some things too that seemed to us a little ambitious and forced—or somewhat vague. But a book must be read through before it can be fairly judged of. There are some subtle beauties in "Richard Feverel" that not only charm when read, but are worth storing in the memory.

I may return on Tuesday next week. Do you know London now begins to wear a rather inviting look to me, and I look to reseeing it with that kind of restrained and mitigated interest which befits one who knows that to indulge keen desires is to prepare for oneself keen disappointments. I shall have had the journey over, and subside for a while into "effortlessness," which for a time has its charm for me now, and with respect to better things than mere sensation. I shall have the happiness of greeting the few friends who are dear to me, which, of course, implies an early infliction of myself upon you and Mrs. Arnold.

DOVER,
August 31, 1885.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Many thanks for your last kind letter. . . . I am greatly attached to Dover. One morning we went to Calais, returning the same day. It was a sad experience, but not without charm to see again the old gate-way of the Continent, where I had been with those who were dearest to me in the days of comparative youth and success, and when I returned to friends of whom only a unit here and there remains, in whose generous sympathy and appreciation I found the best rewards for old exertions, and the best incentives to new ones. I am not well enough, as I said in my last, to write a line worth reading. You know how glad I always am to hear of the interests and welfare of you all. With affectionate regards—in which Philip joins—to all of you,

Yours ever,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

The next letter was written after the death of his son.

LONDON, *March* 20, 1887.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I had fully hoped to be with you to-night, or I should have written before. However, the intense cold and a disabling headache prevented. When released from your Haymarket duties, charitably spend an evening here. You have doubtless seen in the papers Irving's princely designs towards me. Love to all.

Yours ever most sincerely,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

LONDON, *June* 6, 1888.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I was rejoiced to hear from you. Of course a great number of things have happened to me; but few, I think, of public interest. I am up to the chin in correspondence for friends and acquaintances and in the correction of my proofs. There is no dramatic news of any interest that I am aware of. Here we go, as all our progenitors have done, recording "the little nothings of the hour," and endeavouring to feel interest in them, while such a veil hangs over all that might truly interest all that belongs to immortal destiny and fitness for it, that one almost loses the energy to explore. I think Life would indeed be wretched without some faith in a Divine Good, but oh, I am weak enough to wish that one could live by *sight* as well as by Faith, or that Faith were so strong as to be identical with sight. With best love to you all,

Ever your sincere friend,
WESTLAND MARSTON.

September 12, 1888.

All my friends speak with admiration of Mansfield's performance, especially of his Mr. Hyde. They almost

inspire my torpid mind with a resolution to make its acquaintance. . . . Knight came down to Brighton while I was there, looking in wondrous full-blown health. . . . I am trying to read the "Tatler" again. I fancy that that publication, and even the "Spectator," were overrated. Give us something new.

November 5, 1888.

I am sincerely glad that you are on your pins again. You seem to have suffered a more serious injury than I at first suspected. I am glad you found diversion in such dear old friends as Sir Walter Scott and others. How well I remember the days when as a boy I used first to read the Waverley Novels as they came out. The very smell of the binding is fresh in my nostrils, because identified with my delights. When do you propose to resume literary work on your own account, and in what form? I have read nothing lately except a few sensational novels, and at breakfast Pepys, Evelyn, and so forth, again and again. You will probably have seen by the advertisements that my book has been very generously noticed.[1] You will regret to hear that my dear friend Mrs. Dallas is very dangerously ill. She is an excellent woman as well as a genius, and my anxiety about her is very great.

December 5, 1888.

Amongst my late pleasures has been the renewal of my relation with my old friend Sir Theodore and Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), both of whom have shown the kindest interest in my well-being.

February 6, 1889.

I have been reading nothing to report of lately. Pepys, Evelyn, the "Tatler," and the "Spectator" have been again my chief breakfast companions, while

[1] "Recollections of our Recent Actors."

at night I try to beguile myself with a novel. . . . I fear that poetry and fiction have fallen off of late. We come across few ideals and few examples of realities that we can really take into our affections and feel the better for knowing.

March 21, 1889.

Nettleship the artist spent last evening here. I think you knew him. A few days ago he had been lunching with Browning, from whom he read me an interesting letter as to his plan of work. . . . I am quite grieved for Toole. Love to you all.

The infinite sadness of the career of his son Philip Bourke Marston makes writing of him no light task. Even if exercised over a limited field, and even if—from the nature of things—much of his verse is sorrowful and despairing, there can be little doubt, I think, but that he had true poetic genius. But many of his friends living are more competent than I am to speak of his work. He was blind from a very early age—his loss of sight actually supervened, I believe, on an attack of measles ; and he had never—it has been said on good authority—really seen the faces of those whom he loved.

His first grief was the loss of his mother. A young companion—a youth of genius, who was "hands to his friend, as well as eyes," Oliver Madox Brown, was taken from him at an early age. He became betrothed to a beautiful girl, and was with her and her parents on the Continent as the time of their marriage approached. Apparently she was in good health, when one day she died with a suddenness that was terrible. After this grievous loss, his younger sister, who had become his constant and devoted companion, faded out of life. In less than twelve months' time he lost his married sister, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, whose husband, Philip's brother poet, followed her but a little while after. He made a friend of Dante

Rossetti, and on Easter Day of 1882 he too passed away.

Causes enough surely for heartfelt sorrow. As his friend Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton said: "His song came from a heart that bled, and the impulse that urged him to express in a sonnet or a lyric the sad images that came to him in the darkness, was as genuine as that which urges the lark to ease his joy in song." This eminent critic was a friend of Philip's; Rossetti and Swinburne both had a high regard for him. The latter wrote a graceful sonnet on him which appeared in the "Athenæum" a few days after his death; and Mr. Herbert E. Clarke's Monody, of which he is the subject, is a very beautiful tribute. His friends, the late William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod") and Mr. Coulson Kernahan, have also, among others, written verses to his memory.

Some of Philip Marston's lyrics are capable of appealing to all. "A Garden Reverie," which appeared originally in the "Cornhill Magazine," has, I think, an exquisite charm.

> "I hear the sweeping, fitful breeze
> This early night in June."

And what can be more lovely than "Thy Garden," "Garden Fairies," and "The Flower and the Hand"—or that earlier lyric, so much admired, "The Rose and the Wind"?

He had a most lovable nature, and it was a privilege that fell to me occasionally to join him in his rooms, where, with his friends, he held a sort of intellectual symposium. After his death, these comrades to perpetuate his memory established "The Marston Club"—a mark of respect also to his father, who was deeply gratified at the compliment to them both. This society afterwards became known as "The Vagabond Club."

Some of Dr. Marston's earliest literary efforts were contributed to "The Sunbeam," which was edited by

John A. Heraud in 1839, etc. Heraud was an epic poet and the author of a "Life of Savonarola." One section of his collected poems was called "The Judgment of the Flood." Another the "Ingathering."

There is a story that used to be told of Heraud years ago, which I have since seen in print, characterised by more point than politeness. He one day met Douglas Jerrold soon after the publication of one of his more important poems. "Jerrold," he asked anxiously, have you seen my "Descent into Hell"? "No," replied Jerrold, "but I hope to do so one of these days." Although now forgotten, his work gave him the friendship of Wordsworth, Southey, and Lockhart.

Among other plays, his "Wife or No Wife" was acted at the Haymarket, "Videna" at the Marylebone, and his adaptation of "Medea" in many theatres.

In a letter dated July 9, 1883, which I received from the late W. E. Church, he says: "John Abraham Heraud on the 5th entered his eighty-fifth year. He goes about in an immaterial sort of body, but with his imagination ever on the wing, and with powers of memory unimpaired. A few evenings since, in his almost monkish solitude at the Charterhouse, he detailed to me his first interview with Coleridge, an event which occurred at Highgate more than fifty-five years ago."[1]

A very close friend of Westland Marston's was the late Charles James Dunphie, of the "Morning Post." Besides being a critic, he was a charming essayist and verse-writer. His rhymes with Latin refrains were very skilful. Gladstone, I believe, was a great admirer of his work. Though I met him rarely, I much enjoyed his society. His personal graciousness and cultivated mind were delightful; he had also a most

[1] Heraud died in 1887, and in 1909 Church himself passed away in the Charterhouse, at the age of seventy-seven. He had been for thirty-two years honorary secretary of the Urban Club, which held him in the highest regard.

delicate sense of humour. After leaving London I unfortunately lost sight of him, as was the case with many friends. He died in 1908, in his eighty-eighth year. It was but a short time before his death that his "Many Coloured Essays" was published, a charming and piquant volume, which should appeal to all with a love for classical lore. Here are a few pleasant lines I had from him:

HIGH STREET,
LYMINGTON,
HANTS,
August 8, 1884.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Pray accept my best thanks for your kind letter. It was most thoughtful and friendly of you to write to me. This is a most lovely place, quite out of the beaten track—a quaint, picturesque, old-world place suggestive to this day of Rufus. The surrounding scenery is charming in its combination of the sylvan and the marine. And oh! the delightful English sentiment of the landscapes, so peaceful, so placid, and so rich in all that sea, river, and forest can afford of most beautiful and bewitching. I wish you and Mrs. Archer and your boy were here. From our dear friend Westland Marston I have had such a letter as few but he can write. He is in very pleasant quarters, dear old fellow: "Cor Cordium," as I ever call him. I hope you continue to do at the Strand as good business as—regard being had to the season and the superb weather—can be reasonably expected. I could well wish you at some "Strand" more expressive of the "Briny." To hear from you again will give me real pleasure. With all kind remembrances to Mrs. Archer,

Believe me,
Ever thine,
C. J. DUNPHIE.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. published last year a

volume of "Memories" of an artist I had the pleasure of seeing in the June of 1880—the Polish actress, Helena Modjeska. She was the daughter of Michael Opido, a music-master at Cracow, and at seventeen married her guardian, M. Modrzejewski, the name being shortened, for euphony's sake, to the one by which she was generally known. When but twenty-one she was left a widow, and a few years afterwards married Count Chlapowski, a Polish patriot and journalist. Her success on her first appearance at the Court Theatre was unmistakable. It was emphasised later (1882) at the Haymarket in "Odette," with the Bancrofts, as they have recorded. I saw her only in "Heartsease," adapted by Mr. James Mortimer from "La Dame aux Camélias," and I thought her acting wonderfully fine. She spoke with a foreign accent, which was inevitable, but her mastery of our tongue was, on the whole, extraordinary. She was also seen as Juliet, Mary Stuart, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and in a play by W. G. Wills called "Juana." Her death took place at Los Angeles, California, in 1909.

On July 16, 1880, I attended the funeral, at Brompton Cemetery, of my old and valued friend Tom Taylor. He passed away rather suddenly in his sixty-third year, and was buried near the grave of his parents, I believe. There was a large assembly of friends at the cemetery, and much real feeling was shown at his comparatively early death. The way in which he held out a hand to those who did not trifle or dally in their pursuits has been clearly intimated. He was practically helpful, in fact, to all earnest art workers. As John Stuart Blackie said, "He was a gentleman and scholar, with not a scrap of the low or vulgar in his composition." Miss Ellen Terry, notably, in her clever book, "The Story of My Life," has told of his constant kindness to herself and her sisters. The following lines from a sonnet by George Meredith I find quoted by Mr. Spielman in his interesting

"History of 'Punch.'" They appeared in "The Cornhill Magazine."

To a Friend Recently Lost, T. T.

When I remember, Friend, whom lost I call
Because a man beloved is taken hence,
The tender humour and the fire of sense
In your good eyes; how full of heart for all;
And chiefly for the weaker by the wall,
You bore that light of sane benevolence:
Yes, the "weaker by the wall" stood first with him!"

In the spring of 1881 I was engaged at the Princess's Theatre to play the part of a French Colonel in a melodrama called "Branded." For the sake of my friend, Richard Lee, the author, if not for the management, I wished that it had been a greater success. There were about fifty performances of it. It was not a very agreeable engagement. For the first time in my stage experience I was asked to make my entrance on horseback. As I knew nothing of riding, some instruction in the art was necessary, so I put myself into the hands of that splendid horseman, the late Frederick W. Allen, of Bryanston Square, a popular and much-respected instructor. He had led the Empress of Austria and the Queen of Naples in the hunting-field on their visits to England, and had won races for the old Duke of Portland. He died in 1907 in his eighty-sixth year, and I have heard that almost to the last he was able to perfect young horses for hacking, and to enjoy a good day's hunting. His skill and management with horses were very exceptional. At a horse show at the Agricultural Hall, I once saw him riding with quiet dignity a magnificent Irish bay mare, and she seemed to be the most quiet, tractable creature. I met Allen afterwards and said so. "Do you know," he answered, "that is one of the greatest demons I ever mounted!" He then took me round to the stall and showed me the beast, and I

realised that though beauty was there, docility was not.

It was in 1881 that we came to know the late Dr. and Mrs. Julius Pollock, at whose pleasant parties in Harley Street we occasionally appeared. I am not aware that Dr. Pollock—a very agreeable fellow—ever wrote plays, but Mrs. Pollock did, and there was considerable merit in some of them. One, in which I think James Fernandez acted, was produced at a London theatre. Two novels also of hers, I believe, were published. Among many well-known people I recall our meeting at their house were Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Crichett (now Sir Anderson and Lady Crichett), the late A. W. Dubourg (part author of "New Men and Old Acres"), Sir John and Lady Monckton, Clifford Harrison, Arthur Cecil, George Grossmith, Henry Neville, etc., etc.

In the early summer of 1881 I enjoyed two performances of the celebrated Meiningen Company—"Julius Cæsar" and "The Winter's Tale." The *ensemble* in all stage matters was admirable, but it did not appear to me that there was any special inspiration in the acting generally—nothing, in short, that could not be equalled by English artists. Shortly afterwards I was at a public dinner, when three of its members, Herren Barnay, Nesper, and Teller, were present.

Early in 1882 Thomas Thorne—more familiarly and kindly known as "Tom Thorne"—who was then the sole lessee of the Vaudeville Theatre, revived "The School for Scandal." William Farren was the Sir Peter Teazle; Henry Neville, Charles Surface; Miss Ada Cavendish, Lady Teazle, and myself, Joseph. Without giving the full list of characters, it may be said that the cast was an exceptional one. The expenses were high, and the holding capacity of the theatre limited, but it was acted for nearly a hundred times. Charles Green made a full-page drawing of the screen-scene for the "Graphic."

Three of us gave him sittings at his studio, but the Sir Peter he had to sketch as he could in the theatre.

I have spoken of the difficulty of judging one's fellow-actors when working with them; but this is no hindrance to appreciating the spirit in which a play is rendered. The Vaudeville revival was a case in point. The acting had the breadth and effect necessary for old comedy. In scenery and costume the production fell far short of the Bancrofts' revival, but the "go" of the thing was superb. Applause is not to be depended on as an indication of artistic merit; but it shows when an audience is pleased, and I have known this little theatre on some nights when these old comedies were done, to rock again with euthusiasm.

It is curious that one audience will differ from another as much as one person will do. An amusing illustration of this occurred ten or twelve weeks after "The School for Scandal" had been running. At the end of the Screen scene there was always great applause, and the four principals were, as usual, summoned before the act-drop to receive the gratulations of the house. One evening—it was a Monday, I remember—after the scene was over there was the usual burst of applause, and we were just preparing to cross the stage when—a dead silence followed! No curtain wriggling had the slightest effect. In short, the audience did not want us. We all burst into a hearty laugh and walked away to our different dressing-rooms. On every occasion on which the play was given, except this one, we were called, appeared before the act-drop, and duly applauded.

Here is a little incident connected with Sir Spencer Wells that we thought rather droll at the time. One show-day in April 1882 the great surgeon asked my wife and myself to join him and his daughters to go and see Edwin Long's Academy pictures, on view at his house in Fitzjohn's Avenue. We were received

16

by a splendid Nubian, who ushered in the visitors. He was draped, beturbaned, and armed, and with his fine eyes and thick lips looked every inch a denizen of the East. He came forward to take our names. Now, Spencer Wells was sometimes apt to speak, as Milton says, "exceeding close and inward," but after giving his name we were rather astonished to hear the Nubian exclaim boldly, "Ze Prince of Wales!" He bowed in the profoundest manner, and in another moment, if he had not been corrected, would have announced the heir to the throne to a somewhat fashionable assembly; although it would have been difficult to find two persons more unlike each other than our late King and the eminent surgeon.

In that treasure-house of amusing tales, "Old and Odd Memories," by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, a companion story to this appears. A friend told him that when Sir Bartle Frere called on his mother in India, the native servant, sorely perplexed by his name, announced him as "Bottled Beer Sahib."

Early in December Sheridan's "Rivals" was produced by Thorne at the Vaudeville, two clever actresses joining the company for the occasion—Mrs. Stirling and Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude)—who appeared as Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia Languish. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute were the late William Farren and Henry Neville; Acres by the manager; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, John Maclean; Fag, J. R. Crauford; David, Arthur Wood, and Faulkland, myself. Miss Alma Murray was Julia and Miss Kate Phillips Lucy. The comedy was acted for over two hundred times.

Mrs. Stirling (Lady Gregory) I had always known as a true artist. It was no surprise to find that personally she came within my formula, and was a very charming and delightful woman. Her second husband, Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, an eminent engineer, was a son of Dr. Olinthus Gregory the

Photo by Window & Grove.

MRS. STIRLING.

p. 242]

mathematician, who, with his daughter, was known to my father in years gone by—a fact I became aware of after Mrs. Stirling's death. I never, of course, saw Mrs. Glover act, but towards the end of her career Mrs. Stirling played several parts in the répertoire of her predecessor. Those who had the keenest recollection of Mrs. Glover asserted that Mrs. Stirling's performance of Mrs. Malaprop was the finest example of old comedy acting left to the stage.

Wilkie Collins sent me the following, after seeing the play :

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE W.,
May 5.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I most sincerely thank you for a delightful evening. Pray add my thanks to Mr. Thorne for his kindness, and my congratulations on his admirable performance of Acres. He and Mrs. Stirling are comedians in the highest and best sense of the word. And let me not forget Faulkland. You made the most idiotic character on the British stage (written, I am firmly convinced, in some of Sheridan's most utterly drunken moments), a gentleman in presence and manner—the victim of his own bad temper. If I had been working with you, as in the days of the "Magdalen," I should have protested against a hardness here and there, and a little hurry in elocution (natural enough, having such words to speak!), and there is the beginning and the end of my criticism.

Ever yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

What an excellent audience last night!

The reputation of William Roxby Beverley was known to me long before I met him at one of Lady Wells's "At Homes." I am not old enough to recall

his triumphs in scene-painting at the Lyceum under Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews.

The glories of "The Island of Jewels," "Prince Charming," and "The Good Woman in the Wood" were known to me only by repute; but I remember on the Derby Day of 1859, when but a boy, going to Albert Smith's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. It was called "China" (advertised all over London by a large willow-pattern plate), and succeeded his "Mont Blanc." On this occasion I enjoyed Beverley's charming work in the form of paintings, which were an accompaniment to the agreeable chat—for it was too informal to be called a lecture—of the clever entertainer. I know it was on the great race-day of the year mentioned, because in a sort of improvised patter at the piano I can recall him reeling off:

> "Here's the very latest news that I have,
> Musjid's the winner of the Derby!"

It was one of Sir J. Hawley's successes. It was rather strange that Albert Smith died on the following Derby Day. He was very successful, but, unfortunately, "burnt the candle at both ends." His "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," "Christopher Tadpole," and "The Pottleton Legacy" were popular when I was very young. Beverley was a very well-informed man, with literary tastes of a superior sort, and his reminiscences, it is needless to say, were full of interest. Our intimacy was limited, but one day we spent together in the summer of 1882 I much enjoyed. Learning that he was an angler, I got permission from some friends in Surrey—not an ideal county for fishermen—to try for trout in a millstream in a beautiful part of the county. Beverley, though over seventy years of age, was delighted at the idea. (What a pity that ideas are not always consummations!)

We left Waterloo early one lovely July morning, and on reaching the station for which we had booked put our tackle into a carriage, and soon arrived at our destination. Sport was the only thing to complete our enjoyment. The surroundings of the mill were all that could be desired, and the weather was perfect, but, alas! there was no fishing for us! The water had been run off, and, owing to some little misunderstanding, had not been induced to return in time. We did not use language attributed to golfers, but, vexing as it was, took things (which afterwards included luncheon) philosophically. We could not help calling to mind Leech's "Punch" drawing: "Ah, sir, you should ha' bin here last Toosday." A disappointment shared is half conquered, and, in seeing the country on such a day, we had a rare treat. Only a dweller in sweet Surrey can tell how exquisite the hills are sometimes. Beverley was able to appreciate the scenery to the full (comparing it with that of other places. I remember his emphatic "Of its kind there is nothing more beautiful *anywhere*!"). I do not think we met again after this. He died in 1889, at the age of seventy-eight.

As "Money" was played at the Vaudeville Theatre all through the summer, I took rooms at Datchet for myself and family. We have some pleasant remembrances of fishing excursions with Mr. and Mrs. George Grossmith and Mr. Rutland Barrington. Other friends were there, full of kindness and suggestions for our comfort.

In October, one afternoon when we had returned to town, I met for the first time at Dr. Westland Marston's the American poet, Louise Chandler Moulton, a gifted and charming woman, whose friends in England were numerous. Later I remember that she called on my wife's birthday with Philip Marston to offer congratulations and good wishes. One of her volumes of beautiful verse, "The Garden of Dreams," was prefaced by a dedication to the memory of the

latter poet and his sister Cicely. Mrs. Moulton's "Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere" is very delightfully written.

On July 9, about midnight, when the theatres were closed, a supper was given by my old manager, Squire Bancroft, at the Garrick Club to Henry Irving, in honour of his approaching departure for America. To say that it was well ordered, generous, and in the best possible taste is to say that it was given by Bancroft. With but one or two exceptions, the guests invited were actors. Whatever differences of opinion there might be as to the histrionic gifts of the guest, there was none as to his kindness to brother actors, his managerial skill, and to the position which he had attained.

The assembly comprised all the actors who were then to the fore in London. A French actor, M. Pierre Berton, and several well-known American artists were among the invited; J. S. Clarke, J. T. Raymond, and Laurence Barrett. I met the last-named actor for the first time on this occasion, and enjoyed a pleasant talk with him. The only speakers at the supper were Bancroft, Irving, Hare, and Toole, and they all spoke well. Nothing could have passed off with greater success and enjoyment.

The run of the "Rivals" terminated about the middle of July. This was followed by a very pleasant holiday in Bedfordshire and Derbyshire. Thanks to the kindness of my friend Mr. G. L. Denman—now the well-known London magistrate—I was able to enjoy some fishing near Bakewell, whose neighbourhood gives access to the beauties of the Wye and the Derwent—to the scenery at least, if not to the trout.

We were back in London on September 1, having met old friends, and made new ones during our absence. The memories of the glens and dales of Haddon, Chatsworth, and the neighbourhood, the "Peacock" at Rowsley (under the pleasant super-

vision of Mrs. Cooper and her niece), kind receptions at country-houses, with the agreeable faces we met everywhere are still pleasantly vivid.

And now "I slide o'er" some thirteen years, and come to 1896 for a few moments. In that year there appeared a well and pleasantly written volume called "A Few Memories," by Mary Anderson, in which the fair actress sketched her career on the stage. She told of her being born in the beautiful country of California; and of her father's death at the age of twenty-four, when she was but three years old; of her mother's remarriage with a surgeon and Major in the Southern Army; of his reminiscences of Sherman and Grant, to whom in after-years he introduced his stepdaughter; of his personal acquaintance with Stonewall Jackson and Robert Lee; also of her being taken when eight years old to the Convent of The Ursulines; of her first appearance on the stage at Louisville. Then she speaks of her first going "abroad" in 1878, and of her visit to Paris, where she sees a performance of "Hernani" by the members of the Comédie Française—Sarah Bernhardt, Got, Worms, and Mounet-Sully; and of her afterwards interviewing Victor Hugo in his own house. Then how five years afterwards (in 1883) she first appeared in London, and to alter Cæsar's phrase a little, "Came, was seen, and conquered." There she met Browning, Tennyson, Gladstone, and all sorts of eminent people. And, moreover, sat to Watts for her picture. She tells us of her homes at Maida Vale, at Kensington, and at Hampstead; and how, finally, in 1889 she became engaged to Antonio F. de Navarro, and in the following year was married to him at the little Catholic Church in the north of London.

Now to return to 1883. In my own interest, as well as that of Westland Marston, I was trying to get an actress capable of playing Charlotte Corday, and a management which would produce the drama.

I thought it possible I might "do something," as actors say, with Marat. Miss Mary Anderson, under the auspices of Henry E. Abbey, the American manager, had just made her first appearance at the Lyceum in Mrs. Lovell's old play "Ingomar"—an adaptation from the German. Mr. J. H. Barnes was the Barbarian. I had often acted in it during my novitiate; and though there is a strain of beauty in its story, I cannot say I expected much from this particular version; but I was greatly and agreeably surprised. The actress gave a very charming and poetical rendering of the heroine, and I came away with the conviction that she could play Charlotte Corday splendidly if she would. I was communicating with Marston on the matter, when I had an offer to act Beauseant in "The Lady of Lyons" with her. The character was not a tempting one, but the terms offered me were good, and I thought it might give me the opportunity of introducing the play in which I was then interested. However, our plans for "Charlotte Corday" did not succeed, but "The Lady of Lyons" did. It was played to crowded houses; and this seems to have been the rule whenever and wherever Mary Anderson acted.

Following Pauline in Bulwer's old play, came Galatea, in Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea." She also played later in the same author's "Comedy and Tragedy," written expressly for her. Then in 1885 came Juliet, and afterwards Hermione and Perdita. Rosalind she acted at Stratford-on-Avon. In spite of her great and exceptional success, it was gratifying to find that it did not in the slightest degree spoil her. She remained the same kind, thoughtful, and agreeable woman as before. We were welcomed by her at her home in Cromwell Road, Kensington; and it was always a pleasure to meet her handsome mother, her frank, manly brother, and her courteous stepfather, the late Dr. Hamilton Griffen.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

MARY ANDERSON AS JULIET.

p. 248]

When, in 1901, I was staying for a day or two with some friends in Worcestershire, very near to her home, I hoped for the pleasure of seeing her. Unfortunately she was away at the seaside; but she wrote me very kindly and cordially, with much regret that she could not ask me to meet her husband and son, and show me their pretty village and quaint little home. "That must be," she continues, "for another time—*espérons*." I still live in that hope.

CHAPTER VIII

1883, 1884, and 1885

From before the time of my marriage, in 1879, up to about the period I write of, if not later, I was, I am afraid, more given to club life than was quite justifiable in a man of domestic tastes and habits. I was one of the original members of the Green Room Club. A large proportion of them, it is sad to reflect, are gone over to the great majority. An older club was the already-mentioned Arundel, which in its palmy days numbered some very brilliant lights. Frank Talfourd, Dante Rossetti, Joseph Knight, F. Sandys, J. M. Whistler, Albert Moore, Tom Hood, W. S. Gilbert, H. S. Leigh, T. W. Robertson, and Arthur Sketchley, are but a few literary and artistic names that occur to me. There was more than a sprinkling of clever actors too. I did not become a member until 1883, though often a guest in earlier years. It is not possible to forget "The Mermaid" in recalling certain nights that are flown, and how we

> "heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame," etc.

Often, too, I had the pleasure of a visit with some friends to the "Oxford and Cambridge," the "Arts," the "Savage," the "Hogarth," or the "Crichton." I was never at the "Beefsteak," I think, and the "Fielding" I only once visited; but though not a member, I was an occasional guest at the "Garrick,"

At the end of the year Miss Ada Cavendish entered into an arrangement with Miss Nelly Harris (a sister of Sir Augustus Harris), who then had the Novelty Theatre in Great Queen Street, to revive "The New Magdalen" again, and I was engaged for Julian Gray. Collins writes:

90, Gloucester Place, W.,
December 20, 1883.

My dear Archer,

When I consented to the "revival," the cast depended on my approval, and I expressly stipulated that you should be the first person to whom we applied—if we were lucky enough to find you disengaged. You will now know how glad I am to hear that I am to be helped by my old comrade. Our chance of success depends entirely, in my opinion, on making the public understand that there is such a theatre, and on telling them where to find it.

Ever yours,
W. C.

The first night of the revival was January 5, when the play was received with its old enthusiasm, Miss Cavendish, it being generally acknowledged, acting Mercy Merrick better than ever. Collins sent me the following:

90, Gloucester Place,
January 8, 1884.

My dear Archer,

"This delightfully mild weather" unnerves me, and the form of rheumatism, which moderns call neuralgia, follows as a matter of course. On Saturday last I was with you in the spirit—and here in the flesh. On Sunday Mr. Charles kindly called to tell me the good news. In this way I know you did noble justice to your part, and that you were never more entirely and admirably the "Julian Gray" that I only imagined than on that first night of our revival.

Ever yours,
Wilkie Collins.

On February 5 he came himself to see the play:

February 8, 1884.

My dear Archer,

A word to tell you that no one among your audience on Tuesday night admired your performance of Julian Gray more sincerely than I did. Excepting here and there a little tendency to hurry in the delivery of the words, your acting was the acting of a true artist throughout—admirable in its quiet dignity and reticence, in its complete freedom from stage artifice, and in its easy, faithful, and subtle presentation of the character. I watched the audience narrowly from time to time, and I always saw the same strong impression produced on them, a far more valuable tribute than conventional clapping of hands. *That* recognition you received at the right time, viz., when you were called. I had hoped to *say* this instead of writing it, but I am so busy just now that I can only get away from my desk in the evening.

Always most truly yours,
Wilkie Collins.

No communication could have been more gratifying than the above.

On the evening of February 14 the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late King and the Queen-Mother, came to see the performance, with, I think, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The Prince of Wales (King Edward), who came on the stage to congratulate Miss Cavendish, very kindly said some gracious things again to me, and recalled its original production at the Olympic eleven years before. A few evenings later the Duchess of Edinburgh and suite came to see the play. Including matinées, there were sixty-one performances of this, the second London revival.

I had never seen the dramatised version of "The

Woman in White," and I asked Collins to let me read it.

March 6, 1884.

My dear Archer,

Here is a copy of "The Woman in White" play, sent with the greatest pleasure. As a *reader*, you will get a better idea of the piece if I send to you (as I do) a copy without the stage alterations. I mean to alter further (before the piece is played again) in the way of simplifying the story if possible. The great fault of the work at present is the intricacy of the story. The one thing to remember with justifiable pride—in the matter of "The Magdalen"—is that we have set an example in the art of the stage which has produced a strong impression, and which was very much wanted at this time.

Ever yours,
W. C.

The next letter, from Charles Green, refers to some sittings for two portraits in water-colour—one for his own special pleasure, he said. The figure was cloaked and the head was surmounted by a magnificent military helmet. The other portrait, *in propriâ personâ*, was a gift to myself, with which it was a great pleasure to me in turn, to surprise my wife on her birthday a short time afterwards.

Charlecote,
Hampstead Hill Gardens,
September 2, 1884.

My dear Archer,

I returned last night and have had rather a wet time of it; but managed to be out of doors all the time except yesterday morning, when it did just pour "something orful." I have been staying at the Vicarage, and feel so much better for it. The parson was not at home, or perhaps it would be otherwise. To-morrow I have a model, but if you feel inclined to come and have your head taken off next day or

Friday, I shall be very pleased, or another day if more convenient to you. I have put the helmet on to you, and you now look like Shaw the Lifeguardsman, or Shaw of the Fire Brigade—I'm not shaw which. With kind regards to your wife,

Yours very truly,
C. GREEN.

In the month of October a lady passed away whom by an accident I once met. Her long life stored her memory with many striking episodes.

One lovely autumn day in 1876 I was with my brother fishing in the beautiful lake at Southill Park in Bedfordshire, for which we had obtained permission. A little active old lady dressed very quietly—not to say shabbily—in black, fell into conversation with us. Her manner was very taking, and we were both pleased to talk to her—more particularly as she showed a keen interest in the results of our angling. In the change of topics, it came out that my brother was resident in Paris, and had suffered the experiences of the Siege and the Commune disasters. She lighted up, and became intensely absorbed in it all—mentioning many interesting details of her own recollections of the gay city.

She left us after quite a long chat, with the wish that we might have good sport. We wondered who this lady could be, "alone and palely loitering" in that solitary and beautiful park. Not till some time afterwards did we learn that it was Lady Mary Whitbread. She was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Albemarle, and came into the world as Lady Mary Keppel in 1794. She would therefore be eighty-two at the time we met her. Though she had lived through three generations of her contemporaries, it is said that her memory was unclouded to the last. She was intimate in her youth with the Princess Charlotte. When she was thirty-one years old, she married Mr. Frederick Henry Stephenson of the Board of Customs, who died

in 1858. At Brooks's Club he was known as "Boots," on account of his wearing the Hessians in fashion during the Regency. Lady Mary's wonderful vitality is instanced by the fact of her youngest daughter being born when she had passed her fiftieth year. It was always said that the life and courage of the Keppels were marvellous. They traced their descent from Holland, and were a long-lived race.

Lady Mary Stephenson remained unmarried for ten years. When she was seventy-five she became the wife of Samuel Charles Whitbread. Her wonderful health and vigour she attributed to constantly taking much walking exercise. Until her second marriage she never had a carriage of her own. Until past sixty no stress of weather would keep her a single day in the house; and when she was nearly ninety she was as firm and upright as ever.

Much lamented, I believe, by Queen Victoria, she died, surrounded by "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." Her second husband "old Sam Whitbread," as he was called in Bedfordshire, I did once speak to. I found him, in manners—well—grumpy, to say the least. But I have enjoyed many happy days in his beautiful park at Southill, and in gratitude it ill becomes me to say anything depreciatory.

I come to the particulars of a visit that I once paid to the late Lord Tennyson, and which was in the nature of a red-letter day with me. It was in 1884 that "Becket" was published. Sir Spencer Wells, with the idea of furthering my interests, very kindly spoke of me to his eminent *confrère*, the late Sir James Paget, who was a personal friend of the Tennysons. From what I subsequently learnt, Irving had been in communication with the Laureate about the play, though at the time it was published he was in America. At the interview I am about to speak of, I gathered that Tennyson was hurt at Irving's negligence and indecision. Some light was thrown on the subject, however, when the "Life" of the Poet by his son—the present Lord

Tennyson—appeared. He speaks of Irving's refusal of the play in 1879, and in 1891 asking to produce it, as the taste of the public had changed. Quoting, too, from Allingham's Diary, not published till some years later, we find :

"We spoke (August 1, 1880) of the stage. "Irving won't answer letters. . . . I gave him my Thomas à Becket: he said it was magnificent, but it would cost him £3,000 to mount it; he couldn't afford the risk. If well put on the stage, it would act for a time, and it would bring me credit (he said), but it wouldn't pay. He said, 'If you give me something short I'll do it.' So I wrote him a play in two acts, 'The Cup.' The worst of writing for the stage is, you must keep some actor always in your mind."

Full details of the eventual production of "Becket" in 1893, and its success will be found duly given in the "Life." Tennyson died October 1892. It may be remembered that it was after the performance of "Becket" at Bradford in 1905 that Irving breathed his last.

To return to 1884. In the December of that year, Sir Spencer Wells told me that he had learnt from Sir James Paget that Tennyson would be agreeable to the production of the play, if a manager could be found. We talked of Wilson Barrett, who then had the Princess's Theatre. The idea of his name, I think, must have originated with the Tennysons. Be that as it may, I wrote to Wilson Barrett and laid the facts before him. I said that candidly I did not believe that any alteration, in spite of its many beauties, would make it a good acting play, but that I should regret if the matter fell through on the strength of one opinion, and that it might serve his—Wilson Barrett's—purpose. He replied at once.

"It would have to be rewritten and reconstructed —I do not think the author would alter it as it must be altered, before it could succeed." This was the end of the matter as far as Wilson Barrett was con-

cerned. In Tennyson's Dedication of the play to Lord Selborne he speaks of it as "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre": so that he must have realised that considerable alteration would have been necessary for the stage. The following letter of Sir James Paget, with a card from Hallam Tennyson, was sent me one morning by Sir Spencer Wells, endorsed:

"Dear Archer, of course you will take advantage of this."

1, Harewood Place,
Hanover Square, W.,
January 7, 1885.

My dear Sir Spencer,—

I could not write to Mr. Tennyson directly after receiving your note, for I had to go out of town. While I was away the enclosed card came, which I must ask you—for I do not know his address—to forward to Mr. Archer. In another note Mr. Tennyson says that Monday at luncheon would suit them best for receiving him.

Sincerely yours,
James Paget.

The card was to the effect that Lord Tennyson would be delighted to talk with me, but that he had not any intention at present of producing the play, although some actors had already applied to him. "If, however," it continued, "Mr. Archer likes to come down to Aldworth some afternoon we shall be very glad to welcome him, but *not* on business."

It was with great delight I received these communications, and I was only too pleased to take advantage of such an invitation. It was not easy for me to realise that I was to meet our great poet face to face. Whatever might result, I was only too glad of such an opportunity, and particularly pleased that the visit was not to be a business one.

I had no possible influence or means to take a

theatre and produce "Becket," and could only hope to get some manager to consider the matter; and, if success followed, trust to getting engaged to act some good part in the play. I did not, as I have said, believe in it as an acting play in the general sense. Irving's personality and gifts, with the command of the one theatre devoted to the higher drama, with his social influence, and with all the resources that he could bring to bear on the play, might—as was eventually proved—carry it through triumphantly; of course, only after considerable alterations had been made.

The way in which it was altered and adapted for the stage I have no knowledge of. Mr. Bram Stoker, in his "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving," says that "the adapted play was only five-sevenths of the original length." In a further note the present Lord Tennyson remarks that "though Irving's arrangement has been criticised as too episodical, the thread of human interest remains strong enough for its purpose, as from first to last it holds the audience in an attitude of rapt attention."

But to my visit. On January 12, 1885, I went down to Haslemere. On reaching the station the driver of a little pony car asked me my name, and said he was instructed to take me to Aldworth. We were then joined by another gentleman, whose clever-looking, bespectacled face was not known to me. He was also bound for the home of the poet. We got into the car, and soon fell into pleasant talk together.

My companion, I found, was Mr. C. Villiers Stanford—now known as Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—the eminent composer. I learnt that he had been at Cambridge with Mr. Charles Brookfield, who was an agreeable co-mate of mine, when the Bancrofts opened the New Haymarket in 1880.

It was a clear, frosty, bright day, but threatening snow, and the view was lovely in its winter dress.

Still we were not sorry when our three-mile drive, in an open car, over the Surrey hills, came to an end. On arriving at Aldworth we were ushered into a reception-room, where a cheerful fire was a very welcome object. A lady came in and regretted politely that Lady Tennyson could not receive us, as she was confined to her room. Then a young and pretty woman entered, the present Lady Tennyson, followed by her husband, and they both welcomed me very kindly.

Hallam, I think, soon after left the room, and during his absence Lord Tennyson himself made his appearance. A tall figure, dark, almost swarthy, with a slight stoop and fine eyes, a noble head, with the longish, thin, and straggling hair that can be seen in many of his portraits. The great poet stood before us.

He advanced and shook hands, and we fell into commonplaces and the weather. "I hope, Lord Tennyson, your health is good," I remarked. "Pretty well," he replied, "for an old fellow of seventy-six." He continued, with a little amused conceit in his manners, "I am an older man, you know, than Gladstone." Then the conversation was about the great statesman, and his love for felling trees, and about the scenery in the neighbourhood of Aldworth, which the poet was very proud of. His daughter-in-law remarked that it only wanted water to make it perfect, with which he quite agreed. He spoke of the lovely effects of storm visible from those hills sometimes, and added that the largest rainbows he had any experience of he had seen from Aldworth.

During our chat Professor Jowett, the great Greek scholar and Master of Balliol, was announced. A fresh, plump, somewhat florid-looking old gentleman, to whom I was duly introduced. "Cherubic," the word that has been used to describe his appearance, was certainly very apt. Since meeting him I have been impressed from many sources by his fine qualities

as both man and scholar; and the appreciative account which the present Lord Tennyson gives of Jowett is well worth referring to.

Francis Turner Palgrave also appeared. He succeeded Principal Shairp as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, but is more generally known, I suppose, by his "Golden Treasury" series. He had been an intimate friend of Tennyson's for many years.

Luncheon was announced, and we went in; the poet's son and his daughter-in-law taking each end of the table. On Hallam Tennyson's left he sat himself, and I was asked to take the place next to him; the place on my left being occupied by Professor Jowett. We were scarcely seated when I was somewhat embarrassed and surprised by Tennyson turning to me suddenly, and saying, "What's your business?" adding in a grimly humorous way, "I don't mean what's your business here." I was certainly unprepared for his query, and it was evident to me that though he had heard my name he had not realised who or what I was. "I am an actor," I replied; "that is, I am an actor by profession." "Are you a critic?" he asked. I said, "No; no further than any man is who judges of another's work, and says what he thinks."

There can be little doubt that Tennyson was suspicious and chary in his intercourse with strangers, and he had been so misrepresented, not to say tormented also, by all sorts of people that one could not help sympathising with him. "True privacy," as Lecky remarked, "became impossible to him." One or two things at luncheon proved amusing. He passed me an ivory pepper-mill, then, I suppose, something of a novelty, with the query, "Have you seen this dodge?"

After an interval he said to me, "How did you come here?" I told him I came up in one of the little sugar-basin-on-wheels sort of cars peculiar to Surrey. "Why do you call it a sugar-basin?" he

asked again in his peculiarly grim way. "Because it contained so much that was sweet?" This must have been repartee of exceptional politeness. We talked of plays and players. He remembered with delight Macready's Macbeth, though he did not care for his Hamlet. Charles Kemble's Mercutio he admired greatly. He was impressed by its innate and perfect gentlemanliness. Something afterwards evidently recalled "Romeo and Juliet," for he said that he never could make out the meaning of Mercutio's verse:

> "An old hare hoar,
> And an old hare hoar," etc., etc.

Could I explain it? "I suppose," I said, "that the generally accepted idea is right. Either that it is a snatch of some old ballad, or a coarse jingle improvised by Mercutio." In speaking of "Coriolanus," —there had been talk at the table of the great length of some of Shakespeare's plays—he remarked that if he were an actor, he believed he could play Coriolanus, particularly the passionate scenes. "But could you," I said, "manage the long level passages where a certain restraint and suppression are essential?" He was in doubt how far he would be effective in these. He felt he had the spirit and theory of acting, "though in practice," he added, "my voice would most likely break down in my attempt." Mr. Bram Stoker, by the way, in the "Reminiscences" mentions that Tennyson said to him, "Irving paid me a great compliment when he said that I would have made a fine actor." We talked of "Julius Cæsar" and the character of Brutus. "I think, in some respects," he remarked, "Brutus is the noblest thing that Shakespeare ever did." In an allusion to "Hamlet," he said he believed that if it were produced to-day as an original drama, it would not have much chance of success. This idea is found repeated in the "Life."

I asked him if he had seen Salvini. Yes, he had seen and admired him very much in "Othello," though disliking the realistic savagery of the death. Knowing that he had been an old friend of Tom Taylor, I spoke of him. He said how much he liked him. He had seen nothing of Mrs. Taylor since her husband's death, and did not know whether she was still living at Wandsworth. In one of Fitzgerald's letters to Fanny Kemble (July 1880) he says, "Tennyson called him (Taylor) the cleverest man in London forty years ago." And in a letter of later date he alludes to Tennyson as at one time "almost living with Tom Taylor and the Wigans," etc.

Our talk of his old friend was the occasion for his reverting with some irritation to an attack made upon him in "Punch." And here I was very much surprised to find how extremely thin-skinned the poet was. That a man of the greatness and in the position of the Laureate should have been sensitive to such things seemed absurd, and such querulousness as he showed it was hard to understand. Truly, as a clever author says, "The forces which turn fire-mist into stars are not more inscrutable than is human character."

Jowett has at some length endeavoured loyally to explain and justify this feeling of Tennyson's. What it was I am ignorant of, but it seemed to be connected in some way with Tennyson's elevation to the peerage. Whatever it may have been, he took it very seriously, and said with vehemence, "There was not a *word* of truth in it!"

I asked him if he often went to the theatre. "Rarely now," he replied. He thought the last thing he saw was the Rip Van Winkle of Jefferson, which he liked extremely. His son corrected him, and said that this was not the last occasion, the last being, I think, a visit to the Lyceum. He inquired of me who "this Mr. Barrett" was. I told him, but did not feel called upon to let him know that I had been in communication with him. Wilson Barrett at this time

was playing Hamlet in London; and evidently Tennyson had heard or read of it, for he remarked, "I can't stand, 'a little more than kin, and less than *kinn'd'* at all." Chatting on other matters, he told us a story with evident amusement of a letter he had once received from the landlord of some hotel, making a big claim for expenses incurred by his son. Tennyson wrote and told him that his two little boys were at present at school!

When luncheon was over he said, "I am going to have a nap, but I shall see you again." Hallam Tennyson, Villiers Stanford, Palgrave, and myself then went up into his study, some of us to smoke. Jowett did not join us here. His son took me aside, and we chatted about "Becket." His father was not averse to having it produced, but not immediately. He spoke of "The Promise of May," which had been acted and had resulted in a fiasco. He was of opinion that it had not been judiciously treated. My own view on reading the play was that no acting, stage-management, or alteration could have made it successful with the general public. That it was ever put upon the stage was unfortunate, as it did not in any way increase the Laureate's reputation: particularly as on the first night of its production an unpleasant disturbance took place in the theatre.

At that time I knew nothing of "The Promise of May" beyond what had appeared in the papers. Mr. Bram Stoker records that during Tennyson's last illness he regretted that he should not be able to see "Becket" acted. "They did not do me justice," he said, "with 'The Promise of May,' but I can trust Irving; he will do me justice."

Tennyson now came into the room: "Ah, I can smell a cigar through the smoke!" he exclaimed. (He was himself an inveterate pipe-smoker.) As I was the culprit, I asked him if he objected to it. "Not in the least," he answered; but he declined my offer of a cigar. "I have tried to sleep, but I can't,"

he remarked; "I never can when I know anybody is waiting for me." Some one spoke of the splendid light he had in his study, owing to the large windows, and to the sweeping, extensive view into the lovely hollow before the house. "Yes," he said, "the view is very fine. The Duke of Argyll once looked from these windows, and said it gave him the feeling of being up in a balloon."

Now, I had to leave by the four o'clock train in order to reach London in time for my duties at the theatre, and I realised that the opportunity for further talk with the poet was somewhat limited. I offered him what I supposed to be his place—a seat on the sofa or divan by the fire, but he begged me not to disturb myself, and took a chair at a small table by my side—Stanford and Palgrave were sitting on the opposite side of the fireplace—but we remained *tête-à-tête* the whole time. I took the seat to be Tennyson's, because I noticed a book on astronomy or some kindred subject, opened and turned downwards on it, evidently in course of reading. We fell into conversation about "Becket." He seemed to think it might make a good acting play, and I spoke warmly in admiration of much of it. I remember asking if it had given him serious labour. He said, "I really don't remember"; but his son had previously led me to suppose that it had done so. I had recently reread "Harold," and was able to pay a very hearty and honest tribute to it, mentioning particularly the last scenes, in which Stigand, Edith, and Aldwyth are engaged. My commendation was evidently very gratifying to him. On one or two occasions, after we had talked upon other subjects, he suddenly came out with "I'm glad you like my 'Harold'!" He said that Irving too was pleased with it, and told him that he would produce it. His difficulty was that he could not find an actor for the part of William.

Speaking of Irving as an actor, he continued: "I did not like him much in 'The Cup,' though

it was beautifully produced. His Philip in 'Queen Mary' I thought very good. I think Irving is only very good in the 'Villains.'" He distinctly showed that he was hurt at Irving's neglect in not answering his letters. I mentioned to him the recent death of Miss Reynolds, and spoke of her association with Keats, etc., which interested him very much. While on the subject of poetry, I remember telling him how beautiful I thought his "Dora" was. A very interesting fact is given in the "Life," by the way. Wordsworth told Tennyson that he had been trying all his life to write a pastoral like "Dora," and had not succeeded.

He was gratified, and mentioned that it was taken from Miss Mitford, but treated in a different way. I reminded him that Charles Reade had dramatised it. Palgrave by this time had become interested in our talk. Knowing something of Reade, I spoke of what I believed to be his genius as a writer, as also, in spite of his eccentricities, his kind-heartedness and worth as a man. "The Cloister and the Hearth" at that time I had not read, but I mentioned that I had heard it specially and warmly praised. "Well, I am reading it now," remarked Palgrave, "but I can't get on with it." "Reade," said Tennyson, "called my 'Maud,' 'primrose bosh,' or some remark of the sort. What he spoke of must be the passage at the end of the tenth chapter of 'It Is Never Too Late To Mend.'

"However, in a word, the poor thief was talking as our poetasters write, and amidst his gunpowder, daffodils, bosh, and other constellations there mingled gleams of sense and feeling that would have made you and me very sad."

If, as I suppose, this was an allusion to the Laureate, it was in the worst taste, and quite calculated to give Tennyson pain. He happened in talking to mention his own "Enoch Arden," which naturally I took the opportunity of eulogising. He declared that five or six versions of the same story had been

sent him at different times. In the "Life" is the following: "'Enoch Arden,' like 'Aylmer's Field,' is founded on a scheme given me by the sculptor Woolner. I believe that this particular story came out of Suffolk, but something like the same is told in Brittany and elsewhere."

We fell into some delightful conversation about Sir Walter Scott. As both author and man he much admired him. He mentioned the fine things in "Old Mortality"—Andrew Fairservice he recalled. He thought very highly of Scott's characterisation. "I don't admire him much as a poet," he said, "except 'Flodden.' My wife and I had been rereading 'The Heart of Midlothian,'" and I alluded to that exquisite touch where Jeannie thought the plaid would please the Duke of Argyll. Tennyson queried, in his peculiarly brusque manner, "Is your wife Scotch?" "Oh no," I said, "but she can, I hope, appreciate the beauty of a Scotch story."[1]

Some very interesting talk followed on that fine line in all art matters which we agreed was indescribable—not to be formulated—the fine line between moderation and excess, etc.

From fiction we returned to the drama. Speaking of dramatic construction, he said: "Good acting plays don't read well to me always," which I tried to explain by telling him what was so often between the lines—that which was, in fact, supplied by the actor. "Yes," he said, "but the old dramatist supplied literary work *and* good plot." I reminded him that after all we could not boast of many great plays in every way. Often, I remarked, the literary qualities of a play were slight, but if it showed real

[1] Here is the passage: "And by the bye," replied the Duke, "you will please to be dressed just as you are at present." "I wad hae putten on a cap, sir," said Jeannie, "but your honour kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your grace's heart wad warm to the tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid. "You judged quite right," said the Duke, "I know the full value of the snood; and MacCallummore's heart will be cold as death can make it when it does *not* warm to the tartan."

heart, and elements that, when interpreted, touched the people worthily, it was not to be thought poorly of. "I have a low opinion generally of the popular taste," he said. Talking of adaptation, I praised the skill of Tom Taylor, specially mentioning that capital little play from Madame de Girardin's "Une Femme qui déteste son Mari," called "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." He did not know it. He told me, however, that he thought at one time of writing a play on the subject of "Monmouth."

The conversation veered round to French plays. "Shakespeare's honest coarseness," he said, "we can endure, but in some of the modern French plays the very pivot and central idea is immoral." I spoke to him of Westland Marston. "I know his name well," he replied, "but not his work." I alluded to the beauty and skill of two of his plays, "Marie de Méranie" and "Strathmore," mentioning at the same time what an admirer the dramatist was of his poetry. There was in "The National Magazine," in the year 1857, an interesting critique by Marston on the poetry of Tennyson. The name of Marston possibly suggested his Elizabethan namesake, for he expressed warm admiration for some of the work of Marlowe and Webster. In reverting to criticism—our talk, it will be noticed, was very disjointed—he alluded to two distinct views that had been taken of Rosamund in "Becket"—one opinion that it was all that was bad, the other in praise of its great beauty. He confessed he liked his own Rosamund. In dismissing "Becket" it may be well to recall Irving's remark to the Tennysons, that it was "one of the three most successful plays produced by him at the Lyceum."

The poet told me that he still believed in "The Promise of May," which he had reread since its appearance on the stage. My impression is that he did not see it acted himself, but I am not sure of this. At any rate, he had not a high opinion of modern criticism. Once in the course of our conver-

sation he repeated some lines from his own poetry, with the phrase, "To quote myself," but somewhat after the manner of the prim man in "Pickwick," I did not catch what it was, and have forgotten the subject it was applied to. Our talk had so engrossed us that I had not regarded the time, and found on looking at my watch that I must move at once if I was to catch my train for London.

He rose and hurried downstairs. In spite of my remonstrances, he would put on his hat—the broad-brimmed felt so well known in the pictures of him—and come outside, where the pony carriage was waiting, to see me off, though there was a cold north wind blowing, with driving sleet. He shook me warmly by the hand, and said how pleased he should be if I could at some time come down so Aldworth and spend a few days with him. "Thank you, Lord Tennyson, for your kindness," I replied; "I fear I should be only too liable to abuse it." "What do you say?" he asked. "You would be abusive? I couldn't stand that." I corrected him, and said if we did quarrel and fight it out on the lawn, I had no doubt he could hold his own. He laughed, and I jumped into the carriage. Then he and his friends—who had joined him—waved their hats as we drove away. I say "we," as I found I had for companion Dr. Dabbs, Lady Tennyson's adviser from the Isle of Wight. His name, I remember, had been a source of some amusement to us at luncheon. He was very pleasant, and my experiences with Villiers Stanford were, curiously enough, repeated. We had friends in common. He had strong theatrical tastes, and afterwards, I think, had a play of his own produced in London. Thus ended my visit to Lord Tennyson. I never saw him again. After his cordial invitation I was often tempted to take advantage of it, but circumstances were too strong for me. One last small incident I may mention. A day or two after my visit I sent the poet a copy of Westland Marston's works. I was gratified to get a line from

him in his own handwriting, which, if there be any truth in the adage, must be "the soul of wit."

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE, SURREY,
January 18, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,

Accept my thanks for your kind present of Marston's plays and

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

TENNYSON.

It is scarcely a matter for surprise that he did not at first impress people favourably. He was lacking in suavity, and could be very rude and brusque. Sensitive enough himself, he was apt sometimes to say things, not only to men, but to women, which were calculated to give pain. There was something cynical in his composition, which, with a tone of pessimism, shows itself occasionally in his work. To his friends he could be loyal and true, and only a nature with the noblest attributes could express what he did in his poetry or could have been in fact Alfred Tennyson. His defects were due possibly to that common possession of us all, a measure of selfishness. Those who knew him best valued him most, and my experiences of him personally were, as I have shown, wholly gratifying. Sir John Hare has given an instance of Tennyson's behaviour after a rehearsal of his play "The Falcon," which convicts him of "want of thought" if not of "want of heart."

At the poet's request, a full-dress rehearsal of the play at the St. James's Theatre, with no audience but himself and his son, was arranged: a matter of considerable nervousness to the actors, there being apparently no commendation or applause. Tennyson is said to have "sat like a Sphinx throughout the performance, without making any remark; and at the conclusion to have risen silently from

his seat and entered his carriage without a word." It is true that Hallam told the manager that his "father was delighted"; but it was wanting in nice feeling to go away without saying anything himself or even sending his thanks to the company who had worked so well for him. It may be partly explained as being due to a certain shyness—"I am a shy beast, and like to keep in my burrow," he writes to the Duke of Argyll. It would have been easy, one thinks, to show a little gratitude or appreciation.

This great poet, like most exceptionally gifted creatures—and indeed like humanity in general—was full of foibles and contradictions; but he was—what humanity in general cannot always be called—eminently truthful, and was fully endowed with the simplicity and trustfulness already referred to. The possession of these qualities, several of those who had the opportunity of knowing, attest to; and it must be conceded that he was fortunate in having in Lady Tennyson not only a wife with, as Palgrave says, "a bright intelligence and an indescribable, gracious charm," but a devoted son as secretary, helper, and companion. At the risk of repetition I will quote the terse and truthful dictum given by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford in his "Studies and Memories": "He had the intellect of a giant, with the heart of a child."

I may say with Robert Stephen Hawker, "It is to me a great memorial day . . . to have heard the voice and seen the form of Alfred Tennyson."

CHAPTER IX

1885 to 1887

I HAD the pleasure of once meeting the owner of a well-known name in connection with the Shakespearian drama, Miss Glyn, or Mrs. Dallas-Glyn as she was styled in more recent times. She made a great success as Cleopatra in Phelps's production of "Antony and Cleopatra" at Sadler's Wells Theatre as far back as 1850. Her second husband, E. S. Dallas, was a well-known journalist and littérateur. She had been a pupil of Charles Kemble. Charles Dickens, I believe, had a warm regard for her. I have spoken of having seen her act Cleopatra at the Princess's Theatre in 1867, but for some reason I can remember little or nothing of it. Rossetti, who saw her in Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence," declared her to have been "God-like." I had never met her until Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton introduced me to her on the production of "Werner" for the Marston benefit in 1887. The following was in answer to some trifling service I rendered her in house-hunting:

13, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.,
January 29, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,

You are good and prompt. You inspire me to seek for a love-abode in Surrey. But I will go to Baker Street at once and see the rooms you name. If I could be near you in lovely scenery I should be

tempted. In acting I feel we cannot affect others if we are not ourselves affected. When I felt unable to act from real feeling, I felt my time to retire had come. And in reading the plays, I felt every part or failed. But I long for the half hour with you you promised me to talk over acting.

I am glad you were with my dear old, very old friend, Dr. W. Marston.

Yours most sincerely,
I. DALLAS-GLYN.

Miss Glyn died after much suffering from the terrible scourge cancer, in 1889, in her sixty-fifth year.

An event in the year 1885 stands out vividly. It is not easy to forget that February afternoon, when the whole country staggered under a terrible blow. How well I remember coming through Duke Street on my way home and finding myself confronted with a newspaper board, on which were the words FALL OF KHARTOUM. What a wail of grief went up from all England. The "Too late! Too late!" cry that found echo everywhere. There are a few lines from a leader in the "Daily Telegraph," that still ring in my memory, apropos of the abandoned hero. "The life and death of this true Knight of England is full of instruction in many ways, but its lessons on the dignity and value of the individual Man, on the triumph of noble failure, and on the fearless death, which is stronger than successful life, are assuredly the most eloquent of all." Those who were

"Either past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance"

could feel sympathy for the universal sorrow.

On another afternoon in March I attended a service in Westminster Abbey in memory of Gordon—one of the most impressive and beautiful things I ever remember, but sad in the extreme.

The following letter from the late William Moy Thomas, the accomplished dramatic critic of the "Daily News," was in response to one of mine thanking him for some allusion to my acting, which he went out of his way to make. As I had just been reading his translation of Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," I spoke of it, and from him received the following:

LONDON,
May 30, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,

I am very glad to know that that passing mention caught your eye and pleased you, though it was but just. The public are not ungrateful towards those who have given them pleasure on the stage when they see them; but when they are absent they are apt to forget them. My translation of "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" I have not seen since I did it in 1866. It was done under a binding condition to complete in twenty-one days in consideration of an exceptionally liberal scale of payment, so as to come out on an appointed day. Being full of technical sea terms, moreover, which had to be hunted up by a helper in the dictionaries, it was very troublesome, and, to crown my difficulties, I had only rough proofs to translate from, into which the distinguished man afterwards introduced a heap of corrections and alterations which did not reach me. Altogether, I fear this must be but an imperfect reflection of that wonderful story.

I had, by the way, a funny correspondence with Victor Hugo (he was then in Guernsey) about that marvellous assertion that a violent gale had lately entirely destroyed the Firth of Forth!

I failed to obtain his permission to modify this statement, but I think I ventured on some sort of compromise, for which the "Saturday Review," after pointing out that I had not translated the passage correctly—which was quite true—was pleased to insinuate that ignorance was the cause. I have not the

great man's letter, but his final word was that he took the statement from the Bulletin of the Observatoire, on which rested, therefore, the responsibility of any error. He was careful, however, to add "*Du reste, je ne crois pas qu'il y'ait erreur.*" Is not that characteristic?

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely,
WM. MOY THOMAS.

In the June of 1885 I contracted a friendship with a favourite writer that, like other ties, it is a sorrowful consolation to me to know, only terminated with his death. I allude to Frederick W. Robinson, the novelist, the author of "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Zeph," "No Church," and more than fifty other stories. He was the author also of "Female Life in Prison," "Prison Characters drawn from Life," etc., under the pseudonym of "The Prison Matron."

We first met at Philip Marston's rooms. Robinson was always fond of the theatre, and I admired his skill as a story writer. He had tried his hand at play-writing. Years before we were acquainted he had dramatised one of his books called "Poor Humanity," and the play had been produced at the old Surrey Theatre, successfully, I believe, for those days, when runs were almost unknown. I seem to remember having heard that Mr. Edward Terry acted in it.

He made a play also from his story (the first serial of Cassell's Magazine) called "Anne Judge, Spinster," which he once read to Benjamin Webster and John Billington[1]; and there were two others he sent me. One, called "Her Face Was Her Fortune," had in it the character of a barrister he thought I should do justice to, as he had seen me act a part on similar

[1] In a letter to me in 1900 he says: "I have been asked for another novel from my old stock for a cheap edition. I am offering 'The Bridge of Glass,' a sensational affair of 30 or 35 years ago, that had a pretty fair run. John Brougham, of America, turned it into a play in New York, with Lester Wallack as the hero."

Photo by] Elliott & Fry

F. W. ROBINSON.

p. 274]

lines. I was justified in thinking that with some help he could again write a drama that should be successful, and we agreed to try and build a piece together. The play was completed, submitted, and rejected! Its history would be too long even if it proved of much interest—which I doubt—to relate here. It is a less difficult matter to talk of writing a good play than to produce one with any certainty of success. Though the loss of time it involved was great, it was the means indirectly of my turning to the use of the pen; which brings me to rather an interesting event in the world of letters.

In January 1884 appeared the first number of a periodical, already mentioned, that was owned and edited by F. W. Robinson, called "Home Chimes." In its first form it was issued weekly at a penny as a large sheet, then reduced in size for a time; but in 1886 it took on the form of a monthly, in appearance much what the "Cornhill" used to be, and costing, what was thought then, as Mr. Montague Tigg would say, "the ridiculously small amount" of fourpence. It would be difficult to name any periodical that in its ten years of existence could show so many gifted contributors. It had some affinity to Dickens's "Household Words" and "All the Year Round," but it was not much, if at all, inferior to these in its array of writers. The names of Theodore Watts Dunton, Swinburne, W. Moy Thomas, Phil Robinson, C. S. Cheltnam, Clement Scott, Gordon Stables, J. K. Jerome, Eden Phillpotts, J. M. Barrie, Arthur Symons, H. E. Clarke, Mrs. Armitt, Aaron Watson, William Andrews, W. H. Davenport-Adams, G. B. Burgin, W. C. Bennett, Charles Gibbon, J. W. Sherer, S. Whelpton, W. W. Jacobs, Tighe Hopkins, Coulson Kernahan, R. Marsh, E. Nesbit, and J. S. Fletcher are a few that occur to me; but dozens of other popular and clever writers could be cited by a reference to the catalogues of Smith and Mudie.

It has been stated that Mr. Frederick Greenwood

and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll shared with F. W. Robinson in the honour of discovering the author of "A Window in Thrums."

It is certain that Mr. Barrie contributed to "Home Chimes" during the first year of its existence; and I believe some of his "Auld Licht Idylls" are to be found there. Mr. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" appeared first in its pages. Its author for some years was a regular contributor. My first attempt at a short story appeared in its columns, though it was not my first contribution; but of this I will speak further on.

F. W. Robinson had the gift and the grace of aiding and encouraging authors and a rare skill in the discovery of literary merit. With these qualities he was always generous and helpful, as so many have been able to bear witness to. As a novelist, the term being used in the sense of one who has the capacity to write *stories*, Robinson, it seems to me, had considerable genius. I doubt whether justice has ever been done to his skill in laying out a story that should be very human and that should interest from the first chapter to the last. But his work declares its merit better than any dissertation on it can do. At any moment he could sit down, start upon a fresh novel, and go on steadily with it to the end; in this respect resembling Anthony Trollope. This did not mean that he had not undergone much mental and imaginative exertion previously.

Chess was a great consoler to him. If literature had failed, he determined as a young man to become a chess champion, though conscious, as he said, that "that way madness" lay; for he had seen something of the great players of the world. His pictures of the lower elements in "the life of our great cities—and this was before the days of "slumming"—were truthful and vivid, and only equalled by Dickens. In the telling of a story, *as* a story, he was superior to that great writer. Like Dickens, he was the means of attention being drawn to abuses of a social nature.

His volumes on Prison Life resulted more or less directly in a Royal Commission, and the experiences were so truthfully and vividly done, as to deceive the most astute judges. It was wrongly attributed to Mary Carpenter. As the author he was constantly addressed "Dear Madam."

Robinson was largely read in America, and some of his works were translated into French, German, and I believe into several other languages. In "The Idler" (March 1893) he gave an interesting account of his early difficulties in getting a hearing. How he entered the premises of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett with an immense parcel, his first novel to be submitted, and was received with some surprise by the firm's cashier, with whom, ignorant of his occupation, he had been in the habit of fighting over the chessboard at Kling's in New Oxford Street.

Months of waiting intervened before the polite but fatal "declined with thanks" formula came back to him with his story. After days of despair, he tried Messrs. Smith & Elder, and in course of time was requested to call; which he did, to receive from Mr. W. S. Williams—of Charlotte Brontë fame—his manuscript and—advice!

It was cheering, however, and he went home grateful for it. "Write and rewrite, and spare no pains" was the admonition. It was some time before he had the heart to begin another, called "The House of Elmore," which was not half finished, when he had a letter from one of the readers of Hurst & Blackett—Lascelles Wraxall, a real Bohemian, afterwards a baronet. He said it had been his duty to decide unfavourably against his first novel, but for all that, he encouraged him; and sent him an introduction to another firm of publishers.

How he went to work over "The House of Elmore," and finished it in five weeks, fearful lest he should pass out of the reader's memory. He submitted it to Wraxall, and for months heard nothing, plunging

into chess for distraction. Then at last came the delightful and unexpected news that it was accepted!

At the end of 1854 his first book was given to the world, and he could claim the title of novelist. That was not much, but it paid its publisher's expenses, left a balance, and brought him in "a little cheque," which was all-important. I shall have occasion to speak of Robinson again, so for the moment let me return to the ever-recurring *ego*.

On July 20, 1885, the Bancrofts took, at the Haymarket Theatre, their farewell of the public as managers. Many past members of their companies acted on that memorable occasion. It was my privilege and pleasure to appear with others in an act of "Money." Irving recited some verses gracefully and well, written by Clement Scott. Toole made a characteristic speech, and the manager concluded the evening with an admirable and feeling valediction. A great debt is due to the Bancrofts for the splendid example they set in managing a theatre. Besides what was accomplished on the stage for the delight of the public, their energy in the reform of many abuses should not be lost sight of. The improved seating in the front of the theatre, upholding the abolition of all booking fees and the "tipping" system, the liberal scale of salaries, the more graceful way of having them paid, the full remuneration for all employés for matinées, the business-like and reliable habits observed in all matters connected with their work, the nice treatment of the members of their company—the endeavour, in short, that all with whom they came into contact should not only be *confrères*, but friends as far as possible. These were things unheard of when they began their management. Tom Taylor in 1872 wrote in praise of what they were doing, and I remember his pleasurable enthusiasm when giving him my experience of their management. This has all been often said before, but it is never too late to repeat a worthy thing, and it is a gratification to one who in years gone by entered

Photo by Barraud (Mayall & Co.).

SIR SQUIRE AND LADY BANCROFT.

p. 278]

into many engagements with them, to add his quota to the general praise.

On Monday, February 8, 1886, there was rioting in London by the unemployed, and damage was done to property at the West End. On the following day, which was one of black fog, a complete panic set in. I remember walking from Baker Street, over the course, so to speak, of the destructive trail. Happily it did not continue long, but the excitement about it at the time was very great. William Morris said that "the riot was contemptible as a riot," but the windows of his own shop in Oxford Street only just escaped destruction by an accident.

I have alluded to a story that I wrote, and which I submitted to the editor of the "Graphic." Charles Green was interested in it, and thought, had it been accepted, of making a drawing for it. It was declined, and there the matter ended until I decided to ask Wilkie Collins whether he would give me his opinion on it.

NELSON CRESCENT, RAMSGATE,
July 20, 1886.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I have been sailing, and I have just found your letter waiting for me here. Send the story to this address (head-quarters for work after idling at sea), and I will read it with the greatest pleasure. Forgive my Roman brevity in replying. My accumulated letters to answer make me wish I was the famous hermit of Prague, who never saw pen and ink.

Ever yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

I promptly sent the manuscript, and here is, to me, his kind and valuable letter.

RAMSGATE,
July 23, 1886.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

I have read the story. First I lay down a general principle. Writing fiction successfully is only

to be accomplished by taking enormous pains. Now for the application. You must be very much more careful than you are at present in the matter of style. Look at your first paragraph, and the marks which I have made on it, and you will see what I mean. When you have seen, cut out the first paragraph. It is quite useless. The right beginning of the story is at the second paragraph. Again! The central interest in your story is in the walk across the heath, and in what came of it. You are too long in getting to this—and the frightful consequence follows—you will be "skipped." Also you are a little too jaunty and familiar with the reader about your matrimonial prospects. If he once gets the idea that you are not in earnest, good-bye to the effect of your terror in the heath scene.

Once more! When you are rescued, the interest of your story is over. Fewer particulars as to the fortunes of the characters will prevent more "skipping." In a short story—if you were Walter Scott himself—you cannot interest the reader in character. Now for a word of encouragement. The incident of the dog is excellent. It is so new and so true (as far as I know) that it throws all the other incidents into the shade. If I had been writing the story I should have dwelt on the dog's character in the earlier part of it, so as to interest the reader in "Nap's" habits and doings on the *ordinary occasions of his life*. Said reader, puzzled and interested, would feel that something was coming in relation to that dog—would not have the least idea what it was; and when "Nap" enters on the stage and acts his grand scene, would be so amazed and interested that he would talk of the story to his friends, and "the editor" would be your obedient humble servant in the matter of future work. (N.B.—I would not describe "Nap" as being in his second childhood. No dog—and especially no big dog—in that condition would have rescued you. Make him old—and no more.)

The other incident of the lay figure is ingenious, but there is this objection to it, it has been done before, and more than once done. Keep it, by all means. I only mention my reason for giving it a secondary place in the composition.

I will wait to offer you an introduction to a periodical until I see what you can do on a larger canvas. The price paid for short stories by authors not yet in a state of notoriety is so miserably small that I am really ashamed to mention it. If you think you can do something with a *one*-volume novel, pecuniary results *might* be more satisfactory.

A last word of advice before I say good-bye. Study Walter Scott. He is beyond all comparison the greatest novelist that has ever written. Get, for instance, "The Antiquary," and read that masterpiece over and over and over again.

Ever yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

It is not every one's good fortune to get such a painstaking, clever, and kindly opinion of a first effort. It is almost needless to say that every one of the suggestions was duly carried out, greatly to the advantage of the tale. I had read it to Robinson, and told him my intention of trying the "Graphic" with it. "If they don't take it, let me have it for the 'Chimes,'" he remarked; and in a letter subsequently he says: "It will be very good news to me to hear that it is coming out in the 'Graphic' with Green's sketches. I fancy it will, and if otherwise (hang the otherwise!), send on the MS. to me."

Charles Green, it may be noted, years before had illustrated Robinson's story "Ann Judge, Spinster,"[1]

[1] In a letter to me from Robinson in 1895 I find a mention of this book. He writes: "No, I never met (R. L.) Stevenson. I have amongst my papers a letter from him (*in re* 'Chimes'), in which he says that he will the more gladly contribute to it from the fact that my novel, 'Anne Judge,

but the first time they ever met each other was at my home in Baker Street.

I gave Robinson the criticism of Collins on the story, and he replied, "Wilkie Collins is evidently a brick. I wonder if he had any idea that the lay figure comedy sequel jars a little bit with the sensational start. But it is a very fair first tale as it stands, and I shall be curious to see what comes of your revisions." I made them, and it duly appeared in "Home Chimes."

Wilkie Collins's letter has given more prominence to my story than it deserves. Many evidences of goodwill and kindness I experienced from the author of "The Woman in White." His advice, introduction to publishers, review of the plot of a story, and so on, were always most willingly at my service. His next letter touched on my play collaboration.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
Nov. 10, 1886.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Thank you for your kindly inquiries. . . . I am like the old posting horses in the old posting days. While I was whipped my pace was wonderful. Now we have got to our destination my head hangs down and my fore legs tremble. But, considering that I was twelve hours a day at work for the last week of my labours, I have no reason to complain of my constitution, though I *was* sixty-two years old last birthday. "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" are still alive, and "Jim the Penman" has been a great success. MORAL: Don't be afraid of the idiotic decision [?] of an audience, and think of the people who are sick of farces in three acts.

Ever yours,
W. C.

Spinster,' was his favourite story when he was a youth. A real compliment, which I value, though he never sent any 'copy' after he had got our 'scale of wage'—and I was *not* surprised!"

CHARLES GREEN'S INVITATION-CARD.

p. 282

P.S.—" After Dark " and " The Queen of Hearts " contain my shorter and better stories. In the latter book there is a story called " Mad Monkton " (written ages ago), which had the honour of keeping Scribe in a breathless condition. He prophesied all my later success from that little specimen when I was presented to him in Paris.

On February 16, 1887, Charles Green gave a party at his house, the last of his large assemblies at which I was fated to be present. Looking at a list of the guests in a local paper before me, it is melancholy to note how many of that large and merry company have " shuffled off this mortal coil." There are a few survivors of that pleasant evening: Mr. Seymour Lucas, Sir Alma Tadema, Mr. J. Orrock, Sir J. D. Linton, Sir A. W. Pinero, and so on. But alas! J. Pettie, Burton Barber, F. Barnard, F. W. H. Topham, Edwin Hayes, T. Collier, J. Fulleylove, Keeley Halsewell, J. O'Connor, J. Grego, J. L. Toole, L. Brough, E. J. Gregory, and I fear to think how many others there are that time has taken home " to the soft, long sleep." It was in 1898 that the host himself departed.

Towards the end of March I heard that he was very ill, and went up to town to see him. One or two old friends were in his studio trying their best to cheer him, and he responded to their efforts with brightness and animation. And yet he must have been conscious that his case was hopeless. I was unaware at the time that it was so serious; yet in parting from him I had a sort of instinct that I might never see him again. Too true a one! I was pained at what happened afterwards. I received no further account of him, and owing to a misunderstanding did not know of his death until I read in the paper that his funeral had taken place.

He was buried in Hampstead Cemetery, many members of the Art-world taking part in the ceremony.

He was in his fifty-eighth year. His only brother, Townley Green, did not long survive him. They were both deeply regretted, and the quaint house associated with them, with its picturesque staircase and studio, was no longer to resound with the mirth and laughter of their many friends.

CHAPTER X

1887

In these days, when the passion for "dressing up" is all-powerful, and when the memories of the recent Shakespearian Ball and Gala performances are still vivid, a record of a beautiful and artistic ceremony of the past may be interesting. 1887, the year of the Queen's Jubilee, was celebrated on May 16, by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in a graceful and distinguished manner. Charles Green asked me if I would consent to recite some verses written for the occasion describing a series of *tableaux vivants*.

Two years previously the artists, with the help of their friends, had given some living pictures, introduced by verses written by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and recited by the favourite actor J. Forbes-Robertson. These tableaux at the Prince's Hall were witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales (the late King and the Queen-Mother). It will be proof enough that they were presented with high skill and taste, if I mention the names of those responsible for the arrangement of them. They were A. Sacheverell-Coke, Walter Crane, J. D. Linton (now Sir James D. Linton), R. C. Woodville, Seymour Lucas, T. Walter Wilson, E. A. Abbey, and Charles Green.

The tableaux were followed by a costume ball. It occurred to the President and Council to celebrate the

jubilee by again presenting tableaux, but of purely historical episodes; to be followed by a ball, the costumes being of the time previous to the Queen's accession—thus eliminating modern ugliness and eccentricity.

The tableaux consisted of:

1. *Carnarvon Castle. Edward I. presenting his Infant Son to the Welsh.* By J. D. Linton, T. Walter Wilson, and John Fulleylove.

2. *Queen Elizabeth knighting Drake.* By Charles Cattermole and C. J. Staniland.

3. *Queen Anne receiving the Duke of Marlborough after Blenheim.* By Charles Green.

4. *The British Empire,* 1887. By E. H. Corbould and J. C. Dollman.

John O'Connor supplied the backgrounds and was an energetic worker and manager throughout. Other members of the Royal Institute figured in the tableaux. They were H. J. Stock, C. Earle, John Scott, W. Simpson, Edwin Hayes, C. E. Johnson, and Thomas Pyne. I have left out the ladies (a serious omission, I allow) as also gentlemen friends of the members who gave their help to make the pictures successful. It was in the character of Virgil, in a scarlet drapery and with a laurel wreath, that I as Chorus recited the lines before each picture was displayed. They were written by H. Savile Clarke. It is not quite easy to see what connexion there could have been between the Latin poet and these very British episodes. In the masque of 1885, the first tableau showed Dante, Beatrice, and Petrarch, and there was a certain appropriateness in it. The Court party was a brilliant one, and included:

The Duke of Cambridge, The Duke and Duchess of Teck (the latter once so well known as "The Princess Mary"). Their daughter Victoria Mary (the present Queen), the Prince and Princess of Wales

Photo by Disderi (Fall & Co.).

TABLEAU AT THE ARTISTS' BALL.

Edward the First presenting his Infant Son to the Welsh at Carnarvon.

p. 286]

(the late King and Queen-Mother), their two daughters, the Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife and Princess Royal), and the Princess Victoria, the Crown Prince of Denmark (the present King), the Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, Count Gleichen (the well-known sculptor), the Countess Feodora Gleichen and her sister, and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia.

The doors opened at ten o'clock, and as the visitors arrived in their varied costumes, they were received by the President and the Council, while the band of the Royal Artillery, under the direction of Cavalier L. Zavertal, discoursed "most eloquent music." At eleven o'clock the royal visitors came upon the scene; and after the Princess of Wales had been presented with a bouquet by the little daughter of the President, were duly conducted to their seats. This was followed by an overture and flourish of trumpets and drums, and I then appeared and recited the lines of the masque descriptive of each of the four tableaux. After this, Virgil, followed by all the persons who had taken part in the pictures, stepped down from the stage and marched through the large hall to the galleries, gradually becoming absorbed in the throng of masqueraders. The royal party meantime were conducted by the President to the Council-room to partake of supper. They then returned to the large hall and took their seats on chairs of state on a daïs to witness perhaps the prettiest part of the entertainment. A corps of halberdiers in the costume of the Tudor period acted as a guard of honour. They were all artists and were under the command of Captain Davidson. This body formed three sides of a square in front of the royal party, leaving a large open space for what was to follow; which was a gavotte danced by eight ladies and eight gentlemen in Court dresses of the reign of George the Third.

I must find room for the names—copied from the

programme—of the participators in this extremely pretty evolution:

Miss Alma Tadema .	. Victor Ames, Esq.
Miss E. G. Huxley .	. Gilbert Burgess, Esq.
Miss Archer . .	. Yeend King, Esq.
Miss Alice Clayton .	. J. W. Bromley, Esq.
Miss Kilburne . .	. R. Allen, Esq.
Miss Edith Sprague .	. Romaine Walker, Esq.
Miss M. Lehmann .	. Leopold Turner, Esq.
Mrs. C. Wyllie .	. W. Johnson, Esq.

Mr. John D'Auban had carefully coached them in the various intricate and charming figures, which they accomplished with much grace and effect, the ladies with their fans and their partners with their hats. The last movement, most admirably carried out, was one in which the gentlemen, who had drawn their swords, crossed them and formed a glittering avenue that the fair demoiselles glided through. This was followed by the ball, and as there were nearly a thousand guests, in a wonderful variety of historic and other costumes, who circulated through the hall and galleries, the effect was very striking. Many of the costumes displayed were real and of their period, and consequently of great value.

The President, Sir James D. Linton, wore the dress of a Venetian senator. Mr. James Orrock, a burgomaster of the Frans Hals order; Mr. E. A. Abbey, Velasquez; Captain A. Hutton, Benvenuto Cellini; Mr. G. A. Sala, an alcalde of Cordova; Sir Frederick Leighton, a very antique Court costume; Mr. C. M. Barker, Hogarth (a striking resemblance); Mr. A. M. Broadley, Louis the Sixteenth; Mr. Percy Anderson, a Rabelais dress; Lord Cranbrook, Horace Walpole; Mr. Fahey, Philip the Second, a personality also adopted by Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Hal Ludlow being a noble of the same period; Mr. Walter Pollock, Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Marion Spielman, an early Georgian dress; Mrs. Spielman, a Directoire costume; Mr. and Mrs. William Agnew, elegant eighteenth-century Court dress; Mr. C. M. Agnew, an Incroyable;

Mr. G. W. (afterwards Sir George) Agnew, an Elizabethan costume; Mr. Egerton Castle, Drake; Lady Linton, a handsome George the Third dress; Miss Jenny Lee (of "Joe" fame), an English Lass of the eighteenth century; Mrs. Chater, a lovely Greek costume; Mrs. Augustus Harris as Mary Stuart; Mr. George Lock as the Earl of Surrey, and Miss Marie Decca, the soprano, a beautiful silver dress after an old Prussian design.

The royal party remained until about two o'clock, but the general assembly did not disperse until daylight appeared. Before this, Virgil (who did not dance) had discarded his draperies and made his way home. To quote the "Morning Post," "The scene throughout the evening was one of exceeding brilliance, and will long be remembered as among the most interesting and picturesque of its kind ever seen in London."

Personally, I may confess it was rather a trying experience—although I was more than compensated by my efforts being so fully appreciated. The following tribute from the Prince of Wales (our late King Edward the Seventh) I set a high value on.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,
PICCADILLY, *May* 19, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

I am commanded by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to express to you the great pleasure he derived from your admirable recital of Mr. Savile Clarke's verses on the occasion of our Tableaux and Costume Ball on Monday evening last. Permit me also, on behalf of the Council and Members of the Royal Institute, to tender to you our hearty thanks for your very valuable assistance, which you so generously rendered us.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
JAMES D. LINTON,
President.

FRANK ARCHER, ESQ.

The Prince was unmistakably delighted with the whole spectacle, and specially desired that the Tableaux should be photographed and presented to him.

On June 1, at a matinée at the Lyceum Theatre, the performance of "Werner" took place. It was a pleasure as well as a duty to witness the result of Irving's generosity—and it was more than generosity on the part, not only of the manager, but his whole company. The play was as carefully and sumptuously got up as if it were prepared for a long run. Mr. Seymour Lucas had shown much taste in designing the costumes, and the scenery for this single occasion was painted by Hawes Craven, the music being selected and arranged by J. Meredith Ball. The audience was a more than usually distinguished and intellectual one, and it seemed to me, who had never seen Macready, that Irving acted the leading part as well as it could be acted. Unfortunately, the whole play is in such a monotone of sadness, and so wanting in any real feminine interest, that the loyal support given by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. George Alexander,[1] Mr. Wenman, Mr. Glenny, Mr. Haviland, Mr. Howe, and the other actors could but partially lift the drama out of its atmosphere of gloom and depression. The end in view was arrived at, and that was all-important on this occasion. Many who were present will remember Dr. Marston's graceful and very touching speech when the tragedy was over. There were some who thought that the presentation of one of the bénéficiaire's own plays might have been a happier selection, but this is, perhaps, to "look a gift-horse in the mouth."

Irving used occasionally to be a guest of Marston's at the time the dramatist lived in Northumberland Terrace, Regent's Park; long before I became ac-

[1] Who, since the above was written, has become Sir George Alexander.

quainted with Marston—at some time between 1867 and 1870. I never acted with Irving, nor did I ever make any engagement with him. I suspect that a half-heartedness on my own part—perhaps that "want of fervour" Tom Taylor spoke of—was to some extent the reason that I never joined him. I am afraid I was not always able to be just with regard to the higher gifts he possessed. His elocution was to me so utterly faulty that I could rarely feel myself impressed by him. I suppose it was not affectation, but it conveyed that idea to me.

From the back of the pit at the Lyceum one evening I witnessed "The Cup," and I remember how absolutely grateful I was to Terriss for his clear and manly elocution. I really could not, strain my hearing as I might, distinguish Irving's words. As his detractors admitted, he certainly to a great extent conquered these eccentricities as time went on, which was very much to his credit.

His performance in "The Bells" was a splendid piece of melodramatic acting. I saw it when first produced, and remember when praising it to his manager, Colonel Bateman, how excitedly and fiercely he swore that the acting was equal to Lemaître's, and the American was a judge of theatrical art. Notwithstanding his supremacy—and it must be allowed that Irving was head and shoulders above his fellow actors in many ways—I am not competent to say whether he was a great tragedian, for the reason that I saw little of him in anything Shakespearian. But great tragedians are very rare.

There were fine things in his "Charles the First." In "Philip" (by Hamilton Aïdé), as I have noted, his defects were prominent. The grim, the weird, and the fateful, of which he was master, were shown, I thought, wonderfully in "Vanderdecken"; but as a critic of Irving, for the reasons given, I must, I suppose, be ruled out of court.

I regret that I did not, after all, see "Becket,"

which was generally so much extolled. There is one performance, by the by, that I have heard praised by all sorts and conditions of men—the old soldier in Sir Conan Doyle's little play, "A Story of Waterloo."

Neither did I see much of Irving in private life. When we did meet it was but to exchange commonplaces politely. The last occasion was in March 1886, at one of Mr. Anderson (now Sir Anderson) Critchett's hospitable gatherings after theatre hours. Toole was there, and while I was talking to Irving I remember he indulged in some "chaff" about "the two Mephistopheles." Poor Terriss, too, who was present, I never saw after that night. It was the only occasion, also, that I met and chatted with Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great throat specialist, who was a cousin of Henry Compton, of the Haymarket.

In May 1888 I took up my abode in the country, and in June I received a letter from Irving, saying he would be very glad to have a chat with me "about an engagement at the end of the year." I had then decided, as I told him, to give up acting.

I never met Irving in the earlier part of his career, but I first saw him in the year 1866. One of my fellow amateur actors had been a great friend of his. In their more youthful days they had acted together, I think. At any rate, my friend, I suppose in sympathetic admiration, sometimes took as a nom de théâtre that of "*Walter* Irving." Henry Irving had been very successful in Manchester in a part in one of Dion Boucicault's plays, "The Two Lives of Mary Leigh." In the year I speak of he was engaged at the St. James's Theatre, then under Miss Herbert's management, and reappeared in this part, Rawdon Scudamore (a gambler), the play taking then for its first title "Hunted Down." I remember my brother amateur, who carried on his duties in a glass office, telling me that at a certain time he expected Irving to call on him. "A real live actor" had a great fasci-

nation for us then, and I made a point of being on the look-out. Sure enough he came, and I saw in the glass case a thin, sallow-looking young man with long hair, and this was Henry Irving. It of course led to my going to the St. James's to see the play, and a very clever performance I thought it.[1] It seems doubtful whether he impressed the audiences of that day with the part he opened in, Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem," but of his success in Scudamore there can be no sort of doubt. Edmund Yates, in his "Recollections," remarks: "Dickens, writing to me after seeing Irving as Rawdon Scudamore, says, 'He reminds me very much of your father.'" This was F. H. Yates, a versatile actor who became manager of the Adelphi Theatre in 1825.

All I could gather from my friend from his interview was that Irving had had a terribly hard time in the country. And in those days provincial acting made such demands on a player as would scarcely be believed now. Leigh Murray was a very admirable and astute critic, and the opinion he gave in his letter was shared by most judges of good acting. Whether he was or was not a great tragedian, it is impossible to deny that he was a born actor, who raised himself by energy and perseverance to a position that few of his predecessors ever occupied.

He had skill and taste, was a clever stage-manager and producer of plays, and had withal a tact and adaptiveness without which the help of sculptors, painters, antiquaries, and archæologists would have been of limited value. Under his management the Lyceum Theatre became a centre of theatrical, and it may be said, of general interest, not only in London, but in all continental cities that were in sympathy with the highest form of the acted drama. He upheld the dignity of his profession, and by the force

[1] The entertainment concluded with an "eccentricity" called "Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack," by W. S. Gilbert, said to be his first piece. See pages 322-3.

of his own personality commanded a following that is only possible to natures compounded of what may be called superior elements. He seems to have been faithful to his old friends, and as a man was loved and held in esteem by them. Both publicly and privately he was generous to a fault, and for his own interests in matters of business showed a liberality that was scarcely to be justified. It was asserted that "he would have been a richer man had his heart been smaller."

It will be remembered that he died "in harness," to use a common phrase, on October 13, 1905, in his sixty-eighth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His two sons, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving, seem to be earnestly following in his steps.

Early in June of 1887 J. L. Toole sent us a box to see "The Butler," by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. He had produced it at his own little theatre in King William Street. We all had an enjoyable and mirthful evening, and I went round to his dressing-room between the acts to shake hands with him. This was years before his death, but it proved to be, unhappily, the last time that we met. It is only possible to me, and I should imagine to all who knew him, to think of Toole in the kindliest way. He was such a thoroughly good fellow in the best acceptation of the term. I do not think a kinder man ever breathed, which is saying much. I had known him from my earliest days in the theatrical profession. In the winter of 1868 he came to Nottingham as a Star for a night or two. It was my duty as a member of the Stock Company to support him. John Billington—also a good fellow—was playing the second parts to him.

"Dearer Than Life" was one of the plays, and I was cast for Mr. Kedgley. Leigh Murray has described the character, originally played by John Clayton. It was merely, as he said, a little effective

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

J. L. TOOLE AS DAVID TROT IN "THE BUTLER."

p. 294]

"bit." When the act was over I made my way to my dressing-room, but before reaching it Toole had overtaken me. "Thank you, my dear boy. You played the part capitally—perfect as an angel" [this as to the words]. "It couldn't have been better done; I'm very much obliged to you." It may not seem much, but it was a great deal to me at the time. Of course, I had not neglected to obey Bottom's injunction: "Take pains; be perfect," and I had done my very best. But Toole had gone out of his way, or rather, he had *not* gone out of his way—which was always to say a kindly thing and give pleasure. I never forgot this little encouragement, nor did he. Years afterwards I mentioned it to him, and he said he remembered it perfectly.

I met him next at the Prince's Theatre at Manchester a year later, and was in possession of bigger "bits," for then I acted with him Frank Hardy ("Paul Pry"), Brown ("The Spitalfields Weaver"), Charles Garner ("Dearer Than Life"), Dr. Clipper ("The Steeplechase"), Ned ("Dot"), etc., etc.

Toole was essentially a farce actor, and in this department of his art I thought him very successful. In some of his favourite farce characters he was droll in the extreme. He had in his time appeared in Shakespeare—Dogberry, for instance; but I do not think he was happy in the interpretation or the occupation. He was not a Robson, but his representation of characters of the domestic type, with pathetic elements, was excellent. The heart of the man came out in the delineation. His personal home trials had been very severe, for he outlived wife and children. And there was unusual sadness, too, in his last days of suffering; but he had the sympathy and love of his friends on every side. His delicate kindness and heartfelt generosity to the sick and the poor must never be forgotten. Thousands of his good deeds were, I know, unchronicled in any record, and unknown to any subscription list. It is but "a piece

of him"; but I make no excuse for inserting the following:

TOOLE'S THEATRE,
KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND,
Feb. 20, 1888.

MY DEAR ARCHER,

Many thanks for your kind thought of me and good wishes. I am wonderfully better. Nearly well, but not quite strong, but improving every day. Kind regards to your wife and self.

Yours sincerely,
J. L. TOOLE.

Let me know when you will come and see "Dot." Very happy to send you seats.

His more serious illness, I believe, dated from 1896. He died at Brighton, July 30, 1906, in his seventy-seventh year. If the ministrations and sympathy of his friends could have prolonged his life, he would assuredly have been a centenarian.

But to return to 1887. It was the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne which made this year, and more particularly the June of this year, eventful and illustrious. Tuesday, the 21st, was the great day, but the bustle and excitement had naturally long been in evidence. On the Saturday previous I hired a carriage, and with my wife, my mother, and my young son, started out to see the preparations. We were driven down Bond Street, through Piccadilly and Waterloo Place to Westminster Abbey, and then home to Baker Street by Hyde Park. The spectacle was one to remember. The energy and enthusiasm displayed were delightful to witness—

"Blithely" indeed
"The craftsman's stroke was ringing,"

and every conceivable form of decorative art was being practised with unremitting vigour. There is

an immense fascination in observing the industry, stimulated by the joyful excitement on such occasions. It was indeed a wonderful sight!

On the following Tuesday I left Baker Street, soon after half-past seven in the morning, for the Royal Institute of Water Colours in Piccadilly. It was from the roof of this building I was to join my artist friends to see the great procession.

Those were wise who started early for their destination on that morning, for the thoroughfares soon became completely blocked. The weather, however—that mighty factor in our "business and desire"—was all that could be wished, and the beauty of the procession fully answered our expectations. More than this, the myriads of spectators, all deeply imbued with the noble sentiment of the occasion, called forth feelings which it is not easy to describe. The show itself justified the tremendous preparations, and was truly a more wonderful sight. In the evening came the illuminations, which, with my family, I went out to see; and the display, as we walked through the streets at the west end of the town, was, in its mysterious charm and brilliance, something unique.

On the following day (Wednesday) there was to be a great celebration in Hyde Park: the children were to be entertained by Sir Edward Lawson (Lord Burnham), and Her Majesty Queen Victoria was to be present. I suppose by this time all London, or all England nearly, was in the streets. We drove out again, but first of all got blocked in Park Lane—then got free to meet the same fate in Down Street and Piccadilly. It was quite hopeless, and we had to return without carrying out our intentions. But the Jubilee was a marvellous thing. "The great event has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight." These were Her Majesty's words, written of the first great ceremonial of her life in 1851, and which the "Times" aptly used with regard to the pageant of 1887. It was

perfectly true, to quote further from the same journal, that "the whole history of the world contained no record of an experiment so bold as that of conducting a great State ceremonial in the midst of nearly five millions of people."

The members of the English colony in Paris did not fail to honour the Jubilee very heartily. The founding of the Victoria Home for aged British subjects, was one of the practical forms taken by the celebration. The idea was started by the Reverend Howard Gill, and my brother was most energetic in his co-operation. At his request, I wrote the following lines, which he recited on June 20 (Accession Day) at a concert at the *Salle des Fêtes*, Hôtel Continental, 2 Rouget de Lisle. The reception of the lines, and the warm appreciation of my friends in Paris, fully repaid me for the effort—a labour of love, as may be supposed, for such an occasion. My brother, I learnt, did entire justice to them in delivery; and I was conscious that the art of skilled elocution was essential to their success. Madame Melba also, who was not then so famous as she is to-day, made, it was said, "the great solo success of the evening" by her rendering of "Sing, Sweet Bird," and "Sweetheart."

A JUBILEE ODE.

We fain would strike one sympathetic tone,
Whose sweet vibration may be gently blown
Across that silver streak, to reach the ear
Of her whose memory we hold so dear.
When with uplifted voice our land's acclaim,
In joyful homage to attest her fame,
Shall tell the listening world her people's love,
Imploring fervent blessings from above;
When the reverberate guns, with mighty roar
Of iron throats, shall shout from shore to shore;
When streamers flutter from each hamlet spire,
And hill greets hill in peaks of living fire;
When rich and poor, scorning convention's laws,
As brothers loyal in one common cause,

Are mindful of a pleading note within
Whose utterance seems to make the whole world kin:
Can *we*, whom choice or chance compelled to roam,
Be senseless to the magic sound of Home,
And idly stand, as with exultant glee
Our Kingdom marks this Year of Jubilee?

Queen of our Country! take from this fair land
The loving greetings of our little band
Of British hearts! And as thy years increase,
May all thy children's glory bring thee peace!
Thy sceptre's sway—unlike the iron rod—
Be potent to do honour to thy God:
Still heed that mercy suits, 'neath judgment's frown,
"The thronèd monarch better than his crown."
Yet even more: we urge that thou would'st deign,
In memorising half a century's reign,
To take from us, thy sovereignty apart,
Our warmest tribute to thy woman's heart:
A heart as quick to feel, as prompt to aid
Thy meanest subjects, when affliction's shade
Falls on their path. To-night we would employ
The passing hour in thankfulness and joy,
Responsive to that pulse beyond the sea
Which on the morrow's dawn will beat for thee.

Further. We yield all honour to the time
By usefulness; and found in this fair clime
A Home that kindly sympathy has planned,
For those whom creeping Time and Want's chill hand
Have touched. Ours be the task to assuage their tears,
And light with comfort their declining years!
We know, Victoria, not in vain we ask
Thy name in dedication to our task.
For his sake, who stood nearest thee, we plead,
Whose love went out to every gracious deed,
Whose firm approval would have echoed thine,
And made our act with brighter lustre shine.
Think not affection cools, nor doubt our zeal;
These by our absence are but made more real.
United by these bonds thy subjects throng
To celebrate with music and with song
This joyous time. Nor shall essay in vain
With loyalty to charge each loved refrain.
We wish thee gladness in this hopeful hour,
And on thy head unnumbered blessings shower!
God ripen every seed of good that's sown;
Protect our country, and defend thy throne!

CHAPTER XI

1887, etc.

My time was after this pretty fully occupied by efforts with my pen. I have spoken of Wilkie Collins's invariable kindness in the way of help and advice. I sent him an invitation, which was not wholly disinterested, as I wanted his counsel over a little matter of literary business. There is no other reason for giving the letter which follows, except that it was the last communication that I ever received from him, and led to a pleasant chat we had together two days afterwards at his own home.

90, Gloucester Place,
Portman Square,
December 5, 1887.

My dear Archer,

Forgive this late reply to your kind letter. I have been away—a fugitive from worries and a victim to work. For the next month to come I must be chained to the desk (with intervals for exercise), or I would gladly propose a day for accepting your kind invitation. In the meantime, I have an hour's rest between four and five, when a friend is always welcome. Can you kindly look in on Wednesday afternoon next and keep me company with a cigar? If *Yes*, don't trouble to write. If *No*, pray choose your own afternoon later, and let me have a line to say which day.

Ever yours,
W. C.

The advice alluded to he willingly gave me on that Wednesday afternoon when I dropped in on him. And we afterwards had some agreeable gossip on literary and theatrical matters. It was pleasant to hear him speak in praise of his *confrère* F. W. Robinson. He knew and valued his work as a story writer. We turned to Bulwer, whose cleverness in the capacity of novelist and playwright he thought undoubted, though apropos of "Richelieu" he remarked, "I never could conceive him talking blank verse."

In speaking of the novelist's and the dramatist's art, he held that they were absolutely distinct, and approached from different sides entirely. He instanced the different treatment of his own "Woman in White" in novel and in play. In the latter the audience learnt the secret in the first act. "The great difficulty of a play," he exclaimed, "is the scenario." Speaking of fitting actors, he said: "I never could write a play for a particular company." On the subject of the older plays, he said: "How good the 'Rivals' is—Sheridan was wonderful." He agreed with me that it wanted genius to produce pure comedy. "What a splendid thing," he went on, "is 'The Road to Ruin.' How fine that scene between old and young Dornton. Curious that Holcroft's other plays should have been so poor." He mentioned Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," which he had read with great pleasure. He preferred it, he said, to "Jess," by the same author. "I assure you," he continued, "I hurried from a meal to take it up again." Then he sounded once more a high note of praise over Sir Walter Scott, and was impatient with a public which did not read him as it ought to do. Collins, alluding to his first or one of his early novels, said: "There was a man who came down upon me heavily, and prophesied that I should never make a novelist. Many years afterwards I met him, and we had a hearty laugh over his prediction. Though I must honestly say," he said, "the story was anything but a good one. The

scene and period of it were very remote." I suppose his allusion was to "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome," though he did not tell me so. We fell into talking over actors of the past—John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. The latter, he had a firm conviction, must have been a very grand actress. What follows does not, of course, prove anything, as very indifferent actresses can be copious in tears, but he mentioned that Macready once told him that when he was acting with her in Home's "Douglas," although she had played the part of Lady Randolph hundreds of times, he felt her tears fall on his face freely in the scene they were acting together. Collins was an idoliser of the elder Farren. He particularised his acting in "Secret Service." "In Michel Perrin," he said, "he was finer than the original Bouffé." There is little doubt, I think, but that Planché's clever adaptation gave greater opportunities than the musical play from which it was taken.[1] Collins told me that he got Peake, the dramatist, to introduce him to Farren one evening. They entered into conversation, and he was disappointed at finding him so extremely stupid. From every account that we have he was a wonderful artist, but I had heard before stories of his ignorance on general matters. I had it from an actor who knew him well that Farren was under the impression that Iago, whose military grade was "ancient" (or ensign), must necessarily be an old man! While we were talking of Bulwer, Collins remarked that he thought his friend Fechter's performance of Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" was remarkably fine. We spoke of Paris. "I never visit it now," he said; "it has become a sad place to me from the many friends I have lost there." This led on to the subject of French actors—Regnier, whom he knew and valued. "How splendid he was in 'La Joie Fait Peur.' Do you know,

[1] "Secret Service" was revived by Mr. Hawtrey in 1885 at what was then Her Majesty's Theatre. Hermann Vezin played Perrin and I Fouché.

I think he must have helped Madame de Girardin a great deal with that little play; she did not seem successful with much else."

"Coquelin? Yes, I admire him very much; his Duc de Septmonts in 'L'Étrangère' was excellent. But to me," he continued, "the cleverest of the Français actors is Got. Coquelin was, you know, a pupil of Regnier. His master always had a high opinion of him, but thought his main defect was too great a loudness. Lafont was another actor whose art was a great enjoyment to me. How I regret that I never saw our own Edmund Kean act. I think the greatest acting, though, I ever saw was that of Frédéric Lemaître. He was wonderful!"

"Do you think," I asked him, "that the account given by Dickens of his acting in 'Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life' is a true one?"

"Certainly," he replied. "It is not one whit exaggerated. Dickens and I saw the play together, and at the end of one of the acts we were so utterly overcome that we both sat for a time perfectly silent!"[1] Collins then mentioned his father, the Royal Academician, and Sir David Wilkie's friend, whose pictures, he thought, were but rarely in the market. "Constantly," he observed, "I get work submitted to my judgment which is said to be his, but the paintings are always spurious." Speaking of his health, he said: "The gout which I have told you I have suffered so much from I suspect that I've inherited from my grandfather. I wrote a great deal of 'The Moonstone' when I was in fearful pain. Weather? Yes, it has a great effect upon me. Cold, frosty weather I delight in, as you know, but fog and damp make me suffer acutely." Though our conversation had not, to repeat a familiar jest, "ended in smoke," we had chatted

[1] The description of the performance at the Ambigu Theatre in 1855–6 is to be found in "Forster's Life of Dickens." Lemaître died in 1876 in his seventy-seventh year. My brother, who attended his funeral, sent me an account of it, which is given in this chapter.

on over the cigar he promised and talked of the habit we indulged in. "At one time I used to smoke continuously," he said, "but now it is a rare thing with me—it keeps me from sleep." I thought him looking very well, though I fancied he stooped a little more than was his wont. We said "Good-bye" after our pleasant talk, and parted with a hand-shake, which was fated to be our last. I never saw Wilkie Collins again. He died September 23, 1889, in his sixty-fifth year, and was laid to rest in Kensal Green cemetery—a good-hearted, loyal, and a very truthful man. But the valued friend of Dickens could scarcely have been otherwise.

The extract which follows is from a letter from my brother, dated January 30, 1876. When Frédéric Lemaître died the kiosques and walls were covered with announcements of the great benefit to be given to him four days later! He had been in receipt of £80 a year from the Government, but for a long time had been in serious monetary difficulties. It seems, unfortunately, that his vanity was beyond all reason, and his social weaknesses and moral defects were such that his friends were estranged from him and ruin overtook him. The stories of his vagaries when he was a younger man are legion. How he insisted on having his by no means inconsiderable salary paid him in five-franc pieces, which he carried away in a bag on his shoulders all along the Boulevards; how for a wager, in the middle of a serious situation in a play, he took off his wig without the freak being resented by the audience. Finding this was tolerated, he used it as a handkerchief, and wiped his forehead with it. Then, as they were still forbearing, he walked coolly to the prompter's box and offered its occupant a pinch of snuff. This the audience did not like, and he was assailed with groans and hisses; but, nothing daunted, he took his wig, threw it in the prompter's face, and walked off the stage. There were symptoms of a riot, and he was taken to the police-station. Three days

Photo by Tourtin, from the collection of M. J. L. Croze.

FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE IN "TRENTE ANS, OU LA VIE D'UN JOUER."

Photo by Reutlinger.

FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE IN "LE CRIME DE FAVERNE."

p. 304]

after he appeared again, and was received with disapprobation, when he came forward and, with mock humility, thanked his hearers for "the extreme urbanity of their reception"! The most distinguished audience even could not induce him to show fitting respect. He was so handsome and such a brilliant artist that the Parisians at this time allowed him to do almost anything. The representative of Ruy Blas, Gennaro, Mephistopheles, Robert Macaire, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Le Vieux Caporal, and the Master of Ravenswood; also of the characters he played in "Le Docteur Noir," "Paillasse," and "Le Crime de Faverne," was, from every account we have, a marvellous actor, and seems to have quite justified his title of "Le Grand Frédéric."

"Yesterday D. and I went to the funeral of the great Frédéric. It was a wonderful sight. I shall never forget it—all French to the core. It was a bright day, and the sun poured into every window of every attic of the Boulevards (Magenta, etc.) which formed the line of route from the church to the cemetery. (The parish church of Saint Martin, Rue de Marais, to the cemetery of Montparnasse.) It was indeed a great public event, but much more suggestive of a rejoicing than of a mourning. It was a splendid opportunity for studying what I call the old Parisian Paris. I wish you could have seen it. The queer old heads that turned out of Tom Tiddler's ground—pale faces and dirty—rough heads of democracy. In short, as I said, types of Parisian Paris. We joined in the procession only a few yards from the hearse, and went on to the cemetery. Every window and every yard of pavement was thronged with spectators; and, of course, at the grave itself there was a tremendous crush. I was fortunate enough to hold my ground only a few yards from the grave, and though I saw nothing, heard everything most distinctly. This was French with a vengeance.

"In all that was spoken there did not appear to be a tone of earnestness. Some of the language was fine, but none of them spoke well. Victor Hugo led off, and I was terribly disappointed to hear the author of 'Hernani' and 'Ruy Blas' lecturing like a melodramatic actor. He has a powerful voice, but the most stagey kind of French declamation. And he spoilt it all by his incomparable national vanity. 'Paris—this great and wonderful city—Paris was Sparta—Paris was Rome—Paris is Athens—Paris is everything. People of Paris yesterday full of its elections, to-day crowding around the tomb of its great actor, paying last homage to the poetical and the ideal,' etc., etc., etc.

"Two others spoke, one (Eugène Moreau, for the Association of Dramatic Artistes) giving a regular biography of Lemaître, and the other (Ferdinand Dugué), on behalf of the Dramatic Authors' Society, rendering homage to his genius. He finished something in this way: 'If to these flowers and wreaths of immortelles we could add those that have marked his wonderful triumphs his grave would rival a royal mausoleum!' Last of all, an apropos poem written for the occasion was recited.

"It was like a holiday; all the speeches were applauded heartily. But that was not the worst. The crowd surrounded Hugo, and made a regular political demonstration in the cemetery, rushing and shouting, 'Vive Hugo!' 'Vive la République!' And a few lunatics wanted to unharness his cab horse, and bear him away in triumph. However, he got free at last, and I was much relieved, for I was in the very middle of it all, close to the great poet, who looked remarkably well. The whole thing was fearfully exciting, but false and wrong.

"Faure sang at the church, and I noticed, too, Delaunay, Febvre, Halanzier, Dumaine, and many others."

Though not "intended for the church," it has been my lot, apart from the stage, more than once to pose as an ecclesiastic. The late John Pettie, the Academician, was a guest at Charles Green's one evening when I was there, and about a year afterwards got me to sit to him. Early in 1888 I had a letter from the painter, saying that his picture then in progress had a cardinal in it, "and your head has for some time past been present with me—quite my ideal of the character." Would I give him a sitting or two? etc. I was very happy to do so. The subject was Elizabethan, and was called "The Traitor." The picture promised to be a fine one, and was superb in colouring. Judging from the photograph which he afterwards sent me, the cardinal "looked the part" unmistakably.

The original I have not seen in its finished state; but I believe it is now in the Holloway College at Cooper's Hill. Several other friends, I understood, were serving him as models. I saw but little of Pettie, but I found him a very pleasant fellow, as well as a fine artist.

In the June of 1891 I had the pleasure of attending a dinner at the Criterion Restaurant to my friend F. W. Robinson.

It was given him by some of the contributors to "Home Chimes," in the words of the circular, "as a slight acknowledgment of his never-failing kindness as a man and his genius as a writer." The names of the organisers were J. M. Barrie, G. B. Burgin, Herbert E. Clarke, Jerome K. Jerome, Coulson Kernahan, Eden Phillpotts, and C. N. Williamson. Besides his sons and many private friends there were also to do honour to the guest others distinguished in various ways. Without professing to give anything like a complete list, I remember there were present Theodore Watts Dunton, Moy Thomas, Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp"), Wolcot Balestier, I. Zangwill, E. Pinches, and others. The last-named,

a son of the head of the school at which not only F. W. Robinson, but Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Henry Irving, and other distinguished men received part of their education.

Mr. Jerome was in the chair, the vice-chairman being Mr. J. M. Barrie. Both these gentlemen and their other coadjutors must have been more than gratified at the success of the affair. The real feeling shown touched Robinson very strongly, and was a source of immense pleasure to him, and to those dear to him. It was an open secret that "Home Chimes," despite the skill of the ringers, was not a profitable venture, and his friends were hardly surprised when at the end of the tenth year (January 1894) it ceased to exist. To give his own words:

"Here endeth the tenth year of the life of 'Home Chimes.' And here we drop the curtain on its life altogether. It began with us, and it will end with us. If in its decade it has brought no store of pecuniary profit to its editor and promoter, it has at least brought forward many a good man and true, and set by our side many a good friend. And so we rest content. A Happy New Year to each and all of you, and a hearty and affectionate farewell."

Any one more utterly devoid of self-assertion, boastfulness, and puffery it would have been difficult to find; and few have been held in higher regard by their fellow-workers. I think the new conditions of novel production must have been a trouble to him. When in 1900 he was in failing health he wrote to me, "The three-volume collapse was fatal. The 6*s*. novel would not bring me £50, and I am not in the mood to attempt one." His death took place in December 1901, when he was seventy years of age. His more intimate friends naturally sorrowed at his loss; but there were writers living in all parts of the world, contributors to his various periodicals, who had never seen his face, but by whom he was also very sincerely regretted.

In 1894, at the age of forty-nine, an artist passed away whom I first met many years back at the studios of different friends — the accomplished painter of animals, Charles Burton Barber—a man of unusual modesty, but in his particular line of very marked ability. He was often occupied in painting some of the pets of Queen Victoria, who had for him a special regard. He was always delighted in speaking of her kindly thought and graciousness. One of his special hobbies was artistic photography, and when he came into our part of the country busied himself in producing some beautiful specimens of the art. Many of his Academy and Institute works were, it will be remembered, made popular by reproduction in colour or engraving. Some of his terrier studies were in the highest degree artistic and faithful. He was himself full of human kindness, and his loss was much felt.

In October 1895 Miss Ada Cavendish died after a long and painful illness. Besides two of the plays of Wilkie Collins, in which she sustained the leading parts in London as "originals," she appeared in several of Shakespeare's plays, in which she was the heroine. Juliet, Beatrice, Rosalind, etc., I never saw her in any of these. Though she could scarcely be called a great actress, she had considerable fervour, with much beauty and distinction. Her real enthusiasm for her art always made it a pleasure to be associated with her.

CHAPTER XII

1899, etc.

Such a record as I have attempted to give is apt, as it draws to a conclusion, to contain some elements of sadness. Old friends and acquaintances pass away as I write. As the years roll on we become only too conscious of the vacant places that can never be filled in the same way again. "A pleasurable sadness" to some will seem a paradox; but it is an appropriate conjunction when calling up memories of those who have been dear to us, and when trying in fancy to realise their presence, when the step was firm, the eye was bright, and the voice full of cheer and kindliness. On such a plea, and under the conviction that a measure of interest attaches to them, I will revert to one or two other names already mentioned. Public tributes were so often paid to my brother the late Sydney Arnold of Paris, that I need have no hesitation or delicacy in speaking of his strenuous and honourable career. He was, it may be safely asserted, one of the most valued and popular merchants in the city. His efforts on all occasions for the welfare of the British colony in Paris, and his co-operation in every effort made for the good of its members, whether rich or poor, assuredly have not been forgotten. He went to Paris in the year 1868, remaining there until his death, which occurred in 1899, when only fifty-one years of age.

His helpfulness in the city after the terrible

Photo by Professor E. Stebbing.

SYDNEY ARNOLD, OF PARIS.

p. 310]

experiences of the war, and his association with nearly every good and worthy cause that came in his way, almost entitle him to be considered a public character. He was one of the Directors and at one time President of the British Chamber of Commerce, was well known at the Embassy, and was brought into contact successively with Lord Lyons, Lord Lytton, and Lord Dufferin. As an organiser and manager in matters requiring any tact or special discretion, his services were always invaluable. He enjoyed the friendship of Lord Dufferin, who, it was said, entrusted him with one or two delicate "lay-missions," which he carried through most successfully. On the occasion of the seventieth birthday of the Ambassador the British residents presented him with a portrait (painted by Benjamin Constant) of his son, the Earl of Ava, who unfortunately was killed in the Boer war. The ceremony took place in the Throne Room of the Embassy; the late Sir Edward Blount was the Chairman of the Committee, but owing to his great age, he felt unable to speak at any length, and the duty fell upon my brother, who discharged it with much eloquence. The late Lord Lytton, in alluding to this gift of my brother's, once declared him to be "a born orator." He never spoke more truly and earnestly than when he emphasised the feeling which the English in Paris had for that exceptional man, Lord Dufferin, and also, let it be added, for his illustrious wife.

Lady St. Helier pays him one of the prettiest tributes I have read, when she says, "No one was too insignificant or too humble for him to be kind to."

An interesting detail or two in his reply to my brother's speech will justify me in giving a short extract.

"No one could have listened unmoved to the flattering words which had fallen from the Chairman and from Mr. Arnold, least of all the person who

was the subject of their eulogiums. He could say that in his varied experiences, which had been fraught with many kindnesses, and had produced for him many friends, he had never felt more deeply than he did at that instant what an unspeakable treasure was the affection of those whom one endeavoured to serve, and the goodwill of one's countrymen and countrywomen (applause). Sir Edward Blount had been good enough to speak of the terrors of his first visit to the British Embassy in 1831. He could assure him that his own experiences in that room were far more terrifying and anxious, for it was in that room that he first ventured to put his arm round a lady's waist (laughter). When he was seventeen or eighteen he was brought to a ball in that very room, and was introduced to a young lady with whom he was told to dance (laughter).

"Another occasion which was closely associated in his mind with that room was when 'The School for Scandal' was performed, amongst others by three of the grandchildren of the author of that comedy, namely, the Duchess of Somerset, his own mother, and his uncle, Mr. Charles Sheridan. He felt sure they would understand, that with these reminiscences before him, how great a pleasure it was that this room should be the scene of one of the most gratifying incidents which he could remember in his entire life (cheers). The reason he had elected that the presentation should take the form of a portrait of his eldest son, was that he desired to have something which as a family heirloom could not be parted with at any time, and would continue as a witness to the favour and esteem in which their ancestor had been held by the English colony in Paris (applause). It would prolong the memory of their goodness, and would form the best incentive to those who should come after him to do their duty, and win the goodwill and confidence of their fellow-countrymen (cheers). As long as he lived he should never

forget that day, and amongst all the treasures and heirlooms he had collected, there was no memorial which would be more valued by him, and more treasured by his descendants than that which they had been good enough to present to him (cheers)."

To enumerate all the societies, charities, clubs, and associations in which my brother took an active interest would take up considerable space. He was missed, as few have been missed, in the English colony. This is scarcely the place to speak of the loss that those nearest and dearest to him suffered. I have undergone many ordeals, but none that was more painful and touching than the service which took place on that January day in 1899 at the Embassy Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. But there was comfort in the consciousness that the feeling expressed there by the hundreds who kindly offered me their hands, indicated a true and unfeigned respect for him. Those who were bound to him by ties of the deepest affection will scarcely be blamed for boasting of the pride they have always felt that his real worth was so sincerely acknowledged.

In April 1905 there "walked the way of nature" an exceptional artist, who by one part became an immense favourite. My experience of American acting has been very limited, but this renowned performance I first enjoyed at the Princess's Theatre in the year 1876, though it was as far back as 1865 that it was first seen in London. It was that of Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." I had the pleasure once of shaking him by the hand in his dressing-room, and of being impressed by his delightful smile and manner. It was the only occasion on which I ever met him, and I naturally paid my tribute to his fascinating impersonation. I know of nothing that was more "untheatrical," and more perfectly human and lovable. He played several other characters in England, but the incorrigible "Rip" was the one in which he secured the affections of

British playgoers. He tells us in his Autobiography that the only place in which he failed to be successful was Dublin; and that the manager actually suggested his turning him into an Irishman! Belfast made up in warmth, I believe, for the coolness of the capital. Jefferson died at his home in Florida at the age of seventy-six. His brother in art, the tragedian Edwin Booth, I saw in two plays only, "Hamlet" and "Richelieu." His performance of the former, although displaying much cleverness, impressed me as being what Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" was not—"theatrical." His acting in "Richelieu," on the other hand, I thought splendid.

Another name that I have most pleasant memories connected with, is that of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum. His face and ready help were familiar to me when he was superintendent of the Reading Room; but I did not come into private personal contact with him until after the death of Westland Marston, whose niece was the wife of Dr. Garnett, and who affectionately tended the dramatist in his last hours. I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Garnett on one occasion at St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park; and I remember what an interesting evening the Librarian gave me with his Shelley memorials and conversation. Mrs. Garnett was very delightful, and Christina Rossetti's "I like her, she is so gentle" was rightly expressive. It is not my province, even if I had the ability, to speak of the attainments and gifts of Dr. Garnett. In addition to the titles of scholar, critic, and savant, he claimed justly that of poet. The beauty of some of his sonnets is beyond doubt, notably that beginning:

"I will not rail or grieve when torpid eld," etc.

He hailed from the city of Lichfield, so charged with associations of Johnson and Garrick; and died

in 1906 in his seventy-second year. The following letter was in answer to some query of mine about Shelley:

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, W.C.,
September 23, 1891.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,

There are two letters of Shelley's bearing on the representation of the "Cenci," July and September 1819, included in Forman's edition. In both he expresses a strong desire that the play should be acted, and says that the subject should form no impediment, considering the peculiar delicacy with which he has treated it. He remarks that "Œdipe" is acted in France. Peacock when publishing the second letter in "Fraser" observed that Dryden and Lee's "Œdipus" was frequently performed in the last century, though not in this, and that the Lord Chamberlain forbade the representation of "Mirra," though in Italian.

We are all well, and just returned from Wales. I hope you will let us see you whenever you come to town.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
R. GARNETT.

In the June of 1907 Joseph Knight passed away at the age of seventy-eight. I have spoken of my acquaintance with him in earlier days. He was a large-framed, genial Yorkshireman, and something further. He was a critic, a scholar, a poet, a friend of poets, and a lover of poetry. He succeeded J. A. Heraud as dramatic critic of the "Athenæum." His connection also with the "Globe," the "Sunday Times," the "Gentleman's Magazine," ("Sylvanus Urban,") "Notes and Queries," the "Daily Graphic," etc., is well remembered. He was responsible, too, for 500 biographies of actors and actresses in the "Dictionary of National Biography." With a keen

sensibility he had that fine foundation, a very warm heart. Though unable to be present at the dinner given him a year or two before his death, and at which Sir Henry Irving presided, I, with many other friends, rejoiced over its success, for it is certain it must have been a huge delight to him. To the refinement of the scholar he added, and worthily claimed, the title of an upright, honourable gentleman. His devoted wife outlived him by less than three years. A sketch of his life is to be found in Mr. John Collins Francis's interesting "Notes by the Way."

The few lines which follow, besides being kindly appreciative of a little sketch of my own, will show his attachment to his old friend Westland Marston.

27, Camden Square, N.W.,
July 28, 1886.

My dear Archer,

I am very glad and interested to see you turning yourself to literature, though of course I would rather hear of your own profession leaving you no time for such excursions. Your paper is very graphic and taking, is extremely lively and well-written, and shows a great power of characterisation.

I have positively never seen Marston since Christmas. Without this painful experience, I would not have believed that lives once so close could, not only with no quarrel, but as far as I am concerned, with no diminution of affection, regard, and esteem, drift so far apart. I suppose it is the preparation for the great final severance. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. A. With all congratulations and regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,
J. Knight.

In January 1908, at the age of sixty-six, Robert Bremner Markby died, of whom also previous mention has been made. In late years he became by an

accident a near neighbour of ours. He never attained to much eminence as an actor, but he deserves some record, as being an exceptionally genial and worthy man. He was one of that large body—an ever-flourishing one—which mistakes the delight in the actor's art for the capacity to excel in it. His father was a Cambridgeshire rector with a large family. One of his brothers is Sir William Markby, who was Professor of Indian Law at the University of Oxford, and also a personal friend of Jowett's. Robert Markby had the benefit of an education at Marlborough, and I believe an advantageous start in life afterwards, but the fascination of the stage was too strong for him. In 1871 he was acting at the Old Court Theatre in Sir W. S. Gilbert's "On Guard." Although he played in the provinces, he never had, as far as I am aware, any sort of regular training there. In 1872 he acted Ireton in W. G. Wills's "Charles the First," with Irving at the Lyceum. In the same year he was associated with John Clayton in Sir Campbell Clarke's version of "Marcel" by Sandeau and Decourcelle at the Gaiety, and in 1874 he was with the Bancrofts acting Trip in "The School for Scandal."

Reference has been made to his performance of Julian Gray at the Charing Cross Theatre in 1875. He was again at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1876, where he appeared as Snarl, one of the critics in "Masks and Faces." In the same year also he was seen as Dazzle in "London Assurance," under Mrs. John Wood's management at the St. James's Theatre. I lost sight of him for a long time, and then we encountered him at Datchet in 1882. I think he was acting in some drama at the Princess's Theatre. He occupied himself a good deal in the coaching of amateurs.

Ten years later he came to settle in the country. He never married, and for many years before his death he joined us on Christmas Day. It was a season especially dear to him, and which he was fond

of celebrating in the true Dickens spirit. He quite identified himself with Father Christmas, and with his burly figure and silver beard, "looked the part" admirably.

An old friend of his was the late Henry Kemble, and but a very short time before the death of the latter he had been inquiring of Markby into details and expenses of the life rural. Henry Kemble was a grandson of Charles Kemble, and his cousin was a daughter of John Mitchell Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon student to whom Tennyson addressed the lines,

> "My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
> A latter Luther, and a soldier priest," etc.

She was married to our great singer, Sir Charles Santley.

Henry Kemble was a very amusing actor, and, like Markby, a sociable, kind-hearted creature. Sir Squire Bancroft has given some interesting details of him in his latest volume. His friend, our neighbour, was a born story-teller and jest-lover.

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

His personal resemblance to the late King was very marked, and in spite of his Bohemian characteristics, he was always a thorough gentleman. The poor, the infirm, the aged, and the children, all loved him. Every boy and girl in the village knew and valued "Mr. Markby"; and at his death there was but one phrase on every lip "How he will be missed!" He may have been fussy, foolish, and eccentric; and sometimes he was generous before he was just. Well, it is a foible one finds it, I hope, easy to condone. The poorest can be rich in the memories even of some personalities.

There were many well-known names whose owners

in the years that are gone would often appear at the Arundel Club. Thomas Woolner, poet and sculptor —in his youth, one of the pre-Raphaelite Brothers— was occasionally a guest, but though I have seen him there at the periodical suppers, I had not the pleasure of any intercourse with him. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "The Real Lord Byron," etc., was another whose face was familiar—Joseph Knight at one time was a very faithful attendant. The late Dr. Sebastian Evans was also a member. I recall some interesting talk with him—a very gifted man: a poet, an artist, a journalist, a barrister, a doctor, a dramatist, a linguist, etc. He was the author of a volume of poetry, among others, called "Brother Fabian's Manuscript." "The High History of the Holy Grail," recently produced in "Everyman's Library," was translated by him from the old French. He was at one time manager of the artistic department of the glass works of Messrs. Chance Brothers & Co. of Birmingham, for whom he designed many stained-glass windows.

In 1867 he was, I have understood, a prominent figure with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in a debating society called "The Tobacco Parliament." In the following year he put up as member for Birmingham in the Conservative interest, but without success. He was a friend also of the late Sir E. Burne-Jones. He died in 1909 at Canterbury, where he seems to have been much valued, in his eightieth year.

At the beginning of this chapter I spoke of the inevitable sadness there must be in the passing away of those for whom we have had a regard and affection. How little I thought when committing the words to paper that a terrible loss was so soon to fall upon the nation—the death of King Edward VII. The conventional phrase of "blessed memory" was never more aptly applied. I have had occasion to allude to his gracious and thoughtful acts, but a tribute is due to him as the possessor of higher qualities—his largeness of heart and his liberality, the fine tact

and skill he exercised in avoiding to give pain, and in the reconciliation of opposing tempers and passions; the courtly dignity that was part of his very being.

> "For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

And, above all, the patient consideration for his people in their every care and anxiety.

To these were added two qualities which Englishmen rate highly—a freedom from all hypocrisy and the soundest common sense. As long as hearts have power to beat he will be endeared, not only to his own people, but to those of all other nations to whom he was known. There is no want of wisdom in dwelling on his geniality and good-fellowship, for they did not detract from, but added to,

> "The king-becoming graces,
> As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
> Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
> Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

The deaths, unhappily, of two other actors that I have to note are those of Hermann Vezin and Henry Neville. Though both of them were my seniors, they were co-mates of the past, and one of them had been my manager. The former, it may be remembered, I have spoken of first seeing at the old Surrey Theatre when I was little more than a boy.

Vezin was a clever and intellectual actor, but not to everybody an attractive one. This I honestly think was the cause of what was often spoken of as his want of luck. Many men with infinitely less intellect and elocutionary power have been greatly successful. Who can say what that mysterious innate something is that, notwithstanding all sorts of deficiencies, proves so fascinating! Some performances of Vezin's attained a high standard of excellence. His acting with

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

HERMANN VEZIN AS DAN'L DRUCE.

Photo by Lombardi & Co., of Brighton.

HERMANN VEZIN IN "THE MAN O' AIRLIE."

Photo by Bassano.

HENRY NEVILLE.

Adelaide Neilson in "Life for Life," as the chief of a Highland clan, was said to be very fine. His rendering of Dan'l Druce in the play of that name by the late Sir W. S. Gilbert to my thinking was an admirable impersonation. Parenthetically, too, if I were speaking of living actors, I could not refrain from dwelling on a certain charming love-scene in this play interpreted by Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Vezin's acting also in a play written by W. G. Wills called the "The Man o' Airlie" I recall distinctly as a splendid piece of work. A fine scene was that in which James Harebell, the mad old poet, forlorn and destitute, supposed to be long since dead, comes upon the monument which, with much ceremony, is being inaugurated to his memory, and recognises the words and air of one of his own poems.

If I except Benefit performances, the only three plays in which I acted with him were "Olivia" at the Court Theatre, "Secret Service" at Her Majesty's, and for a solitary matinée in April 1887, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Coventry Street, in a piece called "Christina," by Messrs. Lynwood and Ambient. In the following year it was produced at the Olympic Theatre, with Mr. E. S. Willard in the part played by Vezin, the heroine on both occasions being sustained by Miss Alma Murray, whose association with the dramatic work of Shelley and Browning will be pleasantly remembered. Hermann Vezin was eighty-one when he died.

Henry Neville could not be called an intellectual actor, but he had some fine qualities, and was always a popular favourite. I thought his original performance of Bob Brierly in Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was a very fine one. I cannot say I ever saw him to advantage in Shakespeare. He had, however, in his youth so much virility and verve that he carried everything before him. He was then one of the few actors of romantic and chivalric

ROYAL

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

LICENSED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO MISS HERBERT,
(ACTUAL AND RESPONSIBLE MANAGERESS,) BOLTONS, BROMPTON.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Doors will be Opened at a Quarter before Seven, and the Performances will commence at a Quarter-past Seven.

HUNTED DOWN

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

On Monday, Dec. 31st, Tuesday, Jan. 1st, 1867, & during the Week,
To commence at a Quarter-past Seven with a NEW FARCE, by J. M. MORTON, Esq., called

NEWINGTON BUTTS.

Newington Butts,	Mr. F. CHARLES,	Captain Clincher,	Mr. T. C. BURLEIGH,
Jogtrot,	—	—	Mr. J. D. STOYLE,
Mrs. Thrillington,	Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON,	Martha,	Miss McDONNELL

After which, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,
Will be performed THE NEW DRAMA, entitled

HUNTED DOWN,

OR,

THE TWO LIVES OF MARY LEIGH,

IN THREE ACTS, BY

DION BOUCICAULT,

Author of "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Octoroon," "Janet Pride," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Willow Copse," "The Long Strike," "Flying Scud," &c.

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

John Leigh, R.A.,	-	Mr. WALTER LACY,
Mary Leigh,	(his Wife)	Miss HERBERT,
Lady Glencarrig,	(his Sister)	Miss GUILLON LE THIERE,
Willie,	(his Children)	Miss LILLIE LEE,
Maud,	(his Children)	Miss CHARLTON,
Fanny,	(their Nurse)	Miss MARION,
Mrs. Bolton Jones,	(a Friend of the Family)	Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS,
Clara,	(a Model)	Miss ADA DYAS,
Rawdon Scudamore,	(a Gambler)	Mr. HENRY IRVING,
A Porter,	-	Mr. BAINES,
James,	(Mr. Leigh's Servant)	Mr. A. BROWN,
Jane,	(a Servant)	Miss CONWAY,
Martin,	(Lady Glencarrig's Servant)	Mr. BARRIER.

THE FIRST ACT
Takes place in London during the present year, and represents the

HOME OF MARY LEIGH.

A Picture by John Leigh, R.A., a Domestic Subject, "Shut in with Flowers and spanned by Cloudless Sky"—A Dark Shadow is flung across the Painting.

THE SECOND ACT
Takes place Three Months subsequently to the First Act, and represents

Scene 1.—SCUDAMORE'S LODGINGS
The Gambler's Home.

Scene 2.—THE BOWLING-GREEN AT MOUNT AUDLEY.

The Pursuit—John's Picture becomes faded, and its colours fly.—Scene 3

THE LAUREL SHRUBBERY.

MARY IS HUNTED DOWN!

THE THIRD ACT:—

THE BAY ROOM.

The Dark Shadow is dissolved, and John Leigh's Picture is restored!

To conclude with AN ECCENTRICITY, founded upon the Opera, "L'ELISIR D'AMORE," and called

DULCAMARA!

OR, THE

LITTLE DUCK AND THE GREAT QUACK.

BY W. S. GILBERT, ESQ.

THE NEW SCENERY BY Mr. JOHN GRAY and Assistants.
THE MUSIC BY Mr. VAN HAMME.
THE DANCES AND ACTION ARRANGED BY MR. F. CHARLES.
Dresses by Mrs. CURL. Properties and Decorations by Mr. J. LIGHTFOOT. Machinery by Mr. MATHEWS.

Nemorino (a Neapolitan Peasant, of whom you will hear more peasantly) Miss E. McDONNELL
Belcore (a Sergeant of Infantry, who is "cut out" for a good soldier by nature—and by Nemorino) - - Mr. F. CHARLES
Dr. Dulcamara (a travelling Quack Lecturer, who drives his own trap, and is therefore, less of Mary Walker than a Charlotte-Ann Rider) - Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS
Beppo (his *Jock*-pudding, whose real nature is concealed by a mysterious *Pike*-crust) Mr. J. D. STOYLE
Tomaso (a Notary, keeping company with Gianetta—"Tomaso, and Tomaso, and Tomaso, creeps with his pretty *Paysanne*."—Shakespeare) - Mr. GASTON MURRAY
Adina (the Little Duck, who, it is hoped, will nevertheless be found to be very long in the bill) - Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON
Gianetta (the pretty *Paysonne*, to whom Tomaso pays an overwheming amount of attention Miss ELEANOR BUFTON
Catarina (an exquisite villager) Miss MARION
Maria - - Miss GUNNESS

Soldiers, Male and Female Peasants, Fisher-girls, &c.

Scene 1.—**EXTERIOR OF ADINA'S FARM.**

Arrival of Belcore and his warriors.

Scene 2.—INTERIOR OF NEMORINO'S HOUSE.

Scene 3.—**A VILLAGE MARKET-PLACE.**

Dance of Soldiers and Peasant Girls, and arrival of Dr. Dulcamara—The Mystery—The love philtre!

Scene 4.—*INTERIOR OF ADINA'S FARM.*

Preparations for the Marriage of All the Village Girls!

Scene 5.—**THE VILLAGE GREEN.**

The potion works!—Discomfiture of Belcore—Astounding Solution of a Remarkable Mystery, and Triumph of Agricultural Innocence, typified by a

GRAND ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU

OF LOVE'S DEVICES.

Acting Manager, - **Mr. W. S. EMDEN.**
Stage Manager, - Mr. HENRY IRVING.
The Scenic Department under the Direction of Mr. JOHN GRAY, &c.

Musical Director, - - Mr. VAN HAMME.
The Costumes by Mrs. CURL & Madame GUILLE. Properties and Decorations by Mr. JOHN LIGHTFOOT.
Mechanist, Mr. MATHEWS.

Box Office open from 11 to 5, under the Direction of Mr. CHATTERTON.

Orchestra Stalls, 6s. Dress Circle Stalls, 5s. Upper Boxes, 4s. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 6d.

☞ **NO SECOND PRICE.**

"Nassau Steam Press," W. S. Johnson, 60, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

parts in melodrama that London could boast of. He was a favourite in the sort of character since assumed by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Martin Harvey. The man as well as the actor was the happy possessor of a certain *bonhomie* and good-fellowship that proved very attractive to his friends; both as manager and fellow-actor he was all that was pleasant and agreeable. He passed away rather suddenly in June 1910 at the age of seventy-three.

More than one reference has been made to a name whose owner also died recently at the age of seventy-four with even a more startling suddenness—Sir W. S. Gilbert. He had a lengthy career. I distinctly remember the occasion when I first heard of his work. A friend who was a ship's surgeon told me one day that he had been immensely amused by some verses which had just appeared in "Fun." They bore the name of "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." It has been asserted since that they were rejected by Mark Lemon for "Punch." Readers of "The Bab Ballads," which, with the author's inimitably droll sketches, contain, I think, the funniest things he wrote, will recall the amusing refrain:

> "Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
> And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
> And a bosun tight and a midshipmite
> And the crew of the captain's gig."

As a humorist Gilbert undoubtedly held a position in the front rank. He had not the genius of Dickens, and his fantasies were of a totally different kind, but there is one piece of writing by the author of "Pickwick" that seems an adumbration of "The Pinafore." It is the pirate story from "Holiday Romance": the story that Dickens delighted in, and which he himself—as he told Forster—found droll. It is not too well known; nor are the three others which make up the collection. Dickens as a humorist is here quite at his best. Always a

child at heart, he could wonderfully and vividly reproduce a child's joys and sympathies.[1] Gilbert's fun, unlike that of his predecessor, was displayed rhythmically. His first stage venture, "Dulcamara," at the St. James's Theatre, when Irving was stage manager there, has been spoken of in a previous chapter. His blank-verse dramas, which were so successful, "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," etc., were worthy to follow in the wake of Planché. Their combination of delicate fancies and feeling with satire, made them greatly attractive. In point of construction they were unequal, "Pygmalion and Galatea" perhaps being the best of them. Gilbert always seemed happy in his farcical pieces, whether original or adapted. In more purely serious efforts he was not so successful with the general public. My association with him in his version of "Faust," which failed to find favour, has also been mentioned. It was his connection with Sir Arthur Sullivan, supported by artistes and a management in sympathy with his work, that largely brought him the fame and fortune that he enjoyed.

[1] In correcting the proofs of these last pages, I may perhaps be allowed to add my congratulations on the success of the "Dickens Fund" instituted by the "Daily Telegraph." The solid results attained—in no wise "beggingly," to use the great writer's own word—and the way in which the response has been made, show how warmly he is still held in the hearts of the people.

INDEX

Abbey, E. A., 285, 288
A'Beckett, G., 152
Achard (tenor), 82
Adams, W. H., Davenport, 275
Addison, Carlotta, 29, 204
Addison, E. P., 27
Addison, Fanny, 27
Addison, Joseph, 211
Adelaide, Queen, 17
Adelphi, Theatre, 25, 26, 48, 52, 62, 153, 293
Adrienne Lecouvreur, 72
After Dark, 65
Agar, Mme. sings " Marseillaise,"82
Agnew, C. M., 288
Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. W., 288
Agnew, Sir G. W., 289
Aïdé Hamilton his *Philip*, 155, 291
Ainger Canon, 212, 214, 216
Akenside, M., 211
Aladdin, 26
Albert, Prince, and Shakespeare's House, 17; his death, 22
Albery, James, *Two Roses*, 149; letter from, 150
Alexander, George, Sir, 207, 290
Alexandra, Queen (the Queen-Mother), 22, 152, 285 *et seq.*
Alexandra Theatre (Liverpool), 69
Allen, Frederick, of Bond Street, 82, 88; letter to, 117
Allen, Frederick W., skill as a rider, 239
Allen, R., 288
All that Glitters, etc., 72
Alma-Tadema, Miss, 288
Alma-Tadema, Sir L., 283
Ambigu, Comique Théâtre, 140, 303
Ambrose, W., 212
Ames, Victor, 288
Anderson, James R., 27
Anderson, Mary (Madame de Navarro), her "*Memories,*" 247; in *Ingomar, Lady of Lyons, Pygmalion and Galatea, Comedy and Tragedy, Romeo and Juliet, Winter's Tale*, 248; her Worcestershire home, 249
Anderson, Percy, 288
Anderton, Mr. (Common Council), 48
Andrews, William, 275
Andromaque, 139
Anne Blake, 218
Anne Boleyn, 24, 136
Anne Judge, Spinster, 274, 281
Antigone, 17, 27
Antiquary, The, 281
Anton, Prince, 79
Antonina, 302
Antony and Cleopatra, 28, 271
Archer, Frank, his ancestors, 13, 14; his father and Charles Kemble, 15, 16; first visit to London, 19; school elocution, 20; life in the city, 20 *et seq.*; early play-going, 25 *et seq.*; amateur efforts, 35, 36; tuition from Leigh Murray, 39 *et seq.*; first appearance at Nottingham, 44-5-6; letters from Leigh Murray, 48-71; *Winter's Tale* at Manchester, 76; first visit to Paris, 77; declaration of war, 79; return to Manchester, 81; meeting with Tom Taylor, 130; first London offer, 131; Liverpool experiences, 131-2; letter on subsidised theatre, 135; introduction to Joseph Knight, 135; re-engaged at Manchester, 135; first professional appearance in London, 137; letter from Tom Taylor, 137; Claudius at Crystal Palace, 145; at Olympic as Julian Gray in *The New Magdalen*, 147; re-visits Paris, 159; return to Prince of Wales's, 160;

Society, 161; sees Salvini in Othello, 163; meets Salvini, 175; *Merchant of Venice*, 179; *Money*, 180; second visit to Paris, 180; *Masks and Faces*, *Wrinkles*, and *Ours*, 183; appears as Hamlet at Edinburgh, 184; Vaudeville, 185; at Court Theatre in *Olivia*, 187; Shakespeare Memorial Benefit, 189; *The Two Orphans*, 189; Mrs. Holford's play, 189; *Gretchen*, 190; his marriage, 191; letter to *Times*, 198; at New Haymarket, 202, 204–5, 213, 218; *Branded*, 239, 240, 242; at Bancroft supper to Irving, 246; acting with Mary Anderson, 248; *The New Magdalen* at Novelty Theatre, 251; visits Lord Tennyson, 255; the Bancroft farewell, 278; recites lines at Royal Institute, 285; message from the late King Edward, 289; gives up acting, 292; early recollections of Irving, 292; experiences with J. L. Toole, 294; Jubilee of 1887, 296; ode for Victoria Home in Paris, 298; last meeting with Wilkie Collins, 301; as Fouché, 302; at the dinner to F. W. Robinson, 307; his brother's death, 310
Archer, Miss, 288
Argyll, The late Duke of, 264
Armitt, Mrs., 275
Arnold, Frank B. *See* Frank Archer.
Arnold, Henry James, 15; letter of, 16; letters to, on Emerson, 18, 19
Arnold, Matthew, 147
Arnold, Sydney, 76; letters of, from Paris during Siege and Commune, 82–130; his meeting with Déjazet, 140; a chat with Coquelin cadet, 138; recites Jubilee ode, account of, 310 *et seq.*
Arnould-Plessy, Mme., 78, 160, 183
Arts Club, 194, 250
Arundel Club, 152, 250, 319
Astley's Theatre, 25, 28
As You Like It, 16, 55, 153, 188
At Bay, 220
Athenæum, The, 68, 217, 235, 315
Atkinson, Miss, 27
Auld Licht Idylls, 276
Austria, Empress of, 239
Ava, Earl of, 311
Aylmer's Field, 266
Aynesworth, A., 206
Ayrton, A. S., 152

Bab Ballads, 324
Babington, Dr., 210
Bailey, P. J., 219
Balestier Wolcot, 307
Ball, J. M., 290
Balzac, H. de, 31, 155
Bancroft, Lady (Marie Wilton), at Strand Theatre, 26; *The Little Savage*, as Pippo, Sir Walter Raleigh in *A Lucky Escape*, 26, 29, 43, 48–9, 52–3, 59; in *Belphegor*, 133, 204–5
Bancroft, Sir Squire, 49, 59; at Wilkie Collins's, 147, 152, 162, 184, 204–5, 207; his supper to Irving, 246
Bancrofts, The, Tom Taylor on their management, 137, 160; their "Recollections," 179, 180, 183, 194, 202; reforms instituted by, 278, 317
Bandmann, D., 68
Bar Sinister, The, 35
Barber, C. Burton, 212, 283, 309
Baretta, Mme. (Français), 182
Barker, Charles Mylne, 217, 288
Barnaby Rudge, 67
Barnard, Frederick, 192, 283
Barnay, Herr, 240
Barnes, J. H., 248
Barnett, H. N., 219
Barr, Robert ("Luke Sharp"), 307
Barré (Français), 79, 182
Barrett, H. M., 27, 64
Barrett, Laurence, 246
Barrett, Wilson, opinion of *Becket*, 256, 262
Barrie, J. M., 275–6, 307–8
Barrière, Théodore, 40
Barrington, Rutland, 245
Barry, Spranger, 163–4
Bateman, H. L., 155, 291
Bateman, K. (Mrs. Crowe), as Leah, 26
Bateman, Mrs., 221
Battle of Life, The, 68–9
Bazaine, Marshal, 81
Beaconsfield, Lord, 195-6
Beard, Frank C., 147–8
Beatrice, Mdlle., 65
Becket. *See* Tennyson.
Bedford, H., 63
Bedford, Paul, 28, 63
Beersman, Catharine, 220

Belle's Stratagem, The, 17, 293
Bellew, J. C. M., and Dickens as readers, 35
Bellew, Kyrle (H. Kyrle), 136
Bells, The, 291
Belmore, George, 27, 48, 130
Belton, F., 130
Bendigo, the pugilist, 53
Benedetti, V., 79
Bennett, George, 217
Bennett, Col. J. W., 13
Bennett, Rev. S., 13
Bennett, W. C., 275
Bennoch, Francis, 21
Beringer, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar, 212
Bernard, Bayle, 218
Bernard-Beere, Mrs., 191
Bernhardt, Sarah, 182, 247
Berton, Pierre, 160, 246
Betterton, T., 163
Beverley, W. R., 212, 243–4–5
Bianca, Mme. (Français), 183
Billington, John, 54, 132, 191, 274, 294
Billington, Mrs., 26
Birmingham, 17, 18, 319
Bishop, A., 206–7
Bishop, Rev. D. G., 14
Bismarck, 104, 107–8
Black Cook of the Ocean, The, 56
Black-Eyed Susan, 28
Blackie, J. S., 238
Blake, W., 211
Blakeley, W., 49, 59, 206–7
Blanchard, E. L., 177, 184
Blessington, Lady, 32
Blot in the 'Scutcheon, A, 70
Blount, Sir Edward, 311, 312
Blyth, Henry, 212
Blyth, Lord, 212
Bob Sawyer's Party, 34, 35
Boots at the Swan, 29
Booth, Barton, 163
Booth, Edwin, his Hamlet and Richelieu, 314
Borough Politics, 218
Borrow, George, 201
Bosquin (in *Faust*), 81
Boucher (Français), 78, 140, 182
Boucicault, Dion, 26, 28; *Flying Scud*, 44; difference with Reade, 62; *La Joie Fait Peur* adapted, 139, 151, 292
Boucicault, Mrs. (Miss Agnes Robertson), 28
Bouffé, 302
Bourchier, A., 206–7
Boyne, Leonard, 162
Braidwood, James, 21
Branded, 239
Brandram, Samuel, reading of *Hamlet*, 199, 200
Bressant, 78–9, encored in *Le Lion Amoureux*, 80
Bridge of Glass, The, 274
Brindal, actor, 51
Bristol, New Theatre, 51
Broadley, A. M., 288
Brohan, Madeleine, 78–9, 139
Broisat, E., 182
Broken Spells, 218
Bromley, J. W., 288
Brooke, G. V., 61, 164, 218
Brookfield, C. H. E., 205-6, 258
"Brooks's," 255
Brooks, Shirley, 134
Brougham, J., 274
Brough, Fanny, as Hero, 130; Clara Douglas, 151, 204
Brough, Lionel, 65–6, 207, 283
Brough, Robert, 26
Brough, William, 26, 67
Brown, Ford Madox, 219, 226
Brown Oliver, Madox, 234
Browning, Robert, 70; on Salvini's acting, 175, 196, 219, 234, 321
Buckstone, J. B., 26, 184, 218
Buckstone, Lucy, 136
Bulwer, *See* Lord Lytton.
Burgess, Gilbert, 288
Burgin, G. B., 275, 307
Burke, E., 212
Burnand, Sir F. C., 26, 28, 44, 70, 154, 195
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 319
Butler, The, 294
Byrne, Oscar, 49
Byron, H. J., 26, 53, 183, 185
Byron, Lord, 27

Calvert, Charles, at Surrey Theatre, 40, 71; revival of *Winter's Tale*, 76; *Richard the Third*, 131; *Timon of Athens*, 131; as Shylock, 135–6
Calvert, Mrs. Charles, 40, 130
Calvin (Palais Royal), 140
Cambridge, Duke of, 286
Camilla's Husband, 46
Camp at Chobham, The, 72
"Capability Brown," 211
Carlisle, Alexandra, 207
Carlisle, Miss, 130, 136
Carpenter, Mary, 277
Carter, John, 155
Carton, R. C., 130

Carvalho, Mme., M. C. M., 81, 160, 182
Cassell's Magazine, 274
Cassio, Leigh Murray on, 70–1
Caste, at Newcastle, 59
Castel-Mary, in *Faust*, 81
Castle, Egerton, 289
Castle Spectre, The, 56
Cathcart, Maud, 188
Cathcart, Rowley, 189
Catling, Thomas, at Urban Club, 178
Cattermole, Charles, 286
Caudle's, Mrs., Curtain Lectures, 17
Cavendish, Ada, in *The New Magdalen*, 147, 151–2, 156–7, 160 *et seq.*, 174, 185, 205, 240, 250; her acting, 309; death, 309
Cecil, Arthur, 136, 188, 205–6, 240
Celeste, Madame, 26, 63, 201
Celia's Arbour, 192
Cenci, The, 315
Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Joseph, a play for Robson, 31; "The Tobacco Parliament," 319
Chambers's Journal, 158
Champneys, Rev. W. W., Dean of Lichfield, 24
Chandos, portrait, The, 55
Chaplain of the Fleet, The, 192
Charing Cross Theatre (Toole's), 160, 162, 317
Charles, Fred, 27, 251
Charles the First, 291, 317
Charlotte Corday, 220, 247–8
Charpentier (Français), 79
Châtelet Théâtre, Strange's company at, 86; *Les Deux Orphelines*, 159; *Le Sonneur de St. Paul*, 182
Chater, Mrs., 289
Chatham, Lord, 211, 212
Cheltnam, C. S., 275
Cherry and Fair Star, 49
Chéry (Français), 78
Chesterfield, Lord, 32
Chimney Corner, The, 29
Chippendale, W. H., 26; as Adam, 153
Chivalry, by R. Lee, 152
Chlapowski, Count, 238
Christina, 321
Christmas Carol, The, 192
Church, W. E., 177; on J. A. Heraud, 236; death in Charterhouse, 236
Chute, J. H., 42; letter from, 43, 44, 51
Cibber, Colley, 163–4
Clancarty, first produced, 156; revived at Olympic, 184
Clarke, Sir Campbell, 317
Clarke, Sir Edward, 219, 308
Clarke, Herbert E., 221; ode to Philip Marston, 235, 275, 307
Clarke, H. Savile, 286, 289
Clarke, John, 28, 153, 205
Clarke, J. S., in Wellington de Boots, 194, 246
Clayton, John, in *Dearer than Life*, 66–7; in *Dreams*, 69–70, in *Philip*, 155, 206, 294
Clayton, Miss Alice, 288
Cloister and the Hearth, The, 265
Cockburn, Sir Alexander, 196
Coghlan, Charles, at Bristol, 43; as Shylock, 179, 180, 203–4, 206; in *Life for Life*, 218
Coghlan, Rose, 136
Coke, A., Sacheverell, 285
Colbourn's New Monthly, 213
Coleman, John, 59, 172
Coleridge, S. T., 236
Colleen Bawn, The, 26
Collette, C., 189, 204, 206
Collier, T., 283
Collins, Arthur, 207
Collins, C. A., 35
Collins, Wilkie, 35; *The New Magdalen*, 147; a luncheon with, 147–8; *A Strange Bed*, 151; letters from, 156, 160, 162, 183, 185, 243, 251 *et seq.*, 279, 282, 300; on Scott, 281, 301; the elder Farren, 302; French actors, 303; his father's work, 303; death, 304, 309,
Collins, William, 303
Collinson, Miss, 66
Columbus, burlesque, 69
Colvin, Sir Sidney, 192
Comédie Française at Crystal Palace, 134–5, 138
Comedy of Errors, The, 28
Compton, Edward, 130
Compton, Henry, 26, 61; as Paul Pry, 130; Dogberry, 130; *Handsome is*, etc., 130–1, 153
Comus, 27
Coningsby, 195
Contested Election, The, 31, 33
Conway, H. B., 136; at Gaiety, 188; in *Gretchen*, 191, 205
Cooke, T. P., 55
Cookesley, Rev. W. G., 195–6
Cool as a Cucumber, 31

Cooper, Mrs., of Rowsley, 247
Cooper, Wilbye, 27
Coquelin, 78–9, 138–9, 140, 160, 182; in *L'Étrangère*, 303; a pupil of Regnier, 303
Coquelin cadet, 79; Sydney Arnold and, 138; on Rossi, 138; sad end, 139, 140, 160
Corbould, E. H., 286
Coriolanus, 133, 261
Cornhill Magazine, 158
Cornish, Surgeon-Major H., 209
Cornwall, Barry. *See* Procter.
Coronation of Queen Victoria, 17
Cotton, Rt. Hon. W. J. R., banquet at Mansion House, 184
Cottrell, Miss, 28
Courier, The, 117
Courrier de Lyon, Le at Ambigu, 140,
Court Theatre, 80, 137, 152; *Olivia* at, 187
Covent Garden Theatre, 24–5; Salvini at, 174–5
Cranbrook, Lord, 288
Crane, Walter, 285
Crauford, J. R., 205–6, 242
Craven, Hawes, 290
Creole, The, 72
Creswick, W., 17, 27, 28
Crichton Club, The, 250
Cricket on the Hearth, The, 66
Cripps the Carrier, 192
Critic, The, 17, 31
Critchett, Sir Anderson, 240, 292
Critchett, Lady, 240
Croizette, Mlle., 140, 160
Crosby Hall, 36
Croze, J. L., 142
Cruikshank, George, talk with, 155
Cruise upon Wheels, A, 35
Crystal Palace, Banquet to Comédie Française, 135; *Hamlet* at, 145–6
Cup, The, 256, 264, 291
Cushman, Charlotte, as Rosalind, 16; Meg Merrilees and Viola, 17, 72, 219
Cuthbert, Bella, 55

Dabbs Dr., 268–9,
Daily Graphic, The, 315
Daily News, The, on Déjazet, 143; Mrs. Pfeiffer's letter, 198, 273
Daily Telegraph, The, 85, 91, 96, 207; on General Gordon, 272, 325
Dallas, E. S., 271
Dame aux Camélias, La, 238
Dance, Charles, 55
Dan'l Druce, 321
D'Auban, John, 288
David Copperfield, 20, 34
Davidson, Captain, 287
Davis, E. D., manager, 59
Day with Cromwell, A., 215
Day, Dr. W. H., 216
Dead Heart, The, 34, 65
Dearer than Life, 66–7, 294–5
Decca, M. 289.
Deitz, Nellie, 137
Déjazet, Virginie, 140; *La Closerie des Genêts*, 141; *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*, 141, 143; *Souvenir of*, 142; *her experiences*, 142; her benefit, 142; death, 142; *Daily News* on her art, 143
Déjazet Théâtre, *Andromaque*, 139
Delaporte, Mme., Gymnase, 183
Delaunay, L., 78, 140, 160, 306
Delepierre, J. Octave, 155
Delsarte, 144
Denison, A. M., 204
Denman, G. L., 246
Denmark, the King of, 287
Descent into Hell, The, 236
Desclée Aimée, her art, 149; at Olympic, 151; death, 149
Desrieux (Gaîté), 139
Devoyod, Mme. (Gaîté), 139
Dewar, F., 204
Diane de Lys, 149
Dickens, Charles, his readings, 34; W. E. Henley on, 35; on *Camilla's Husband*, 46; and Hullah, 51; *Battle of Life* as a play, 68–9; in war time, 88, 104; Dr. Beard and, 147–8; *The Life* and John Forster, 158; C. Green and F. Barnard as illustrators of, 191 *et seq.*; on a National Theatre, 199; Prologue for *The Patrician's Daughter*, 217; on *A Hard Struggle*, 218, 219, 271, 276; on Irving, 293, 303; and W. S. Gilbert, 324–5
Dickens, Charles, junior, 195
Dickens, Henry Fielding, 35
Dictionary of National Biography, 315
Dietz, Linda, 205
Dilkes, the, 211
Dillon, Charles, 27; his Belphegor, 133, 134; in *A Life's Ransom*, 218; *A Hard Struggle*, 218
Dinah-Félix, Mme., 79, 160, 182
Discarded Son, The, 72
Disraeli, B. (Lord Beaconsfield), 219

Dixon, H., 219
Dobell, S., 219
Dollman, J. C., 286
Done on Both Sides, 61
Donna Diana, 28, 218
Don, Sir William, 67
Donne, W. Bodham, 148
Dora, 265
Doran, Dr., 134, 177
Dorothy Forster, 192
Dot, 65–6, 295–6
Doucet, Camille, 182
Douglas, 302
Dowton, W., 63
Doyle, Sir Conan, 292
Drayton, Henri, 27
Dreams, 69
Drury Lane Theatre, 25; plays of The 'sixties and actors at 27, 64, 70, 163; *début* of Salvini, 163, 217
Dubourg, A. W., 240
Duchesne (Opéra Comique), 160
Dufferin, Lord, 135; at Cookesley's, 196; portrait presentation, 311; speech of, 311 *et seq.*
Dugué, F., 306
Dugueret, Mme., in *Andromaque*, 139
Duke's Motto, The, Fechter in, 34; at Olympic, 184
Dulcamara, 293, 325
Dumaine, 306
Dundreary, Lord, Sothern as, 26, 138
Dunphie, C. J., 61, 226, 236, 237; letter from, 237
Dunton, Theodore Watts, 219; on Philip Marston, 235; quoted, 262, 271, 275, 307
Dupont, Mme. A. (Français), 183
Dupont Vernon (Français). 160, 182
Dyas, E., 204
Dyas, Mrs. E., 67
Dyson, Mr., 211

Earle, C., 286
Eastern Counties Daily Express, 122
East Lynne, 131
Echo, The, 71, 93, 134–5
Edinburgh, 71–2; *Hamlet* at Princess's, 184
Edinburgh, Duke of, 53
Edinburgh, Duchess of, 252
Edward the Seventh, 22, 40; at Olympic Theatre, 152; at Novelty, 252; at the Royal Institute Tableaux, 285 *et seq.*; message to author, 289, 290; death, 319, 320
Egerton (*in Man of the World*), 70
Egyptian Hall, 244
Elliston, C., 60
Elliston, R. W., 60
Elsworthy, Miss, 29
Elton, E. W., 60, 61
Emerson, R. W., Memories of, 18, 19
Emery, Samuel, in *Lost in London*, 34
Emery, Winifred (Mrs. Cyril Maude), 207; in *Rivals*, 242, 290
Enoch Arden, 265–6
Era, The, 53
Erskine, Lord, 212
Essays and Reviews, 196
Esther, 111
Eton Boy, The, 72
Evans, Colonel William, 148
Evans, Dr. Sebastian, 319
Evans, David, 148
"Evans's," 153–4
Everard, Miss H., 67
Every Man in His Humour, 55
Ewell, Miss, 51
Exhibition, The Great, 19
Eyes Right, 188

Fahey, E. H., 288
Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, 51, 72
Falcon, The, 269
Falconer, Edmund, *Peep o' Day*, 26
Falstaff, 62, 63
Farmer, Corporal, 210
Farren, Nelly, in *Columbus*, 69
Farren, W., the elder, 29, 69, 148; his acting in *Secret Service*, 302
Farren, W., the younger, at Haymarket, 26; at Vaudeville, 185, 205, 242
Faucit Helen, 17, 27, 46, 73; *As You Like It*, 153, 203; *Patrician's Daughter* and *Marie de Méranie*, 217, 218, 233
Faure, J. B., 138, 306
Faust, Bayle Bernard's, 27
Faust (*Gretchen*), 190–1, 325
Faust, Opera in Paris, 81, 182
Favart, Mme., 111, 183
Favourite of Fortune, The, 218
Favre, Jules, 99, 101
Fazio, 24
Febvre, F., 79, 306

Fechter, C., 27, *Ruy Blas*, 28; *Hamlet*, *The Duke's Motto*, 34, 35, 62, 66, 138, 302
Female Life in Prison, 274
Fernandez, James, 117, 207, 240
Feuillet, Octave, *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, 159
Fielding Club, The, 73, 250
Field, Kate, performance for Shakespeare Memorial, 188–9
Field of the Cloth of Gold, 66
Fisher, David, 28
Fitzgerald, E., 201, 262
Fletcher, J. S., 275
Fleury, Mme., 183
Flockton, C. P., 184
Flodden, 266
Flying Scud, 44, 46
Folies Dramatiques Théâtre, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, 182
Foote, Lydia, 29, 49; in *John Bull*, 151; Clara Douglas, 151; death, 151
Foote, M. (Countess of Harrington), 49
Forbes, Norman, 189
Forbes-Robertson, J., 136; as Bassanio, 189, 205–6, 285; *Dan'l Druce*, 321
Forman, Buxton, 193, 315
Forrester, Henry, 28, 200
Forster, John, 68; *Life of Dickens*, 158; letter from, 158, 303, 324
Fortescue, Miss (Lady Gardner), 67
Foul Play, 62
Found Out, 220
Français, Le, Théâtre, *La Faute de s'Entendre*, 78; *Le Menteur*, 78; *Le Post-Scriptum*, 78; *Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien*, 78, 140; *La Pluie et le Beau Temps*, 78; *Histoire l'Ancienne*, 78; *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, 78; *Une Caprice*, 79; *Le Lion Amoureux*, 79, 80, 82; *Le Chandelier*, 139; *Le Malade Imaginaire*, 139; *Le Misanthrope*, 139; *Au Printemps*, 140; *L'Etourdi*, 140; *Les Deux Ménages*, 140; *Le Tartuffe*, 160; *L'Aventurière*, 160; *Les Femmes Savantes*, 160; *Le Gendre de M. Poirer*, 160; *L'Avare*, 181; *Le Baron de Lafleur*, 182; *L'Ilote*, 182; *L'Épreuve Nouvelle*, 182; *Phèdre*, 182; *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, 183
Francesca di Rimini, 177
Francis J. Collins, 316
Franco-German War, 77, 79 *et seq.*
Fraser's Magazine, 315
Frederica of Hanover, The Princess, 287
Frith, W. P., 75
Fromentin, Gymnase, 183
Frou-Frou at Gymnase, 182; Desclée in, 149
Fulleylove, John, 283, 286
Fun, 324
Furniss, Harry, 212

Gad's Hill, 35
Gaiety Theatre, 25, 65, 69, 188, 317
Gailhard, 182
Gainsborough, T., 212
Gaîté Théâtre, *Le Fils de la Nuit*, 139; *Orphée aux Enfers*, 159
Galli, Marie, singer, 82–3
Game of Speculation, The, 31
Garden of Florence, The, 193
Garibaldi, G., 22
Garnett, Dr. Richard, 219, 314; letter from, 315
Garnett, Mrs., 314
Garraud (Français), 78, 140
Garrick Club, Shakespeare dinner at, 55, 74, 246, 250
Garrick, David, 163, 211
Gentleman's Magazine, The, 315
Geoffroy (Palais Royal), 140
George the Fifth, King, 190
German Gymnastic Society, The, 39
German Reeds, The, 184
Giant's Robe, The, 230
Gibbon, Charles, 275
Gilbert, Sir W. S., 26, 137, 152; *Sweethearts*, 161, 184; *Gretchen*, 190, 250; *Dulcamara*, 293, 321; *Bab Ballads*, 324; and Dickens, 324; and Sullivan, 325
Gilbey, Sir Walter, 212
Gill, Rev. Howard, 298
Girardin, Mme. de, 267, 303
Gladiatore, Il, 170, 171, 174
Gladstone, W. E., 150, 152, 213, 259
Gleichen, Count, 287
Gleichen, the Countess Feodora, 287
Glenny, C. H., 290
Glindon, actor, 58, 59
Globe, The, 315
Globe Theatre, 25, 152
Glover, F., 204
Glover, Mrs., 203, 243
Glyn, Miss (Mrs. Dallas), 28, 219, 233, 271; letter from, 271

Gnome King, The, 67
Godwin, George, 134
Golden Fleece, The, 31, 32
Goldney, G., 206
Good Woman in the Wood, The, 244
Gordon, General, Service at Westminster Abbey, 272
Gordon, Kate, 70
Gosse, Edmund, 285
Got, E., 31, 78, 138, 140, 160, 181–2–3, 247, 303
Gounod, C. F., 81; at Olympic, 151, 160
Goward, Miss, 151
Gower, F. A., 189
Grahame, J. G., 205
Granby, Dublin manager, 63
Grandmother's Money, 274
Granger, P., Mme., 182
Grant, James (novelist), 133–4
Graphic, The, 124, 192, 240, 279, 281
Grecian Theatre, 25
Green, Charles, 191; Dickens drawings and relatives, 192, 240; portraits by, and letter from, 253, 279, 281 283, 285–6, 307
Green, John, "Paddy," 153–4
Green Room Club, 250
Green, Townley, 194, 284
Greenwood, Frederick, 275
Grego, J., 283
Gregory, E. J., 283
Gregory, Sir Charles H., 242
Gretchen, 190
Grieve, T., 69
Grieve and Telbin, 27
Griffen, Dr. Hamilton, 248
Grimaldi, J., 155
Grossmith, Mr. and Mrs. G., 240, 245
Grotes, The, 187
Guthrie, Anstey, 230
Guy Fawkes Day, 195
Guy Mannering, 17
Gymnase Théâtre, *Quête à Domicile*, 182; *Frou-Frou*, 182

Hackett, as Falstaff, 63
Haggard, H. Rider, 301
Hake, Dr. Gordon, 195–6, 219
Halanzier, 306
Halsewell, Keeley, 283
Hamlet, C. Kemble's reading of, 15, 27, 34, 45, 55, 61, 72, 138; at Crystal Palace, 144 *et seq.*, 164; Salvini as, 171–2; Rossi as, 172–3; at Edinburgh, 184, 199, 261, 263, 314
Hampden, Miss, 186
Handel, G. F., 14
Handsome is, etc., 130–1
Hanlon Brothers, 86
Happy Land, The, 152
Harcourt, Charles, 136
Harcourt, Sir William, 214
Hard Struggle, A, Dickens on, 218
Hardy, Lady Duffus, 219
Hardy, Iza D., 219
Hardy, Sir T. Duffus, 219
Hare, Augustus J. C., 187
Hare, Sir John, on Leigh Murray, 41, 49, 59, 66, 147; produces *Olivia*, 187, 198, 203, 206–7, 213, 246; *Falcon* rehearsed, 269
Harfleur, Kate, 27
Harold, 264
Harris, Nelly, 251
Harris, Sir Augustus, 288
Harris, Lady, 289
Harrison, Clifford, as Solanio, 137; in *The Two Orphans*, 190, 240
Hart, Ernest, 209, 212
Harvey, Martin, 324
Haviland, W., 290
Hawker, Robert S., 201, 270
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 21
Hawtrey, Charles, 207, 302
Hayes, Edwin, 283, 286
Haymarket Theatre, 25; Buckstone at, 26, 50 *et seq.*, 60, 136, 194, 200; reconstructed, 202-3, 205–6
Hazel Kirke, 147
Hazlett, W., 14, 178
Headsman, The, 72
Heart and the World, The, 218
Hearts are Trumps, 72
Heart of Mid-Lothian quoted, 266
Heartsease, 238
Heath, Miss (Mrs. Wilson Barrett), 29
Heenan, J. C., 21
Helps, Sir Arthur, 52
Henley, W. E., quoted, 35
Henry the Fourth, 15, 17
Henry the Eighth, 20, 186, 189
Heraud, John A., 177, *The Sunbeam*, 235; Story of, 236; *Life of Savonarola*, 236; meets Coleridge, 236, 315
Herbert, Miss, 28, 292
Herbert, Sidney (Lord Herbert of Lea), 208
Hereford, Bishop of (Dr. Hampden), 186,7
Her Face was her Fortune, 274

Her Majesty's Theatre, 154; *Secret Service*, 302
Hernani, 247
Hero of Romance, A, 218
Hiller, Ferdinand, 151
His First Champagne, 51
Historique Théâtre, *Latude*, 182
History in Ruins, 134
History of Punch, The, 239
Hodson, Henrietta (Mrs. Labouchere), 43; in *Dearer than Life*, *The Little Rebel*, 67; *The Turn of the Tide*, 70; as Celia, 153
Hogarth, William, 14
Hohenlohe Langenburg, The Prince and Princess of, 287
Hohenzollern, The Prince of, 79
Holborn Theatre, 25, 45, 65
Holford, Lieut.-Col. Sir G. L., 190
Holford, Mrs., *A Republican Marriage*, 189, 190
Holford, R. S., 189
Holiday Romance, 324
Home, 65
Home Chimes, 158; contributors to, 275, 281–2
Home, Rev. J., 302
Honey, G., 204
Hood, Thomas, 192; quoted, 193
Hood, Tom, 250
Hooper, E., manager, 71
Hopkins, Tighe, 275
Horne, R. H., 177, 219
Horton, P., 203
Housekeeper, The, 50, 54
House of Elmore, The, 277
Howe, Henry, 26, 136, 290
Howe (Vaudeville), 206
Howitt, W., 212
How She Loves Him, 48
Huddart, Mme. Fanny, 27
Hudspeth, Miss, 27
Hughes, H. G., 77, 79, 81, 82, 93, 121
Hughes, Miss (Mrs. Gaston Murray), 29
Hughes, Thomas, 146
Hugo, Victor, 151; story of, 273, at Lemaître's funeral, 306
Hullah, John, 51
Hunchback, The, 72
Hundred Thousand Pounds, A, 29
Hunt, Leigh, 193; on Charles Kemble, 74, 211, 219; Miss Glyn in *The Legend of Florence*, 271
Hunted Down, 292
Hutton, Capt. A., 288
Huxley, Miss E. G., 288
Hyacinthe (Palais Royal), 140

Illustrated London News, Siege of Paris sketches, 124
Imperial Theatre (Aquarium), 221
Inconstant, The, 75
Ingathering, The, 236
Ingomar, 174–5
Irving, H. B., 294
Irving, Joseph, 27
Irving, Laurence, 207, 294
Irving, Sir Henry, 28; at Crosby Hall, 36; Leigh Murray on, 66–7, 149; Albery on his Richelieu, 150; in *Philip*, 155, 164; Medallion, 178, 200, 220; Bancroft supper, 246; *Becket*, 255 *et seq.*, 263, *et seq.*, 267, 278; *Werner*, 290; early recollections of, 292; influence and good qualities, 294, 308, 316, 317, 322, 325
Isaacs, Rebecca, 27
Island of Jewels, The, 244
It is Never too Late to Mend, 147, 265
Ixion, 28

Jacobs, W. W., 275
James and Thorne, 185
James, C. J., 180-1
James, David, 205–6
Jeaffreson, J. Cordy, 319
Jefferson, Joseph, in *Rip Van Winkle*, 262, 313, 314
Jerome, Jerome K., 275–6, 307–8
Jerrold, Douglas, *The Housekeeper*, 50, 54; story of, 221; and Heraud, 236
Jess, 301
Jim the Penman, 282
Joan of Arc, Mrs. Rousby as, 134
John Bull, 151
Johnson, C. E., 286
Johnson, W., 288
Jones, Maria, 131
Jordan, Mrs., 14
Josephs, Fanny, 28, 52, 62, 65
Jouassain, Mme., 140, 160, 182
Joumard (Français), 182–3
Jowett, Benjamin, 259, 260, 262–3
Juana, 238
Jubilee of 1887 at Royal Institute of Painters, 285, 296–7; celebrated in Paris, 298; ode by author recited, 298
Judgment of the Flood, The, 236
Julius Cæsar, 20, 74, 240, 261

Katharine and Petruchio, 52
Kean, 173
Kean, Charles, 28, 48, 50
Kean, Edmund, 36, 46, 75; in *Othello*, 164, 167-8, 178, 196, 303
Kean, Mrs. Charles, 50
Keats, John, and Miss Reynolds, 192-3; mask of, 193, 211, 265
Keeley, Louise (Mrs. M. Williams), 29
Keeley, Mary (Mrs. Albert Smith), 63
Keeley, Mrs., 63, 151, 184
Keeley, R., 69, 200
Keeleys, The, 29, 63, 68
Keith, Thomas, surgeon, 209
Kemble, Charles, 15, 16, 24, 69; in *Fazio*, 24; his "business," 72; stories of, 74; opinions of his acting, 74-5; his death, 75, 219, 261, 271
Kemble, Fanny, as Bianca, 24, 148, 262
Kemble, Henry, 205-6-7, 318
Kemble, John, 69, 72, 153, 155, 164, 302
Kemble, John Mitchell, 318
Kendal, Mrs., 43, 44, 188, 213, 216, 240
Kendal, W. H., 188, 213, 216, 240
Kenilworth burlesque, 26
Kennedy, Admiral Sir William, 212
Kennedy, B. Hall (Canon of Ely), letter of, 15; his brothers, 16
Kennedy, Hon. Sir William Rann, 16
Keppel, Lady Mary, 234-5
Kernahan, Coulson, 235, 275, 307
Khartoum, Fall of, 272
Kilburne, Miss, 288
Kime (Français), 78, 183
King John, 27, 74-5
King Lear, Salvini in, 174
King of the Merrows, 29
King Solomon's Mines, 301
King, T. C., 27
King, Yeend, 288
Kinloch, J., 59
Knight, Joseph, author first meets, 135; on Salvini, 170, 174, 177, 217, 220, 226, 233, 250; account of, 315; letter from, 316, 319
Knowles, Sheridan, 68, 72, 219

Lacressonière, 140
La Grande Brétèche, 155
Lacy, S., 136
Lacy, Walter, 27, 203
Ladies' Battle, The, 51, 72
Lady of Lyons, The, 248, 302
Lafont, 303
Lafontaine, Gaîté, 139
Lamb, Charles, 193
Lamed for Life, 218
Landon, Surgeon A. T., 209, 210
Landrol (Gymnase), 182
Langtry, Mrs. (Lady de Bathe), 206
Lankester, Sir Ray, 212
Laray, 182
Larkin, Sophie, 70
Laroche (Français), 139, 183
Lassouche, (Palais Royal), 140
L'Aventurière, 65
Lavy, C. and Co., 76, 82
Lawson, Malcolm, 188
Lawson, Sir Edward (Lord Burnham), 297
Lazy Tours in Spain, etc., 246
Leah, 26
Lecky, W. E. H., 260
Leclercq, Carlotta, 29, 147
Leclercq, Rose, 27
Lee, George, 55, 57
Lee, Jenny, 289
Lee, Richard, *Chivalry*, 152; *Branded*, 239
Leech, John, 73
Legend of Florence, The, 271
Lehmann, Miss M., 288
Lehmann, Rudolf, 83, 214
Leigh, H. S., 66, 250
Leighton, Sir Baldwin, 186
Leighton, Lord, 288
Leighton, the Misses, 186-7
Lemaître, Frédéric, 291; Wilkie Collins on, 303; vagaries, 304; his characters, 305; funeral, 305
Lemon, Mark, 49, 63, 324
Lempriere, Dr., 222, 226
Leopold, Prince, 79, 198
Le Pré aux Clercs, 159
Leroux (Français), 79
Leslie, Henry, 39
Lestocq, W., 205
Le Texier (the reader), 147-8
Le Thière, Miss G., 162
L'Etrangère, 303
Lewes, G. H., 31, 169
Lheritier (Palais Royal), 140
Liar, The, 31
Life's Ransom, A, 218
Life for Life, 218
Lind, Jenny, 184, 187
Lindsay, Col. Charles, 190
Lindsay, General, 189
Lines of Business, 64

Linnell, J., 211
Linton, Sir J. D., 283, 285 *et seq.*
Linton, Lady, 289
Lion Amoureux, Le, 79, 80, 82
Lister, Lord, 209
Liston, J., 153
Liston, W. H., 62
Little Rebel, The, 67
Little Savage, The, 26
Liverpool, 69, 131–2
Llandaff, Dean of, 187
Lloyd, Mme. (Français), 140, 160, 182
Lock, G., 289
Lockhart, J. G., 236
London Assurance, 31, 317
London Figaro, The, 169
Long, Sir Edwin, 241
Longmore, Sir Thomas, 210
Loraine, Henry, 28
Lorne, The Marquis of, 252
Lost in London, 34
Lottery Ticket, The, 29
Louise, The Princess, 252, 287
Love Chase, The, 59, 60, 131
Love in Livery, 17
Love Knot, The, 54, 58
Lowe, Robert (Lord Sherbrooke), 152
Lucas, Seymour, 283, 285; designs *Werner* costumes, 290
Lucky Escape, A, 26
Ludlow, Hal, 288
Lyceum Theatre, 25; *Peep o' Day*, 26; Fechter as Hamlet, 27, 65, 69; *Philip*, 155, 200; Mary Anderson, 248, 262; *Becket*, 267, 290, 293, 317
Lynwood, and Ambient, 321
Lyons, Lord, 311
Lytton, Lord (Bulwer), 27, 68, 203, 301–2
Lytton, the late Lord, 311

Macbeth, 28, 45; Salvini as, 174, 261
MacKaye, J., Steele as Hamlet, 144 *et seq.*; *Hazel Kirke*, 147; sudden death of, 147, 153
Mackenzie, Sir Morell, 292
Maclean, John, in *Dreams*, 69; *Henry the Eighth*, 189, 205, 242
Macklin, C., 54, 164
MacMahon, Marshal, 81
Macready, W. C., on Robson, 30, 42, 61, 68, 70, 72, 164, 203, 212; in *Patrician's Daughter*, 217, 221, 261, 302
Maddox, J. M,, manager, 63
Mad Monkton, 283
Magee, W. C. (Bishop of Peterborough), 191
Maid and the Magpie, The, 26
Maison Neuve, 149
Majeroni, actor, 177
Majuba Hill, 209
Manchester, 130, 153, 172, 178
Manfred, 27
Man o' Airlie, The, 321
Man of the World, The, 27, 70
Mansfield, Richard, 232
Mansion House banquet to dramatic profession, 184
Many Coloured Essays, 237
Mapleson, Colonel, 172
Marble Heart, The, Leigh Murray in, 40, 56, 73, 220
Marcel, 317
Marie Antoinette, 220
Marie de Méranie, 217, 218, 267
Marino Faliero, 27
Mario, G., 55
Marius, C., 188
Markby, R. B., 152, 162, 316 *et seq.*
Markby, Sir William, 317
Marlborough, 65
Marlowe, C., 267
Marquis de Lauzan, Le, 142
Marriott, Miss, 218
Marseillaise, The, in war time, 82–3
Marsh, R., 275
Marston Club, The Vagabonds, 235
Marston, H., 27, 218
Marston, John Westland, 56–62, 177, 217 *et seq.*; letters from, 222–34; *Our Recent Actors*, 233, 247–8; *Charlotte Corday*, 290–1, 314, 316
Marston, Philip Bourke, 219, 220, 226–7, 231, 234–5, 274
Martin, Mme. (Français), 182–3
Martin, Lady. *See* Helen Faucit.
Martin, Sir Theodore, 52, 73, 233
Mary Stuart, 238
Maskell, Fanny (Mrs. W. Baynham), 63
Masks and Faces, at Prince of Wales's, 183, 317
Master of Ravenswood, The, 305
Mathews, Charles, 17, 26, 28, 31; topical song, 32; stories of, 33, 49; in *L'Homme Blasé*, 138; and Mme. Vestris, 141, 151
Mathews, Mrs. C., 28
Matthews, Frank, 28, 70
Matthews, Mrs. Frank, 28, 70

Maubant (Français), 78, 139, 160
Maurier, George Du, 212
Maurier, Gerald Du, 206
May, S., 60
Mayo, Lord, 217
Mazeppa, drama, 21; burlesque, 29
Medea, 236; burlesque, 29
Meiningen Company, 240
Melba, Mme., 298
Mellon, Alfred, 73
Mellon, Mrs. A., 200
Mendelssohn, F., 17
Menken, Adah I., 21
Merchant of Venice, The, 36; at Manchester, 136–7; at Prince of Wales's, 179, 180, 189, 190
Meredith, George, 230; lines on Tom Taylor, 239
Merivale, Herman, 80, 294
Merry Wives of Windsor, The, at Adelphi, 63, 201
Metz surrenders, 108
Meyrick, Ellen, 205
Michael Michaelovitch, The Grand Duke of Russia, 287
Millett, Maude, 206
Milman, Rev. H. H., Dean of St. Paul's, 23–4
Milton, John, 27, 242
Milton, Maud, 189
Mirra, 315
Mitford, Miss, 265
Modena, 176
Modjeska, Helena, 238
Monckton, Lady, 240
Monckton, Sir John, 240
Money, 33, 53, 137, 138, 140, 179, 180, 183; casts of, 203 *et seq.*, 207, 278
Monmouth, 267
Montague, H. J., 28, 49, 59, 152
Monte Cristo, 65, 66
Montgomery, H. W., 49
Montgomery, Walter, 27, 44
Moonstone, The, 225, 303
Moore, Albert, 250
Moore, Louisa, 65
Moore, Nelly, 29, 65, 66, 218
Moreau, Eugène, 306
Morell, Dr. J. D., 14
Morell, Thomas, Rev., 14
Morgan, Augustus de, 219
Morning Post, The, on Artists' Tableaux, 289
Morris, William, 219, 279
Morte Civile, La, 174–5
Mortimer, James, 169, 238
Morton, J. M., 177
Moulton, Louise Chandler, 219, 245
Mounet-Sully, 182, 247
Move for Move, 220
Moxon, E., 222
Moy-Thomas, William, letter from, 273, 275, 307
Much Ado About Nothing, 61, 130–1
Mulock, Dinah (Mrs. Craik), 211, 219, 220
Murray, Alma, 205–6, 242, 321
Murray, Charles, 71
Murray, Dominick, letter in *Era* on Shylock, 53–4
Murray, Henry Leigh, 39 *et seq.*; last appearance, 40; as instructor, 41 *et seq.*; letters from, 48–71; and Dickens, 51; eccentric pupil, 57–8; as Ford, 63; career, 71 *et seq.*; 200, 293
Murray, Mrs. Gaston, 29
Murray, Mrs. Leigh, 49, 54, 56, 59, 61–2 66, 73, 74, 204
Murray of Broughton, 72
Murray, W. H., of Edinburgh, as Falstaff, 63, 71
My Awful Dad, 34
Myddelton Hall, 36

Napier of Magdala, Lord, 155
Naples, Queen of, 239
Napoléon à Brienne, 143
Napoleon the Third, 73, 82; taken prisoner, 89; vituperated, 90
Natal Witness, The, 210
Nathalie, Mme. (Français), 78–9
National Magazine, The, 219, 267
National Theatre, A., 134, 196 *et seq.*, 199
Neilson, Adelaide L., 27; *Anne Boleyn*, 136; at Gaiety, 188; *Life for Life*, 218
Nero, 173
Nesbit, E., 275
Nesper, Herr, 240
Nettleship, J. T., 234
Neville, G. F., 27
Neville, Henry G., 46, 150; as Clancarty, 156, 184; *A Republican Marriage*, 189, 190, 205, 240, 242; gifts and characteristics, 321, 324
Neville, J. G., 27
Newcastle-on-Tyne Theatre, 59, 172
New Magdalen, The: Olympic, 147, 149, 152; Charing Cross, 156, 160; in Italian, 185; at Novelty, 251

Nicholas Nickleby, 44, 53
Nicoll, Sir W. Robertson, 276
Nillson, Christina, 138
Nina Zforza, 72
Nisbett, Mrs., 148
No Church, 274
Northampton, Marquis of, 208
Northern Heights of London, The, 212
Not a Bad Judge, 31
Notes and Queries, 315
Notes by the Way, 316
No Thoroughfare, 48, 62
Nott, Cicely, 27
Nottingham, 44; the Savilles' management, 46, 53, 59, 68
Novel Expedient, A, 72
Novelty Theatre, 174, 251
O'Connor, John, 69, 283
Octoroon, The, 26
Odell, E. J., 205
Odette, 238
Oedipus, of Dryden and Lee, 315
Offenbach, J., 159
Old Curiosity Shop, 45
Old Mortality, 266
Oliver, M., 29
Oliver Twist, drama, 52, 53, 155
Olivia, at Court Theatre, 187, 321
Olympic Theatre, 25; F. Robson, Kate Terry and *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, 26, 46, 69, 147, 149, 150, 159, 184, 321
O'Neill, Miss, 24
On Guard, 317
One Touch of Nature, 34
Opéra Comique (Paris), *Le Kobold*, 82; *Daughter of the Regiment*, 82; *Le Pré aux Clercs*, 159; *Romeo et Juliette*, 160
Opéra, Grand (Paris), *Faust*, 81, 182
Orange Girl, The, 39
Ordeal of Richard Feverel, The, 230–1
Orphée aux Enfers, 159
Orrock, James, 283, 288
Orsay, Count d', 32, 73
O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, 219, 220
Othello, 45; Salvini as, 163 *et seq.*; Vezin and Werner in, 262
Our Boys, 185
Our Recent Actors, 220
Ours, 183
Outram, L., 189
Oxenford, John, 177
Oxford and Cambridge Club, The, 250
Paganini, N., 144
Page, Adèle, 139
Paget, Sir James, on Sir Spencer Wells, 209, 255; letter of, 257
Palace of Truth, The, 325
Palais Royal Théâtre, *Tue-la*, 140; *La Cagnotte*, 140
Paley, Professor, 146
Palgrave, F. T., 260, 263 *et seq.*
Paris, 77 *et seq.*; invested, 87; proclamation of the Republic, 89; the Siege, 93; balloon post, 101 *et seq*; Christmas in Siege time, 115; hospitals struck, 116, 119; sufferings, 123–4; distribution of food, 124; the Commune, 126 *et seq.*; razing the Vendôme column, 128; the city after the war, 139
Parkes, Sir Henry, 177
Parry, Sefton, 53
Parselle, actor, 63, 200
Pateman, Bella, 184
Patmore, Coventry, 211
Patrician's Daughter, The, 217
Patrie, 220
Patter v. *Clatter*, 31
Patti, Adelina, 138
Pattison, Kate, 188–9
Paulin Menier, 140
Paul, Mrs. Howard, 28
Paul Pry, 130, 295
Pauncefort, G., 29
Payable on Demand, 29
Payn, James, 158, 195
Peacock, T. L., 315
Peake, R. B., 302
Pears & Co., 192
Pellico Silvio his *Francesca di Rimini*, 177
Persoons, Gymnase, 183
Perugini, Mrs., 35
Peterborough, Bishop of (W. C. Magee), 191
Pettie, John, 283, 307
Pfeiffer, Mrs., 196 *et seq.*; letter from her husband, 197
Phèdre, 182
Phelps, Samuel, 27; as Falstaff, 63, 70, 164; at Mansion House, 184, 215, 217
Philip, Hamilton Aïdé, 155, 291
Phillips, Kate, 206, 242
Phillips, Watts, 34, 65
Phillpotts, Eden, 275, 307
Pickwick, 34, 35, 53
Pinafore, The, 324
Pinches, E., 307

Pinero, Sir Arthur W., 283
Planché, J. R., 26; quoted, 32; on C. Kemble, 75, 134, 184, 302
Play, 49, 52, 53, 59, 61–2
The Pleasures of the Imagination, 211
Plot and Passion, 29
Polès, Stefan, 156
Pollock, Dr. Julius, 240
Pollock, Mrs. Julius, 240
Pollock, Walter, 288
Ponsard, F., 80
Ponsin, P., Mme., 182
Poole, Miss, 27
Poor Cousin Walter, 72
Poor Humanity, 274
Poor Zeph, 274
Porter's Knot, The, 29
Portland, Duke of, 239
Post-boy, The, 26
Price, Edward, 27, 50, 53
Prideaux, C. G., 177
Prince Charming, 244
Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Street, 25, 28, 29, 48, 53, 66, 74, 137, 160, 183, 203, 317
Prince of Wales's Theatre, Coventry Street, 321
Prince's Theatre, Manchester, 76, 81, 136, 153, 295
Princess of Wales, The (The Queen-Mother), 22, 152, 285 *et seq.*
Princess's Theatre, 16, 25; *Donna Diana*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *The Streets of London*, 28, 30, 52, 65, 72, 239, 271, 313, 317
Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh, 184
Prison Characters, 274
Procter, B. W. (Barry Cornwall), 75, 222
Promise of May, The, 263, 267
Provisions during Siege of Paris, 104, 107, 109, 111, 118, 120
Provost,-Ponsin, Mme. (Français), 182
Prudhon (Français), 78, 182
Pujol (Gymnase), 182
Punch, 63, 134; on *Merchant of Venice* at Manchester, 137; on same play at Prince of Wales's, 161, 180, 245, 262, 324
Punshon, Rev. W. Morley, as a lecturer, 25
Pure Gold, 217, 218
Purnell, T., 219
Put to the Test, 218
Pygmalion and Galatea, 138, 325
Pyne, Thomas, 286

Queen Mary, 265
Queen's Ball, 16
Queen's Book, The, 52
Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, 25, 28, 48, 51; *Oliver Twist*, 52–3, 62; *Dearer than Life*, 66–7; *Turn of the Tide*, 70; Mrs. Rousby, 134, 152; Salvini at, 172
Quick, J., 153
Quin, James, 163

Rachel and the "Marseillaise," 83, 149
Ravel, Gymnase, 182
Raymond, J. T., 246
Rayner, A., 27
Reade, Charles, and Boucicault, 62; at Wilkie Collins's, 147 *et seq.*; 156; a chat with, 200–1, 265
Recollections of Sixty Years, 179
Rees, David, 53, 203
Regnier, 78, 144; in *La Joie Fait Peur*, 218, 302–3
Reichemberg, Mlle., 78, 140, 182
Reinhardt, Mattie, 131
Republican, Marriage, A, by Mrs. Holford, 189, 190
Reunion Club, 48
Revenant, Le, Desclée recites, 151
Reynolds, Jane (Mrs. Hood), 192–3
Reynolds, John Hamilton, 192–3
Reynolds, Miss Charlotte, 192; memories of Keats, etc., 193; extract from letter, 193; death, 194, 221, 265
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 212
Richard, the Third, Cibber version, 61, 64; from text of Shakespeare, produced at Manchester, 131
Richardson, Sir B. W., 177; memories of, 215, 216
Richelieu, 27, 150, 314
Richmond, G., 185
Rightful Heir, The (*The Sea Captain*), 68
Righton, E., 205
Rignold, George, 43
Rignold, William, 43
Riots in London, 279
Rip Van Winkle, 262
Riquer, E., Mme., 78–9, 140, 183
Ristori, A., 24, 177–8
Ritchie, Miss E., 187
Rivals, The, at Vaudeville, 242, 301
Road to Ruin, The, 301
Robertson, Agnes (Mrs. Boucicault), 28

Robertson, Madge. *See* Mrs. W. H. Kendal,
Robertson, T. W., 48, 59, 60, 69, 150, 161, 183, 250
Robinson, Frederick, actor, 28
Robinson, Frederick W., novelist, 158; as playwright, 274–5; his *Home Chimes*, 275; skill as a novelist, 276; "Prison" series, 277; early difficulties, 277, 301; dinner to, 307; death, 308
Robinson, Phil., 275
Robinson, William, his opinion of Golder's Hill, 211
Robson, Frederick, 26; his acting, 29; as Sampson Burr, 29; Jacob Earwig, 29; Trotter Southdown, 29; In the *Lottery Ticket*, 29; *Mazeppa*, 29; *King of the Merrows*, 29; acts with amateurs, 30; death, 30, 46
Rock, G., 206
Roger (Français), 182
Rogers, James, 26, 200
Romance of War, The, 134
Romantic Idea, A, 31
Romeo and Juliet, Rossi in, 173, 248, 261
"Romer among the Romans," 56
Romer, Robert, 49
Rorke, Kate, 188, 206
Roselle, Amy, 205; in *Under Fire*, 218
Roselle, Percy, Master, 27
Rossetti, Christina, 219, 314
Rossetti, D. G., 219, 227, 235, 250, 271
Rossetti, W. M., 219
Rossi, Ernesto, Coquelin cadet on, 138; as Hamlet, 172–3, other characters, 173, 177
Rousby, Mrs., 134
Rouse, John, 27
Roxby, Robert, 27, 59
Royal General Theatrical Fund, 153
Royalty Theatre, 25; *Ixion*, *Black-Eyed Susan*, 28, 62, 65–6
Royer, Marie (Français), 79, 140
Rôze, Marie, 212
Rupert, Prince, Palatine, 13
Ruskin, J., lecture on "Snakes," 215 *et seq.*
Russia, Emperor of, 103
Ruy Blas, Fechter in, 28; Rossi, 173
Ryder, John, 27, 54, 70, 153, 205, 217
Sadler, M. T., 208
Sadler's Wells Theatre, 25; Phelps at, 63, 221, 271
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 210
St. George's Opera House, 36
St. Helier, Lady, 128, 311
St. James's Theatre, 25, 27, 28, 269; Miss Herbert, 292; Irving, 293; *Dulcamara*, 293, 317, 325
St. Martin's Hall, 36
Saint Mary's Eve, 56
Saint Paul's Cathedral, 21, 23–4
Sala, G. A., 184, 288
Salisbury, Lord, 196, 213
Salvini, Joseph, 176
Salvini, Tommaso, at Drury Lane, 163 *et seq.*; on his Othello, 164 *et seq.*; matinée for actors, 169, 170; *Il Gladiatore*, 170–1; *Hamlet*, 171–2; at the Queen's Theatre, 172; last performances in England, 174; greetings by telegram, 177; Irving medallion, 178; Tom Taylor on, 180, 262
Sandeau and Decourcelle, 317
Sandys, F., 250
San Giuliano, Marquis of, 178
Sangalli, Mlle. Rita, 131
Sanger, Rachel, 69
Santley, Sir Charles, 318
Saturday Review, The, 273
Saul, 176
Saunders, Charlotte, 29, 130–1
Savage Club, The, 250
Saville, Kate, 29, 44; in *Camilla's Husband*, 46, 50, 218
Saville, Mrs. J. F., manageress, 44, 46, 49, 58, 59, 61
Sayers, Tom, 21
School, 65
School for Scandal, The, 27; at Vaudeville, 240, 241, 312
Scoffern, Dr., 194
Scotsman, The, 184
Scott, Clement, 207, 275, 278
Scott, Miss Eva, 13
Scott, John, 286
Scott, Sir Walter, dramatised, 27; and Le Texier, 148; Marston on, 233; Tennyson on, 266; Wilkie Collins on, 281, 301
Scribe, A. E., 283
Sea Captain, The, 56, 68
Secret Service, 302, 321
Sedgwick, Amy, 29
Selborne, Lord, 257
Selby, Charles, 63, 200
Senior, William Nassau, 187

Severn, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, 216
Seveste, L., 79
Seyton, C., 65
Shakespeare, Edmund, 55
Shakespeare, William, 17, 18, 19, 27, 37, 38; portraits of, 55, 161, 177; C. Reade on, 201
Shakespeare Memorial Benefit, 188
Shakespeare Readings, 186, 199, 200–1
Sharpe, William ("Fiona Macleod"), 235
Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, A, 68, 267
Shelley, P. B., 314, 315, 321
Shepherd, R., 28
Sherer, J. W., 275
Sheridan, Charles, 312
Sheridan, R. B., 301
Shylock, 54
Shylock, burlesque, 29
Sichel, Miss Edith, 216
Siddons, Mrs., 153, 193; in *Douglas*, 302
Silver Lining, The, 31
Simpson, Maria (Mrs. W. H. Liston), 66
Simpson, Mrs. M. C. M., 187
Simpson, W., 286
Sinclair, H., 27
Sketchley, Arthur, 250
Smith, Albert, 68; and Louis Napoleon, 73; verses of, 73; *China*, 244
Smith, E. T., 65
Smith, O., 200
Smith, Sydney, Rev., story of, 13
Smooth, Captain Dudley, 137, 202 *et seq.*
Society, 161
Somerset, Duchess of, 312
Son of the Soil, A, 80
Sothern, E. A., Dundreary, 26; *The Marble Heart*, 56, 62, 138, 205, 218, 220
Soult, Marshal, 17
Soumet, A., 170
Sour Grapes, 150
Southey, R., 236
Spielman, M., 238, 288
Spielman, Mrs., 288
Spitalfields Weaver, The, 295
Spohr, L., 144
Sprague, Miss Edith, 288
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., 24
Stables, Dr. Gordon, 275
St. Albyn, A., 27
Standard, The, 83, 93
Stanford, Sir C. Villiers, at Lord Tennyson's, 258, 263–4 268, 270
Staniland, C. J., 286
Stanley, Colonel, 128
Stanley, Dean, 187
Statham, H. Heathcote, 212
Stebbing, Mr., of *Times*, 212
Steeplechase, The, 295
Stephen Digges, 66
Stephens, Mrs., 29
Stephenson, F. H., 254
Sterry, Ashby, 61
Stevenson, Robert L., on *Anne Judge, Spinster*, 281
Stirling, Mrs., 26, 28, 73, 206; in *Rivals*, 242–3
Stirling, Mrs. Arthur (Miss Cleveland), 132
Stock, H. J., 286
Stoker Bram, 258, 261, 263
Stone, Marcus, 188
Story of my Life, The (Ellen Terry), 188, 238
Strand Theatre, 25–6, 51, 65, 69, 237
Strange Bed, A, 151
Strange's Alhambra Company, 83, 86, 94
Strathmore, 217, 267
Streets of London, The, 28
Strickland as Falstaff, 63, 203
Stuart, Edith, 27
Sugden, C., 206
Sullivan, Barry, 27
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 137; music for *Merchant of Venice*, 137; for *Olivia*, 137, 188, 325
Summer Storms, 72
Sunday Times, The, 39, 54, 61, 70, 135; details of Déjazet, 142, 315
Surrey Theatre, 24–5; Hermann Vezin at, 28; Leigh Murray at, 40, 274
Sussex Hall, 36
Swanborough, Miss, 29
Sweethearts, 161
Swinbourne, T., 27
Swinburne, Algernon C., 219, 235, 275
Swinburne-Hanham, J. C., 209
Symons, Arthur, 275

Taillade in *Andromaque*, 139
Talbot (Français), 140, 160, 181
Talfourd, F., 250
Talfourd, T. N., 222
Taming of the Shrew, The, 45

Taylor, Tom, 130, his friendly help, 134; letters on a National Theatre, 134; letters to the author, 136–7; 144, 161, 179, 186, 199; as a manager, 144 *et seq.*; 155; on *Merchant of Venice*, at Prince of Wales's, 161, 180; on Salvini, 180, 184, 187, 200, 238; George Meredith's lines on, 239; and the Tennysons, 262, 267, 278, 291
Taylor, Mrs. Tom, her musical gifts, 144, 262
Teck, Duke and Duchess of, 286
Teesdale, H. R., 204
Teller, Herr, 240
Tennyson, Alfred (the late Lord), 19; quoted, 22; details of *Becket*, 255 *et seq.*; author's visit to, 255; Macready, Charles Kemble, *Coriolanus*, *Brutus*, *Hamlet*, 261; Salvini, sensitiveness to criticism, Jefferson, 262; *Harold*, Irving's acting, 264; *Dora*, Reade's criticism, 265; *Enoch Arden*, Scott, the literary drama, 266; French plays, The Elizabethans, his Rosamund, *The Promise of May*, 267; at the St. James's Theatre, 269, 318
Tennyson, Lord (Hallam), 257–8, 263, 269, 270
Tennyson, Lady (the late), 259, 268
Tennyson, Lady, 259
Terriss, William, 187; as Squire Thornhill, 188, 189; letter from, 191; death, 191, 205, 291–2
Terry, Edward, 274
Terry, Ellen, 43; as Portia, 180; Olivia, 188; and Tom Taylor, 238, 290
Terry, F., 207
Terry, Kate, at Olympic Theatre, 26, 43
Terry, Marion, in *A Republican Marriage*, 190; *Gretchen*, 191, 205; *Dan'l Druce*, 321
Thackeray, W. M., 154
Thane, Professor G. D., 212
Theodore, King, 53
Thiers, L. A., 103
Thiron (Français), 140
Thompson, Lydia, 29
Thompson, Robert B., 241
Thompson, Sir Henry, 209
Thomson, Augusta, 27
Thorne, Emily, 136
Thorne, Thomas, at Vaudeville, 185, 205, 218, 240; as Bob Acres, 243
Three Men in a Boat, 276
Ticket-of-Leave Man, The, 26, 65, 321
Tilbury, W. H., 59
Time Tries All, 72
Times, The, 88, 134; on *The New Magdalen*, 147, 197–8; on the Jubilee, 297
Timon of Athens, 131
Titiens, Teresa, 213
Tollemache, Hon. Lionel, 242
Tomahawk, The, 53
Tom Brown's School Days, 146
To Parents and Guardians, 72
To Oblige Benson, 29
Toole, J. L., 28; as Antonio, 36, 52, 57; Michael Garner, 66–7; *The Gnome King*, 67, 220, 234, 246, 278, 283, 292; his kindness of heart, 294; as an actor, 295; letter from, 296; long illness and death, 296
Tooley Street Fire, 21
Topham, F. W. H., 283
Travailleurs de la Mer, Les, 273
Trayboucayres, Beaumarchais Théâtre, 81
Tree, Sir Herbert B., 191, 207
Tree, Lady, 207
Trente Ans, etc., 303
Trevanion, 218
Trial of Effie Deans, 28
Trollope, Anthony, 276
Trübner, Mr., publisher, 155
Truffier (Français), 182
Tue-la, 140
Turn of the Tide, The, 70
Turner, Ellen, 51, 67
Turner, Leopold, 288
Twelfth Night, 17
Two Destinies, The, 183
Two Lives of Mary Leigh, 292
Two Loves and a Life, 72, 179, 199, 200
Two Roses, 149
Two Orphans, The, 189, 190

Under Fire, 218
Une Femme qui déteste son Mari, 267
Urban Club, Shakespeare dinner, 177; greeting from Salvini, 178, 215
Used Up, 31, 132

Vagabond Club, The, 235
Valdec, Leonce, 151
Valpy, Dr., 222
Vanbrugh, Irene, 207
Vandenhoff, H., and his daughter, 17
Vandenhoff, Mrs. H., 27
Vanderdecken, 291
Variétés, Théâtre, *Les Cents Vierges*, 139
Vaudeville Theatre, 185; Thorne's revival of old comedies, 240
Vaughan, H., 136
Vaughan, Mrs. C. J., 187
Venne, Lottie, 132
Vergnet as Faust, 182
Vernon, W. H., 43
Vestris, Mme., 17, 141
Vezin, Hermann, *Macbeth*, 28; *The Turn of the Tide*, 70; *Olivia*, 188; Shylock, 189; *Life for Life*, 218, 321; Iago, 221, 302; *Dan'l Druce*, *The Man o' Airlie*, 321
Vezin, Mrs. Hermann, 27–8
Vicomte de Létorière, Le, 143
Victoria, Queen, 138; and Landon's heroism, 210, 254; Jubilee of 1887, 297, 309
Victoria Mary, The Princess (the Queen), 287
Victoria, Princess, 287
Videna, 236
Vining, F., 203
Vining, George, 28
Vining, Mrs. W., 48, 49
Vivandière, La, burlesque, 51
Vokes Family, The, 86
Vokes, Frederick, 94
Vokes, the youngest Miss, 138
Vollaire, John, 205

Waldron, actor, 203
Walker, Romaine, 288
Wallack, James, 51, 203
Wallack, Lester, 274
Waller, Lewis, 324
Ward, Mr., "Bedford Head," 48
Ward, Mrs. E. M., 158
Warde, F. B., 136
Warde, Genevieve as Portia, Queen Katharine, 189
Waring, H., 207
Warner, Charles, 221
Warner, Mrs., 217
War to the Knife, 29, 53
Watson, Aaron, 275
Watson, Sir Thomas, 148
Watts, G. F., 247
Webb (the Brothers), 28
Webster, Benjamin, 26, 28; in *One Touch of Nature*, *The Woman Hater*, *The Dead Heart*, 34; as Father Oliver, 54, 62; Falstaff, 63, 65, 141, 200, 203; *Borough Politics*, 218, 274
Webster, John, 267
Weldon, Mrs., 151
Wells, Sir Spencer, 25; his career, 208; stories of heroism, 208; home and friends, 211, 212; death, 214; anecdote of, 241, 255–6–7
Wells, Lady, 212, 214
Wells, Sir Arthur, S., 214
Wenman, T. N., 290
Wentworth, Miss, 28
Werner, 220, 271, 290
Westminster Abbey, 24, 272
Westminster Theatre, 28
Whatelys, The, 187
Whelpton, E., 275
Whistler, J. M., 250
Whitbread, Lady Mary. *See* Keppel.
Whitbread, Samuel Charles, 255
White Horse of the Peppers, 50
White, Mrs. Buckingham, 66
Whittington Club, The, 36
Widmer, M., 182
Wife or No Wife, 236
Wife's Portrait, The, 218
Wigan, Alfred, 28–9, 51–2, 62; as Dr. Caius, 63; *Dreams*, 69, 138, 184, 262
Wigan, Mrs. Alfred, 29, 51
Willard, E. S., 321
William, King of Prussia, 79, 82, 97, 99
William the Second, Emperor of Germany, 202
Williams, Montague, 195
Williams, W. S., 277
Williamson, C. N., 307
Willow Copse, The, 141
Wills, W. G., Olivia, 137, 187, 194; *Broken Spells*, 218, 321
Wilson, E. W., 199
Wilson, T. Walker, 285–6
Wilton, Blanche, 204
Wilton, Marie. *See* Lady Bancroft.
Winter's Tale, The, at Manchester, 76, 240, 248
Woman Hater, The, 34
Woman in White, The, play, 253, 301

Wood, Arthur, 43, 204, 242
Wood, Mrs. John, 205-6, 317
Woodcocks' Little Game, 31
Woodville, R. C., 285
Woolgar, Miss (Mrs. Mellon), at Adelphi, 26; as Slender, 63, 200
Woolgar as Bardolph, 63
Woolner, Thomas, 266, 319
Woolnough, Frank, 37
Wordsworth, W., 222, 236
Worms (Français), 247
Wraxall, Lascelles, 277
Wrecker's Daughter, The, 67
Wrench, B., 203
Wrinkles, 183
Wyllie, Mrs. C., 288
Wyndham, Sir Charles in *Dearer than Life*, 67, 206-7

Yates, Edmund, 67, 73, 293
Yates, F. H., 293
Young, Charles, 61

Zaïre, 176
Zangwill, I., 307
Zavertal, Cavalier L., 287
Zocchi, G., 176

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

A Tour through South America

By A. S. FORREST

Author of "A Tour through Old Provence," etc.

Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely illustrated, 10s. 6d. net

Mr. A. S. Forrest, the well-known artist and *littérateur*, is now travelling in South America, executing commissions for several influential syndicates, and travelling the whole of the country surrounding the Panama Canal. The author's credentials give him unique facilities for exploration, and much that will be written and illustrated in his book will come before the public for the first time. The book will, therefore, be of first importance to those wishing for accurate knowledge, and a picturesque presentation of this fascinating and interesting country.

A Woman's Winter in South America

By CHARLOTTE CAMERON

Author of "A Passion in Morocco"

Crown 8vo, with about 30 illustrations printed on art paper, 6s. net.

An interesting account of a 24,000-mile journey undertaken by the author last winter. Mrs. Cameron describes the east coast of South America; the opulent wealth of Buenos Ayres; the glorious scenery of the Cordilleras of the Andes in transit from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso; and the arid, desolate west coast, where nitrate appears to be the only interest for civilisation, as far north as Callao and Lima. She gives some unique descriptions of the Inca Indians, their pagan feasts and their historic ruins, closely resembling those at Thebes, in the environment of La Pas and Lake Titicaca. The city of Panama and the Canal are thoroughly gone into, the author having motored fifty miles along the Canal and minutely inspected that gigantic undertaking. From Colon we are taken along Central America via Columbia and Venezuela, and so home by the beautiful West Indies. It is the first time this entire coast has been written of from a woman's point of view.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.

A Tour through Old Provence

By A. S. FORREST

Painter of "Morocco," "West Indies," "Portugal," etc.

Profusely illustrated, cloth boards, 6s. net

The very name of Provence excites vivid anticipations of the quaint and the picturesque, and no more delightful companion for a trip through its old-world associations with pen and pencil could be found than the author of this book. In his foreword he says: "The wayfarer in this land of sunshine and fertility, passing through its villages and visiting its towns, will continually meet with relics, ruins, and remains which are like footprints of races, dynasties, and empires long since passed away. Some are nearly effaced, but others stand out in clear and distinct outline, recalling whole histories of bygone days. There is something about this region that makes an irresistible appeal to strangers from northern lands. Romance is written so plainly on its face that even 'he who motors may read.'"

In the Maoriland Bush

By W. H. KOEBEL

Author of "Madeira, Old and New," "Portugal: Its Land and People," "Argentina, Past and Present," etc.

Demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 12s. 6d. net

This work deals exclusively with the up-country of New Zealand, and includes intimate descriptions of the humours and tragedies of the fascinating country of the "Back Blocks." Special chapters treat of "The Bush and its People," "The Maori at Home," "Bush Evenings," "Taraka and his Friends," "The Bush Hotel-keeper," etc. Much has been written on the corresponding life in Australia, but the more romantic field afforded by New Zealand has scarcely been touched. For this reason, Mr. Koebel's book should prove of universal interest. His record is that of an eye-witness of all that is worth seeing and noting, and his large experience in the writing of such works guarantees complete success.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.

A Motor Tour through England and France

By ELIZABETH YARDLEY

Crown 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net

This is a record of twenty-one and a half days of automobiling in England and France. The period may not seem a long one, but the book is remarkable for the richness and fulness and variety of the impressions gathered. It covers in a most interesting and instructive manner many important places. The Dukeries, comprising the historic demesnes of Worksop Manor, Welbeck Abbey, Clumber House and Thoresby House; Sherwood Forest, once the scene of Robin Hood's daring and dastardly exploits; the Byron and Gladstone countries, rich in historical and literary associations; the Lake District, with its unsurpassed beauties of Windermere, Derwentwater, and Ullswater, and its memories of De Quincey, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and a host of celebrities who at one time or another visited the "Lake Poets"; Wales, whose mountains and valleys have provided material so abundant to the artist—these are all embraced in the comprehensive itinerary of the British section of the Tour, while in France, Blois and Torraine, Brittany, Trouville, Rouen and Paris are among the places visited and described. A series of beautiful illustrations add greatly to the value of the book, the text of which will be found most valuable by the tourist motoring through England and France, as well as by the general traveller, while as a book to read for its own sake it will appeal to all lovers of works of travel.

A Château in Brittany

By MARY J. ATKINSON

Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

Westminster Gazette.—"Cleverly written. The photographs are notable even in these days of good illustrations."

Spectator.—"The book has a most singular freshness, with a note of personal enjoyment which is enough to take a reader captive."

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.

The Motor Book

A Complete Work on the History, Construction, and Development of the Motor

By JOHN ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by 100 drawings and photographs. 10s. 6d. net.

This volume, prepared by Mr. John Armstrong, who is recognised as one of the few experts of the day on motor vehicles, furnishes the public with abundant information, and is replete with the results of ripe practical experience. It is written in non-technical language, mathematical formulæ and the like having been rigidly excluded. In all its ramifications the passenger-carrying motor vehicle is treated of with the skill and acumen for which Mr. Armstrong is so well known. New light is thrown on a great variety of constructional features. The main points in the design and manufacture of the modern motor-engine are discussed. Several valuable improvements are proposed, and the possibilities of future design are dealt with. A host of subjects such as clutches, carburation, change-speed mechanism, live axle construction, etc., etc., are fully treated. Tabulated details are given of "the hundred best cars." Hot-air, rotary, and turbine gas-motors, six-wheel vehicles, the past, present, and future of the motor-omnibus and motor-cab, are among other matters brought up for consideration in this exhaustive volume.

Via Rhodesia

By CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD

Super royal 8vo, cloth, richly gilt, with about 150 illustrations, printed throughout on art paper. 16s. net.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"Miss Mansfield puts her adventures on record with gaiety and freshness of style. The photographs are excellent in every way. She has turned out a most individual book."

Standard.—"Miss Mansfield has a keenly observant and appreciative eye, with a talent for describing what she sees in crisp and picturesque language. . . . Eminently readable . . . informing in a high degree."

Daily Telegraph.—"A delightful volume. A pleasantly fresh and personal record of travel."

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan

Stray Leaves from the Diary of BARONESS ALBERT d'ANETHAN

With an Introduction by His Excellency the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James

Fully illustrated with photogravure and half-tone illustrations printed on art paper. 18s. net

This volume consists of the diaries of the Baroness d'Anethan, widow of the late Baron Albert d'Anethan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of the Belgians at the Court of Japan. For fifteen or sixteen years Baron d'Anethan held this position, and during the whole of that period the Baroness, who is the authoress of several novels and who comes of a literary family, being a sister of Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., of Mr. Rider Haggard, and of Major Arthur Haggard, described day by day the events, historical, social, and official, in which she was taking part. The Diary commences with her first day in the Far East and deals with the stirring events of the following years, the Japanese-Chinese War, the tragedies of the Boxer trouble, experiences of the Red Cross work, the various travels and expeditions in the lovely interior of Japan, Court, official, and religious functions, many no longer existing, and above all the exciting incidents of the Russo-Japanese War. All these are described with a realistic and vivid pen.

During the greater part of those thrilling and epoch-making years the Belgian minister and his wife were Doyen and Doyenne of the diplomatic body in Tokio. This position naturally brought them into intimate touch, not only with the Imperial Court and the official world, but also with all the most interesting personages who were resident in and who visited Japan during the time they were there. Each phrase breathes of the love and admiration of the authoress for the clever and sympathetic people with whom she and her husband made their home for so many years. His Excellency Monsieur Kato, the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who writes an introduction to the book, was twice Minister of Foreign Affairs during Baron d'Anethan's term in Tokio.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.

The France of Joan of Arc

By Lieut.-Colonel ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O.

Author of "The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois," "Sidelights on the Court of France," etc.

In one volume. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with photogravure frontispiece and 16 illustrations on art paper. 16s. net.

No period of French history is richer in the material of romance than that immediately preceding and synchronous with the time of Joan of Arc, and Colonel Haggard has made excellent use of that material in this, the latest volume from his pen. His picture of the France of Joan of Arc glows with colour and is full of startling light-and-shade effects. Colonel Haggard not only vividly realises in this book a very engaging Maid of Orleans, but he also traces those earlier historical developments, a knowledge of which is indispensable to a true understanding of the position which history assigns to Joan of Arc. He shows how, before the advent of "la Pucelle," France was torn by civil strife, her king, Charles VI., beloved but imbecile, powerless to defend his kingdom, and his powerful vassals, the Seigneurs, intent only on personal gain. Colonel Haggard traces the origin and progress of that bloody and long-drawn-out quarrel, known as that of the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, and shows how the crafty King Henry V. of England took advantage of the turmoil to snatch the throne of France.

A glittering procession of historical figures is revealed in Colonel Haggard's volume: Philippe le Hardi, Jean sans Peur, Philippe le Bon, the three famous Dukes of Burgundy; Louis d'Orléans; the Comte Bernard d'Armagnac; Charles VI., and Isabeau, his unfaithful consort; Charles VII., and Yolande, his intriguing mother-in-law; these and many other noted personages play their part in the moving drama of which the central figure is Joan of Arc, whose human and pathetic story is told fully in Colonel Haggard's pages from the early days at Dom-Remy down to the trial and execution.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.

Telephone—
6659 GERRARD

Telegraphic Address—
"GUCIEN, LONDON."

31 ESSEX STREET
LONDON, ENGLAND

January, 1912

STANLEY PAUL & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

*** PREVIOUS LISTS CANCELLED

Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.: Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor by the late BARON D'AMBES; translated by A. R. Allinson. In two volumes, demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 24s. net the set.

This book is the private diary of a life-long and intimate friend of Louis Napoleon, whose identity is here thinly veiled under a somewhat obvious pseudonym. The Baron first made the acquaintance of the future Emperor when scarcely more than a boy at Arenaberg, the Swiss home where he and his mother Queen Hortense of Holland were living in exile. Deeply impressed from the beginning by the personality of Louis Napoleon, the Baron gradually became impressed with the idea that his friend was a son of Napoleon I., and in his diary he alleges some startling evidence in favour of his theory. From his earliest association with Louis he began jotting down incidents, conversations, and reflections as they occurred, and to these he added evidence from every source, letters, documents, newspaper cuttings, which, after the death of Louis Napoleon and within a few years of his own, he prepared for publication. The book therefore supplies a large quantity of first hand material, for the first time in English, for a survey and study of the life and character of one of the most enigmatic figures in modern history. The Baron follows his hero from boyhood through the years of exile and adventure, as a conspirator in Italy, as a refugee in London, as President of the Republic of '48, finally as Emperor, down to the disasters of 1870, the fatal day at Sedan and the death at Chislehurst. In every phase of that chequered career this unique diary throws illuminating sidelights on a number of interesting and hitherto imperfectly understood episodes.

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan, Stray leaves from the Diary of BARONESS ALBERT D'ANETHAN, with an introduction by His Excellency the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James (Monsieur Kato), who was twice Minister of Foreign Affairs during Baron d'Anethan's term in Tokio. Illustrated with photogravure and half-tone illustrations printed on art paper, 18s. net.

This volume consists of the diaries of the Baroness d'Anethan, widow of the late Baron Albert d'Anethan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of the Belgians at the Court of Japan. For fifteen or sixteen years Baron d'Anethan held this position, and during the whole of that period the Baroness described day by day the events, historical, social, and official, in which she was taking part. The Diary commences with her first day in the Far East, and deals with the stirring events of the following years, the Japanese-Chinese War, the tragedies of the Boxer trouble, experiences of the Red Cross work, the various travels and expeditions in the lovely interior of Japan, Court, official, and religious functions, many no longer existing, and above all the exciting incidents of the Russo-Japanese War. All these are described with a realistic and vivid pen.

The History of Garrards, Crown Jewellers, 1721—1911. A superb volume, printed throughout on art paper, in two colours, with nearly 40 whole-page Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, 5/- net.

Of the great London businesses dating from the early days of the 18th century, few possess the historical interest which centres in the House of Garrard. Between 1721 and 1911, the Garrards have been goldsmiths, silversmiths and jewellers to six Sovereigns in succession. All the great notabilities of seventeen eventful decades have been their customers, and the archives of the firm are complete from the day the sign of the King's Arms was set up at the corner of Panton Street and the Haymarket down to the recent removal of the business to the magnificent building at the northern end of Albemarle Street, which an expert has lately described as "the finest exemplification to be found in London of the application of the highest architectural and decorative designs to commercial premises." It was at Garrards that Frederick Prince of Wales and his Consort, the three Dukes of Cumberland, George III. and Queen Charlotte, King George IV. and his five brothers, King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, purchased both plate and jewellery. The great Duke of Wellington went to Garrards to set the first facet of the Koh-I-Noor for cutting, and the Royal Crowns, both in 1901 and 1911, were either made or arranged at Garrards. The Imperial Crown used at the Delhi Durbar of December 7th, 1911, was also designed and made by the Crown Jewellers.

Not only will the "HISTORY OF GARRARDS" contain a narrative of the artistic achievements of this great firm during many generations, but it will provide its readers with a very interesting account of the two great London thoroughfares which are associated with it, viz. the Haymarket and Albemarle Street.

Godoy, the Queen's Favourite. EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. Author of "The Coburgs," "A Queen at Bay," "Lola Montez," etc. Demy 8vo, illustrated, 16s. net.

A romance of the old Spanish Court. Godoy, the son of a poor country gentleman, had no fortune but his handsome face. This was enough to captivate Maria Luisa, the wife of King Charles IV., a woman comparable in some respects with Catherine II. of Russia. Strange to say, her lover secured an empire over her husband, which lasted till his dying day. Entrusted with the government, Godoy was called upon to contend against no less a foe than Napoleon himself, and for twenty years he held France at bay. Overthrown at last by the odious heir-apparent, afterwards Ferdinand VII., the fallen favourite became a prisoner in the hands of the French at Bayonne. He followed his master and mistress into exile, and died poor and neglected forty years after. His career was one of the most romantic that history affords. The book is largely based on unpublished official documents.

In Jesuit Land: The Jesuit Missions at Paraguay. W. H. KOEBEL

Author of "In the Maoriland Bush," "Madeira, Old and New," "Portugal, Past and Present," etc. Demy 8vo, fully illustrated.

The story of the Jesuit missions of Paraguay as told here, forms one of the most fascinating chapters in the complex history of the River Plate Provinces. Mr. Koebel has traced the work of the missions from their inception in the early days of Spanish South American colonisation and discovery, down to the final expulsion of the Jesuits by Bucareli in the middle of the eighteenth century. It is a story of deep interest, often of breathless excitement, and is, at the same time, a close and intimate study of the devoted men, who gave all, even to life itself, to their work; through the story runs a vein of political intrigue which heightens its fascination.

Princess and Queen: The Life and Times of Mary II. MARY F. SANDARS

Author of "Balzac, his Life and Writings."

The only English biography of Mary II. is the one written by Miss Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens of England," and this work is wholly unfair to the Queen. Since then much fresh information has come to light. In 1880, Countess Bentinck published part of Queen Mary's private diary, and in 1886 Dr. Doebner produced other portions of it. These two books give a unique opportunity for an appraisement of the Queen, who confided her most secret thoughts to her precious Memoirs, which she carried on her person in times of danger. Moreover, the writer has visited the Hague, and studied the archives there, where she received much valuable assistance from Dr. Kramer, author of a Dutch Life of Queen Mary. By the kindness of the Duke of Portland she has also had access to the unpublished letters at Welbeck, and through Lord Bathurst to a number of unpublished letters of the Queen to her most intimate friends.

The Love Affairs of the Vatican. DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. Author of "Royal Lovers," "Mad Majesties," "Leopold II.," etc. In demy 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, with photogravure plates and numerous other illustrations, printed on art paper, 16s. net.

The history of Rome and the Popes has often been treated in an exhaustive manner, but there is scarcely any authoritative work dealing with the more intimate side of the affairs of the Vatican. Dr. A. S. Rappoport, who has made a special study of the lighter side of history, and especially of the influence exercised by the favourites of kings and queens upon the politics of nations, endeavours to show the important part played by the favourites of the Popes in the history of the Vatican and Christianity. As an impartial historian this author draws attention to the discrepancy existing between the noble and sublime teaching of Christ and the practice of his followers. Beginning with the earliest history of the Bishops of Rome, who soon became the spiritual rulers of Christendom, he deals with the morality of the priests and the various love affairs of the Popes. The words of the prophet, "and the women rule over us," may literally be applied to the history of the Papacy during the middle ages and the Renaissance. For not only were such famous courtesans as Theodora and Marozia the actual rulers of the Vatican, and in possession of the Keys of Heaven, but a woman one day ascended the throne of St. Peter and became Pope. The author further relates the story of Pope Alexander VI. and Signora Venozza, of Pope Leo X. and a French Court beauty, of Sixtus V. and the beautiful English heretic Anna Osten, of Innocent X. and his sister-in-law Olympia, and of many other Popes. Dr. Rappoport is a philosopher as well as a master of light biographical literature, and unobtrusively he teaches a lesson and draws a moral. Whilst exposing the intrigues of the Papal Court, he does justice to such Popes as were worthy Vicars of Christ.

The Tragedy of Sandro Botticelli. A. J. ANDERSON Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with photogravure frontispiece and 16 full-page illustrations on art paper, 10s. 6d. net.

A delightful story of Florence during the Renaissance, with the poets, philosophers, and ladies of the Medici circle as a background, and including the most intimate study of Botticelli's life and art that has yet been written. Commencing with Sandro's life at Prato and telling of the influence that Lucrezia exercised over his character, and Fra Fillippo Lippi over his painting, the author depicts his struggles and triumphs with a sure touch, ending with the wave of piagnone mysticism which clouded the last years of his career. When Mr. Anderson loves his characters, he loves them whole-heartedly, and he compels his readers to sympathise with Botticelli as much as they sympathise with Filippo Lippi and the nun Lucrezia.

The Life of Cesare Borgia. RAFAEL SABATINI Author of "The Lion's Skin," "The Justice of the Duke," etc. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with coloured frontispiece and other illustrations printed on art paper, 16s. net.

Cesare Borgia, the most conspicuous figure in Italy's most conspicuous age, has hitherto been no more than a figure of romance, a villain of melodrama, and such conceptions as there are of him are vaguely of a splendid criminal, based upon the fictions of Hugo and Dumas. It is time we knew more of the prototype of "The Prince" of Machiavelli, and singular that in an age of historical biographies so amazing a subject should for so long have been neglected by the historian.

Mr. Rafael Sabatini has undertaken the task of telling this tremendous and picturesque story. Ruthless, swift and terrific does Cesare Borgia appear in the pages of this engrossing biography, yet a man of sound judgment, as just as he was merciless—too just, indeed, for mercy—a subtle statesman and a military genius.

Duchess Derelict: A Study of the Life and Times of Charlotte d'Albret, Duchess of Valentinois. E. L. MIRON. Demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 16s. net.

The beautiful and saintly girl who became the wife of Cesare Borgia is one of the most pathetic of the minor figures which take the stage in the brilliant period of French history which is sandwiched between the Mediæval and the Renaissance epoch. In this book her brief life is presented to English readers for the first time, many of the documents consulted having never before been translated. Side by side with the hapless heroine move such arresting persons of the drama as Louis XII., his twice-crowned Queen, Anne of Brittany, Louise d'Angoulême, the ambitious mother of Francis I., the worldly Cardinal, George d'Amboise, the "little deformed Queen" of France, Sainte Jeanne de Valois, and a host of lesser-known men and women, the most important being the crafty, blustering Gascon, the Sieur d'Albret, father of Charlotte. For setting, the book has the social conditions of life in the feudal châteaux of bygone France; and the wardrobes, the jewel-caskets, the recreations and occupations of a great lady of the period are faithfully presented in its pages.

The Life of James Hinton. MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS. Author of "Three Modern Seers," "My Cornish Neighbours," "Kit's Woman," etc. Illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis is preparing this biography under very favourable circumstances. Access to private papers, and the assistance of intimate friends, together with her own knowledge and experience, qualify her to treat the subject with greater fullness than was possible to those who preceded her. The book will aim at presenting the man as his friends knew him, and as the world does not realise him. Many matters will be revealed to show that he chiefly sought to disentangle false morality from true morality, and to prove him a noble, serious student struggling to bring truth into the open.

In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion.

MAUD M. HOLBACH. Author of "Bosnia and Herzegovina," "Dalmatia," etc. In demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 16s. net.

Born of a warrior race of princes, yet with troubadore blood in his veins, Richard Cœur de Lion united in himself the qualities of soldier and poet. His faults were many, but most of them were those of the age in which he lived. This book aims to sketch truly this almost mythical king, and to bring one of the most interesting characters in history from the land of shadows into the broad light of day, tracing his footsteps through mediæval France and England to Cyprus and the Holy Land, and back along the Adriatic shores to the place of his captivity on the Danube, and finally to his tragic death in the land of his boyhood. The author has a personal acquaintance with the scenes of many of Cœur de Lion's wanderings which gives life to her narrative, and the historical bent which enables her to do justice to the subject.

The France of Joan of Arc.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. Author of "The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois," "Sidelights on the Court of France," etc. In one volume. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with photogravure frontispiece and 16 illustrations on art paper, 16s. net.

No period of French history is richer in the material of romance than that immediately preceding and synchronous with the time of Joan of Arc, and Colonel Haggard has made excellent use of that material in this, the latest volume from his pen. His picture of the France of Joan of Arc glows with colour and is full of startling light and shade effects. Colonel Haggard not only vividly realises in this book a very engaging Maid of Orleans, but he also traces those earlier historical developments, a knowledge of which is indispensable to a true understanding of the position which history assigns to Joan of Arc. He shows how, before the advent of "la Pucelle," France was torn by civil strife, her king, Charles VI., beloved but imbecile, powerless to defend his kiugdom, and his powerful vassals, the Seigneurs, intent only on personal gain. Colonel Haggard traces the origin and progress of that bloody and long-drawn-out quarrel, known as that of the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, and shows how the crafty king Henry V. of England took advantage of the turmoil to snatch the throne of France.

A glittering procession of historical figures is revealed in Colonel Haggard's volume, Philippe le Hardi, Jean sans Peur, Philippe le Bon, the three famous Dukes of Burgundy; Louis d'Orleans; the Comte Bernard d'Armagnac, Charles VI., and Isabeau, his unfaithful consort; Charles VII., and Yolande, his intriguing mother-in-law; these and many other noted personages play their part in the moving drama of which the central figure is Joan of Arc, whose human and pathetic story is told fully in Colonel Haggard's pages from the early days at Dom-Remy down to the trial and execution.

Jean de la Fontaine: The Poet and the Man. FRANK HAMEL. Author of "The Dauphines of France," "An Eighteenth Century Marquise," "A Woman of the Revolution," etc. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, illustrated, 16s. net.

La Fontaine has a unique place in French literature. He stands between the old and the new. He possessed the humour of the Renaissance period and adapted it to the clear and sparkling style of the *grand siècle*. Although he lived mostly in the stifling atmosphere of Parisian Society and the Court, his writings have an open-air atmosphere which adds to their charm. His great gift was for telling stories—and his fables are immortal. When he wrote of animals he endowed them with humanity and personality to such an extent that animals described by other writers seem dull and dead in comparison with his.

His life contains no great incidents and no great upheavals, but is made up of entertaining little things, many friendships, and a passion for poetry. He was closely in touch with Boileau, Racine and Molière, and his story must therefore appeal to all students of a remarkable period of French literary history.

Among the women of his circle were the gay niece of Mazarin, Mme. la Duchesse de Bouillon; the hysterical and devout Madame, wife of Gaston d'Orléans, the actress La Champmeslé, and his particular benefactress, Mme. de la Sablière. To these and other kind friends he was indebted for the ease and luxury he loved. Great child of genius that he was, he might have cried in the words of another writer, "Oh, why cannot we all be happy and devote ourselves to play?"

The Royal Miracle: A Garland of unpublished or very Rare Tracts, Broadsides, Letters, Prints and other Rariora concerning the Wanderings of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester (September 3—October 15, 1651), with an Historical Introduction and Bibliography, together with some account of the Commemorative Pilgrimage of September 3—9, 1911. A. M. BROADLEY. Author of "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," "Chats on Autographs," "Napoleon in Caricature," etc. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, with portraits, maps, etc., from rare originals, 16s. net.

Mr. A. M. Broadley is the fortunate possessor of an unrivalled collection of Carolean Memorabilia, and in this work he has brought together in one superb volume a choice selection of contemporary literature, with many quaint and high-class illustrations, telling the romantic story of the young King's wanderings by circuits wide and devious from Worcester's fatal field.

These reprints include a Broadside History of His Sacred Majesty's most Wonderful Preservation (1660). "White-Ladies, or His Sacred Majesty's most Miraculous Preservation" (1660); "The Royal Oake, etc.," by John Danverd; "Miraculum Basilicon, or the Royal Miracle" (1664); "Claustrum Regale Resevatum, or the King's Concealment at Trent," by A. W. (1667); and the letter of William Ellesdon of Charmouth to the Earl of Clarendon concerning the adventures of Charles II., transcribed from the original letter in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Many other interesting items are included, and the work is produced in the best possible style.

A Great Russian Realist: The Romance and Reality of Dostoieffsky. J. A. T. LLOYD. Author of "Two Russian Reformers," etc., etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, with illustrations, 10s. 6d. net.

Gogel was the founder of the Russian novel, and at the outset of his literary career Dostoieffsky was hailed as a new Gogel. The former wrote of Russia and the Russians as they appeared to him, the latter from the sad but never embittered memories of his youth. The story of Dostoieffsky's life is full of interest. Beginning as an engineering student he became absorbed in French literature, and abandoning his profession, he maintained himself while writing his romance "Poor Folk" by translating the novels of George Sand into the Russian language. "Poor Folk" demonstrated his genius, and brought him fame. He joined the Revolutionary Party, was imprisoned, condemned to be shot, reprieved, and sent to Siberia, where he planned the terrible "Maison des Mortes," in which he tells his experiences of Siberia. Here he studied the psychology of crime and punishment which he afterwards made the subject of perhaps his most important book. Leaving prison, he began life again as a common soldier, became a lieutenant, and wrote several works. He married, was allowed to return to Russia, took up residence in St. Petersburg, and published "Vremia," a journal afterwards stopped. He visited Europe, where his gambling habits reduced him to penury. He then planned his story "The Gambler." His wife and brother died, and he was left with a stepson and his brother's family to provide for. At this, the most desperate period of his fortunes, he seems to have reached the threshold of his great period as a creative writer. This resulted in the production of "Crime and Punishment," the greatest Criminal novel the world has ever seen. Turgenev listened to the whispers of beautiful and exquisite young girls who spoke of Russia's aspirations and Russia's freedom. Dostoieffsky listened to the moan of pain struggling up from white lips too weak for any power of speech but prayer.

Cameos of Indian Crime. Studies of native criminality in India. H. J. A. HERVEY (Indian Telegraphs, retired). In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hervey, who has spent many years in India, has collected a large amount of information concerning native crime, which he deals with in a series of fascinating chapters on Murder, Poisoning, Infanticide, Burglary, Highway Robbery, Forgery, Procuring, Prostitution, Mendacity, Fanaticism, Extortion, Railway Robbery, Tampering with Railways, Beggar Faking, Trumped-up Evidence, Anonymous Letters, Getting at Examination Papers, Drink, Opium Eating, Bribery and Corruption, etc., etc.

The work throws a flood of light upon the manners and customs of the criminal natives of our Indian Empire.

Spain Revisited: A Summer Holiday in Galicia. C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. Author of "A Record of Spanish Painting," "Moorish Cities," "Things Seen in Spain," etc., etc. In one volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt. With coloured frontispiece and numerous illustrations, printed on art paper, 12s. 6d. net.

C. Gasquoine Hartley is known already as a writer upon social life in Spain, and as an authority on the art of the country. In this volume the writer recounts, in a most entertaining manner, her experiences and impressions during a sojourn in Galicia, the mountainous and beautiful northern kingdom of Spain, which is still comparatively unexplored. Galicia is the Switzerland of Spain, but it is a Switzerland with a sea-coast, and offers scenery that is not to be surpassed in Europe. The mediæval city of Santiago de Compostilla is certainly, by its history and its magnificent old buildings, one of the most interesting towns in Spain. Its cathedral of St. James is the greatest monument of Romanesque architecture, while its *Gate of Glory* is the finest example of early Christian sculpture in the world. Galicia is an unrivalled centre for the study of Spanish sculpture, and her churches are museums of treasures in this art.

The writer describes the *fiestas*, the religious ceremonies, the native dances, the Gallegan music, the theatre, and many customs of the people, who in many ways resemble the Irish Celts to whom they are allied by race. She has visited not only the towns, but has lived in the homes of the peasants in remote villages where English speaking people have seldom been seen.

A Winter Holiday in Portugal. CAPTAIN GRANVILLE BAKER. Author of "The Walls of Constantinople," etc. With coloured frontispiece and 32 original drawings by the author. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s. 6d. net.

Captain Granville Baker, who has served in several campaigns in the British as well as the German Army, is an experienced traveller. In this volume he describes with the pen, pencil and brush the scenic charm of Portugal, the old buildings, the manners and customs of the people, and gives a history of the rise and growth of the nation, bringing his survey up to the recent important changes in the government. The author sets forth, in fascinating pages, the claims of Portugal as a winter resort. Wealth of colouring and variety of form are the most delightful features of the landscape. The river scenery of Portugal recalls the far-famed Rhine, its mountains have an Alpine grandeur, its harbours vie in richness of beauty with those of Naples and Constantinople, its valleys and moors sport with all the colours of the rainbow, the flora of Portugal being the richest in Europe. The towns and villages have an old-world picturesqueness; the costume of the peasantry is uniquely charming. Captain Granville Baker's volume gives a very adequate impression of these manifold attractions.

The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne.

LEWIS MELVILLE. Author of "William Makepeace Thackeray, a Biography," and other works. In two volumes, demy 8vo, with coloured frontispiece and other illustrations, 28s. net the set.

Mr. Lewis Melville, who has already written much on the eighteenth century, has brought to the production of this book a full knowledge of the work of his predecessors, to which he has added the results of his own investigations and not a little information inaccessible to earlier writers. This has enabled him to correct old errors and chronicle newly-established facts, and so to make his work the most complete and accurate account of the life, and the fullest collection of the letters of this great humourist.

Like the immortal Pepys, Sterne had a weakness for the 'sex'; and not the least important among the letters Mr. Melville has collected are those which Sterne addressed to the women with whom he so ardently philandered. Lord Basing has kindly permitted the use of all the letters of Mrs. Draper, written from India, in his possession. Sterne was a lover rather of woman than of women, and, as his biographer points out, while he dallied with many women he devoted himself exclusively to none. His philanderings were confined, Mr. Melville concludes from the evidence available, to an intellectual sensuality or sentimentality. There is a delightful note of frankness and self-revelation in Sterne's letters, and throughout his two volumes Mr. Melville has been careful to let the author of "Tristram Shandy" speak for himself. The work has been produced in a manner in every way worthy of the standard position it will naturally take.

The Coburgs: The Story of the Rise of a great Royal House.

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. Author of "Lola Montez," "A Queen at Bay," "The Bride of Two Kings," etc. Photogravure frontispiece and other full-page illustrations on art paper. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s. net.

At the present day the house of Saxe-Coburg Gotha occupies the thrones of England, Belgium and Bulgaria, as it occupied till last year that also of Portugal. It is allied to almost every reigning family in Christendom. Less than a hundred years ago it was absolutely unknown outside the confines of its tiny German duchy. After a glance at the early history of this remarkable family, Mr. d'Auvergne tells the story of its rapid rise to greatness. He shows how the cadets of the house won the hands of queens and princesses, and by what arts they made themselves indispensable to European diplomacy. With absolute frankness he discusses the position of the Prince Consort towards his wife's subjects, and traces the influence of the Coburgs on European policy for nearly a century. He is the first historian to attribute the Franco-German War to the restless ambition of the Portuguese branch of the family—a startling conclusion which he brings new facts to support. This book is at once an important contribution to contemporary history, and a fascinating and intimate account of the relations of the greatest personages of our own time.

A Tour through Old Provence. A. S. FORREST

Painter of "Morocco," "West Indies," "Portugal," etc. Profusely illustrated, cloth boards, 6s. net.

The very name of Provence excites vivid anticipations of the quaint and the picturesque, and no more delightful companion for a trip through its old-world associations with pen and pencil could be found than the author of this book. In his foreword he says: "The wayfarer in this land of sunshine and fertility, passing through its villages and visiting its towns, will continually meet with relics, ruins and remains, which are like footprints of races, dynasties, and empires long since passed away. Some are nearly effaced, but others stand out in clear and distinct outline, recalling whole histories of bygone days. There is something about this region that makes an irresistible appeal to strangers from northern lands. Romance is written so plainly on its face that even 'he who motors may read.'"

In the Maoriland Bush. W. H. KOEBEL

Author of "Madeira, Old and New," "Portugal: Its Land and People," "Agentina, Past and Present," etc. Demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

This work deals exclusively with the up-country life of New Zealand, and includes intimate descriptions of the humours and tragedies of the fascinating country of the "Back Blocks." Special chapters treat of "The Bush and its People," "The Maori at Home," "Bush Evenings," "Taraka and his Friends," "The Bush Hotel-keeper," etc. Much has been written on the corresponding life in Australia, but the more romantic field afforded by New Zealand has scarcely been touched. For this reason, Mr. Koebel's book should prove of universal interest. His record is that of an eye-witness of all that is worth seeing and noting, and his large experience in the writing of such works guarantees complete success.

A White Australia Impossible. E. W. COLE

In crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

This book is an appeal from race prejudice in favour of permitting the free entry of Japanese, Chinese, and other coloured races into the Australian Commonwealth. The Author discusses the cause of colour in mankind, gives much valuable and interesting information regarding various Asiatic and African races, shows that all the races of mankind are of a more or less mixed origin, and argues that a white Australia is neither desirable nor possible.

Federation of the Whole World. Edited by E. W. COLE. Being fifty prize essays for and against the Federation of the World, illustrated with representative portraits of all nations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

Mr. E. W. Cole invites readers to submit further essays, full particulars of the offer being contained in the volume. The best will be bound up in volume form, translated into various languages, and circulated throughout the world.

A Motor Tour through England and France.

ELIZABETH YARDLEY. Crown 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net.

This is a record of twenty-one and a half days of automobiling in England and France. The period may not seem a long one, but the book is remarkable for the richness and fulness and variety of the impressions gathered. It covers in a most interesting and instructive manner many important places. The Dukeries, comprising the historic demesnes of Worksop Manor, Welbeck Abbey, Clumber House and Thoresby House; Sherwood Forest, once the scene of Robin Hood's daring and dastardly exploits; the Byron and Gladstone countries, rich in historical and literary associations, the Lake District, with its unsurpassed beauties of Windermere, Derwentwater and Ullswater, and its memories of De Quincey, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and a host of celebrities who at one time or another visited the "Lake Poets"; Wales, whose mountains and valleys have provided material so abundant to the artist—these are all embraced in the comprehensive itinerary of the British section of the Tour, while in France, Blois and Touraine, Brittany, Trouville, Rouen and Paris, are among the places visited and described. A series of beautiful illustrations add greatly to the value of the book, the text of which will be found most valuable by the tourist motoring through England and France, as well as by the general traveller, while as a book to read for its own sake it will appeal to all lovers of works of travel.

The Motor Book: A complete work on the History, Construction, and Development of the Motor.

JOHN ARMSTRONG. Illustrated by 100 drawings and photographs, 10s. 6d. net.

This volume, prepared by Mr. John Armstrong, who is recognised as one of the few experts of the day on motor vehicles, furnishes the public with abundant information, and is replete with the results of ripe practical experience. It is written in non-technical language, mathematical formulæ and the like having been rigidly excluded. In all its ramifications the passenger carrying motor vehicle is treated of with skill and acumen for which Mr. Armstrong is so well-known. New light is thrown on a great variety of constructional features. The main points in the design and manufacture of the modern motor engine are discussed. Several valuable improvements are proposed, and the possibilities of future design are dealt with. A host of subjects such as clutches, carburation, changed speed mechanism, live axel construction, etc., etc., are fully treated. Tabulated details are given of "the hundred best cars." Hot-air, rotary, and turbine gas motors, six-wheel vehicles, the past, present and future of the motor omnibus and motor cab, are among other matters brought up for consideration in this exhaustive volume.

Four Ennobled Actresses: The Adventures of the Duchess of Bolton, Countess of Derby, Countess of Essex, Countess of Harrington on and off the Stage, by CHARLES E. PEARCE. Author of "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," etc. In two volumes, demy 8vo, with two photogravure frontispieces and 32 half-tone illustrations, 24s. net.

To mention the names of Lavinia Fenton, Eliza Farren, Catherine Stephens and Maria Foote, is to picture all that is lovely, graceful, bright, and fascinating in woman. These idols of the public were wholly distinct in their attractiveness, incomparable in their several rôles, and resembled each other only in the fact that they quitted the stage to wear the coronet. In dealing with the lives and times of these four representative Queens of the Drama, Mr. Pearce has a subject which occupies a field practically inexhaustible in anecdote. The "Beggar's Opera," in which Lavinia Fenton, as Polly Peachum, captivated all hearts, belongs to the picturesque time of the Second George, its masquerades, its ridottos, its gallantries, its tragedies. The immortal comedies, "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer," with Eliza Farren as the bewitchingly wayward Lady Teazle and the fascinating Miss Hardcastle, conjure up memories of Sheridan and the rollicking, reckless days of old Drury Lane management. The music of Arne, Storace, Shield, and Bishop, masters of pure English melody, is for ever associated with the sweet-voiced and accomplished Kitty Stephens; while in beautiful and engaging Maria Foote is personified all that is refined and sparkling in the Comedy Queens of the first thirty years of the Nineteenth Century. The book will be illustrated with quite a unique collection of engravings of leading actors and actresses, many of them in character.

David Garrick and his French Friends. Dr. F. A. HEDGCOCK. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

An intimate study of the social and artistic life of David Garrick. Dr. Hedgcock deals largely with the great actor's friendships with the distinguished French men and women—actors, authors, philosophers, and others, who vied with one another in doing him honour. The dazzling society of the philosophic salons, and the tinsel glories of the Comedie Française of the period, are made to live again by brief but striking portraits of Diderot, d'Holbach, Borellet, Suard, Mme. Riccoboni, Mlle. Clairon, Le Kain, Preville, Mole, Le Tenier, and others.

Dr. Hedgcock has many entertaining stories to tell of the great master of tragedy, comedy, and farce; and gives many choice examples of his drolleries, his witty sallies, and his amusing escapades. He also gives a critical estimate of Garrick's histrionic achievements.

Dr. Hedgcock is the only Englishman who has ever achieved the distinction of a Doctorship of Literature of the University of Paris, "David Garrick et ses amis Français," was one of the theses which won for him this high honour. "David Garrick and his French Friends" is based on that work, but much new material has been added. Dr. Hedgcock brings much hitherto unpublished information to light.

Diners à Deux. S. Beach Chester

Author of "Anomalies of English Law," etc. Cr. 8vo, 5s. net.

Diners à Deux is a delightful piece of work with a perfect atmosphere, and is written by a man of the world who has studied life from an exceptionally advantageous point of view in different parts of the continent during several decades, and who is full of good stories drawn from very wide experience. The titles of some of these will convey a good idea of the contents, "The Incident of the Hotel Splendide," "The Pearls of Mme. La Baronne," "Natalia . . . of New York."

Guerilla Leaders of the World. With a preface by the Earl of Dundonald. Percy Cross Standing Author of "The Marshals of Napoleon," and part author of "Our Naval Heroes," "Sea Kings and Sea Fights," etc. Crown 8vo, illnstrated, 6s. net.

Mr. Cross Standing, who was special correspondent for Renter during the war between France and Siam, has been able to secure much valuable first-hand information concerning notable Gnerilla leaders, inclnding Osman Digna and Colonel John S. Mosby, the confederate raider. Special notes by the Sirdar (Lieut.-General Sir F. R. Wingate) have been placed at his disposal.

Famous Artists and their Models. Angelo S. Rappoport, Ph.D. Author of "Love Affairs of the Vatican," etc. Demy 8vo, 32 full page illustrations, 16s. net.

Dr. Rappoport has made a special study of the history and psychology of the model, and the result of his researches and thought is the present work. He gives us the history of the artists' model since the days of Praxitcles and Zeuxis in ancient Hellas, to those of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci during the Italian Renaissance, down to the times of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The romantic nature of the subject and the beauty of the illustrations make it a volume of special charm.

The Beloved Princess. Princess Charlotte of Wales, the lonely daughter of a lonely Queen. Charles E. Pearce. Anthor of "The Amazing Duchess," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 16s. net.

"Mr. Pearce has produced an exceptionally interesting memoir . . . a thoroughly readable book."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"Mr. Pearce makes his story interesting by his vivacious style, and a clever use of the materials at his command. He gives a picture of Regency times which has seldom been excelled. It may be added that the book is well illustrated."—*The Globe.*

Old Clifford's Inn. Percival J. S. Perceval

A history of the earliest of the old Inns at Chancery. Illustrated with nearly 50 drawings by the author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

Clifford's Inn is full of interesting associations of the old world of which it formed part. The subject is a fascinating one, and pen and pencil are both employed in its graphic presentation.

An Actor's Note Books. Being a record of some Memories, Friendships, Criticisms and Experiences of FRANK ARCHER. Author of "How to Write a Good Play." Demy 8vo, 32 half-tone illustrations, 7s. 6d. net.

This volume deals with literary and theatrical matters at a period of great interest. The author, who made his first London appearance as Captain Dudley Smith in "Money" at the old Prince of Wales' Theatre in 1872, then under the management of the Bancrofts (now Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft) was at one time a pupil of that accomplished actor Leigh Murray, many of whose admirable letters are here given. A sketch of the stage from 1858 to the time of the author's London appearance, is also presented, with criticisms and memories of many fine actors who have passed away. He was, he tells us, in Paris when the Franco-German war broke out, and returned to England to fulfil an engagement. The letters from his brother, who remained in the city during the whole period of the war, the siege, and the Commune, are of special interest; they form a graphic account of the vicissitudes and anxieties of the French Nation during those exciting years. A critique on the acting of Salvini is a feature of the volume. Interesting letters of Tom Taylor, Wilkie Collins, Westland Marston, Charles Green, Moy Thomas, J. L. Toole and other Victorians, are full of charm for the literary and theatrical student. Early details of Sir Henry Irving, and notes on the gifted and beautiful Mary Anderson are included. Other items that deserve mention, are an account of a visit the author paid to the late Lord Tennyson and a description of the Royal Institute Tableaux and Ball of 1887, at which King Edward VII., his Consort, and many distinguished guests were present. The work is full of stories of numerous delightful and interesting people, and concludes with references to the late Hermann Vesin, Henry Neville and Sir W. S. Gilbert.

Our Fighting Sea Men. LIONEL YEXLEY

Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

Mr. Yexley deals with the laws, regulations and customs of our naval service as they affect the sea man as distinguished from the sea officer. These customs date from times when our ships were manned by the press gang or from our prisons, and though there have been patchwork improvements, the author claims that no serious attempt to meet modern requirements has ever been made. The book traces the origin of our present naval law, shows that it came into being when widely different conditions prevailed, and endeavours to prove that the sea man is just a normal human who is entitled to every right and privilege that the laws of the country assure to the rest of the community, and that this can be granted without any prejudicial effect on true discipline. The book is a very intimate as well as entertaining study of our naval fighting forces, and will provide food for thought for all students of our navy.

Anomalies of the English Law. S. BEACH CHESTER. "The Law in the Dock." Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The writer of this book is a barrister-at-law and a Companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. He deals in a clear and piquant manner with many questions of almost startling moment. His powers of penetration and observation, and his comprehensive view of life, impart a strong element of human interest to his treatment of the subject. He not only exposes injustice and laxity, but mystery, ignorance and obscurity, with the sure hand of one who knows.

Marriage Making and Breaking. CHARLES TIBBITS. With Foreword by A. C. Plowden, Esq., Chief Magistrate at Marylebone Police Court. In cr. 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

This book surveys the present situation with regard to marriage and divorce. The author does not attempt to force his own conclusions on the reader, but states fully each aspect of the problem, summarises the present law of divorce as it affects both men and women, and collects together the opinions of leading judges, magistrates, politicians, divines, and social workers, now scattered in various books, magazines and papers.

Truth. E. W. COLE

Cloth gilt, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

This volume, compiled by the editor of "The Thousand Best Poems in the World" and "Cole's Fun Doctor"—books which have had an enormous and world-wide circulation—will take rank among those indispensable works of reference which every author, journalist, thinker and public speaker considers as a part of his stock in trade. It contains nearly a thousand expressions of opinion on the subject of Truth by eminent writers and thinkers of all ages and countries. Those jewel utterances which among all nations have passed into proverbs, as well as long passages emanating from the noblest minds in their noblest moods are included in the volume, which constitutes a history, philosophy, and religion of Truth. Every aspect of the subject is dealt with under appropriate headings.

The Welshman's Reputation. "AN ENGLISHMAN"

In crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

"Draig Glas's" pungent satire on the Welsh entitled "The Perfidious Welshman" has aroused a great deal of criticism within and without the Principality. "An Englishman's" reply should be read by every seeker after truth, who must decide for himself to whom the laurel of victory is due in this combat of words. "An Englishman" essays to shatter every lance of "Draig Glas" on the shield of truth. He has much of interest to say concerning racial origins, and endeavours to show that Welsh and English are the common descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Great Britain—the Ancient Britons, and hence argues that "if Jones—Williams—Evans is a cur of low degree, then Smith—Williams—Evans is a cur of low degree," but comes to the conclusion that both are "British bull-dogs of the old breed." "An Englishman" has also much of interest to say concerning the morals of Taffy, and his manners and customs. He is a humourist with a keen eye to the funny side of things, and his drolleries will delight a wide circle of readers.

Verses. DOLF WYLLARDE

Author of "The Riding Master," "Tropical Tales," etc. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Paper, 1s. 6d. net. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Miss Wyllarde has entitled her book simply "Verses," because she considers that most minor poetry has no claim to be dignified by the name of poetry. Modesty, however, is much more often the characteristic of the true poet than of the mere versifier, and the author's modest estimate of her own work will in no way bind the opinion of the reader. The book is published in response to a desire expressed by many readers of Miss Wyllarde's novels for the complete poems, from which she has quoted in her prose works from time to time. A number of "Verses" not hitherto published in any form is added.

This Funny World. F. RAYMOND COULSON (DEMOCRITUS). Author of "A Jester's Jingles." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. net.

A volume of humorous and satirical verse by the author of "A Jester's Jingles," a work well known to reciters. His "Social Scale" also enjoys wide popularity.

"This Funny World" contains much of the author's latest and best work. Besides his numerous contributions to periodical literature, Mr. Coulson has for many years enjoyed the appreciation of a vast public as "Democritus" of the *Sunday Chronicle*, and a brisk demand for the book is confidently anticipated.

A Garland of Verse for Young People. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. Handsome cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

This is a collection of verse for children, made to satisfy the requirements of school and home. The pieces, selected from a wide field, are graded to suit age, and classified to facilitate reference, and many new pieces are included to help nature-study and interest children in collateral studies. Never before has an attempt been made to cover in one volume such a wide range of pieces at so small a price. It should be one of the most popular children's books issued this year.

The Diners-Out Vade Mecum. After-dinner Toasts and Speeches. ALFRED H. MILES. In fcap. 8vo ($6\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$), cloth bound, round corners, 1s. 6d. net. Leather, 2s. net.

A handy little book which can easily be carried in the breast pocket, and which every gentleman should possess. It is full of bright sayings and amusing anecdotes, as well as toasts and other speeches suitable for weddings, dinner parties, and other social functions, also rules of etiquette and conduct.

Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. MAUD HOWE

Author of "Sun and Shadow in Spain," "Two in Italy," etc. With a map and one hundred illustrations from photographs, and drawings by John Elliott. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s. 6d. net.

In this, her latest and strongest book, Maud Howe tells the story of the earthquake in Sicily and Calabria and the relief work which followed. She takes us to the buried cities of Messina and Reggio, and to the ruined villages in the interior and on the coast. In a series of graphic pictures she shows us the ruin and the desolation, the suffering and despair of the few survivors. The tragedy of the earthquake is followed by the romance of the rescue. The story of the relief work as planned and organized by Ambassador Lloyd C. Griscom, and executed by Lieutenant Commander Reginald Rowan Belknap and his men, is one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of modern rescue. The author gives us also glimpses of ancient Sicily, weaving them into the fabric of the story like a rich tapestry background in a portrait.

A Tour through South America. A. S. FORREST

Author of "A Tour through Old Provence," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. A. S. Forrest, the well-known artist and literateur, is now travelling in South America executing commissions for several influential syndicates, and travelling the whole of the country surrounding the Panama Canal. The author's credentials give him unique facilities of exploration, and much that will be written and illustrated in his book, will come before the public for the first time. The book will, therefore, be of first importance to those wishing for accurate knowledge, and a picturesque presentatiou of this fascinating and interesting country.

A Woman's Winter in South America.

CHARLOTTE CAMERON. Author of "A Passion in Morocco." Crown 8vo, with about 30 illustrations printed on art paper, 6s. net.

An interesting account of a 24,000 mile journey undertaken by the author last winter. Mrs. Cameron describes the east coast of South America; the opulent wealth of Buenos Ayres; the glorious scenery of the Cordilleras of the Andes in transit from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso; and the arid, desolate west coast, where nitrate appears to be the only interest for civilization, as far north as Callao and Lima. She gives some unique descriptions of the Inca Indians, their pagan feasts, and their historic ruins, closely resembling those at Thebes, in the environment of La Pas and Lake Titicaca. The city of Panama, and the Canal, are thoroughly gone into, the author having motored fifty miles along the Canal and minutely inspected that gigantic undertaking. From Colon we are taken along Central America *via* Columbia and Venezuela, and so home by the beautiful West Indies. It is the first time this entire coast has been written of from a woman's point of view.

The Sweep of the Sword. From Marathon to Mafeking (A Complete Battle Book). ALFRED H. MILES. Dedicated by special permission to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C. In large crown 8vo. (over 600 pages), with a photogravure frontispiece, 16 full-page illustrations of world-famous battle pictures, printed on art paper, and nearly 150 illustrations in the text, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, with special design, 6s.

Truth.—"Never before has Mr. Miles gathered such a harvest as this in a single volume. It is truly a stupendous volume, and there is quality as well as quantity to recommend it."

Love Letters of a Japanese. Being the correspondence of a Japanese man with his English betrothed. G. N. MORTLAKE. Second edition, with an Introduction by Dr. MARIE C. STOPES. Large crown 8vo, white cloth gilt, chaste design, 5s. net.

Pall Mall Gazette:—"There will be sceptics proof against the editor's solemn asseveration that these letters between a Japanese man and an Englishwoman, who became lovers, are genuine. Those sceptics, however, will have not only to grant that the 'editor' must be extremely clever, but to recognise that he must have a pretty intimate acquaintance with Japanese mind and life. Even on that basis the letters are scarcely less interesting than if he assume them to be authentic human documents—interesting, not only for the passionate idyll which they reveal, but as giving a glimpse into a Japanese heart and brain."

Paul's Popular Code. M. LEVY
Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

A simple and thoroughly practical and efficient code for the use of Travellers, Tourists, Business Men, Department Stores, Shopping by Post, Colonial Emigrants, Lawyers, and the general public. Everyone who uses cable or telegraph should use this, the cheapest code book published in English, which enables one to put a sentence into a single word. It covers everything from the cradle to the grave.

A Book of Short Plays. MRS. DE COURCY LAFFAN
Author of "Bonnie Kate," "Cruel Calumny," "The Dream of her Life," etc. Crown 8vo, 2s. net.

A volume of short plays, most of which have stood the test of performance. One has become the copyright for theatre purposes of Miss Marion Terry, and one has evoked words of praise from Lord Roberts. Two have been produced at the Court Theatre, and one at Oxford. Those who are wanting short plays for home or charity performances will do well to consult this little volume.

The Commentator. The real conservative weekly.
One Penny Weekly.

A weekly review of politics, music, literature, and the stage. Fearless criticism in support of principle, in exposure of humbug, in scorn of cant.

Home Life under the Stuarts, 1603-1649. ELIZABETH GODFREY. 19 photogravure and half-tone illustrations. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

The Human Machine. An Inquiry into the Diversity of Human Faculty in its Bearings upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics. J. F. NISBET. Fifth and new edition. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

The Insanity of Genius. J. F. NISBET. Sixth and new edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

French Music in the Nineteenth Century. ARTHUR HERVEY. Crown 8vo, with Portraits, 5s. net.

Sea and Coast Fishing (with special reference to Calm Water Fishing in Inlets and Estuaries). F. G. AFLALO. Author of "Sea Fishing on the English Coast." With over 50 illustrations, from drawings and photographs, printed throughout on art paper. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Lord of Creation. T. W. H. CROSLAND Author of "The Unspeakable Scot," etc. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Egregious English. ANGUS MCNEILL Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Monte Carlo. Facts and Fallacies. SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM With illustrations by George A. Stevens. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Flowing Bowl. A Treatise on Drinks of all kinds and of all periods, interspersed with sundry anecdotes and reminiscences. EDWARD SPENCER ('Nathaniel Gubbins'). Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"As stimulating as any one of the manifold agents for satisfying—or excusing——a thirst mentioned in a book in which there is from end to end not a dry page."—*Referee.*

Cakes and Ales. A memory of many meals, the whole interspersed with various Recipes, more or less original, the Anecdotes, mainly veracious. EDWARD SPENCER ('Nathaniel Gubbins'). Crown 8vo, 4th edition, 2s. 6d. net.

"A book from which every restaurant keeper can, if he will, get ideas enough to make a fortune. Sportsmen, stockbrokers, and others with large appetites, robust yet sensitive palates, and ample means, will find it invaluable when they are ordering the next little dinner for a select party of male friends."—*Saturday Review.*

Cole's Intellect Sharpener. E. W. COLE Demy quarto, with numerous illustrations, 2s. net.

Containing 2,000 Riddles, and 500 Puzzles and Games.

Sugar Round the Pill. E. W. COLE In crown 8vo, cloth 2s.

A cyclopedia of Fib, Fact and Fiction, containing some 1,500 items of amusing and ingenious Falsehood and Fact, and 1,250 items of Fun.

Cole's Fun Doctor. The funniest book in the world. E. W. COLE. First and second series. In two vols., 384 pp. and 440 pp. respectively, each complete in itself. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

These books are full of fun from beginning to end.

STANLEY PAUL'S XIX CENTURY HISTORICAL ART SERIES

Nineteenth Century English Ceramic Art.

J. F. BLACKER. Author of "The A B C of Collecting Old English Pottery," "The A B C of Collecting Old English China," etc. With about 96 pages of half-tone illustrations, printed on art paper, and 150 line drawings, 10s. 6d. net.

"Here, beyond question, is one of the cheapest art manuals that has appeared in the present generation. For half-a-guinea the reader may obtain over 500 closely printed pages, full of the liveliest and most erudite information, together with some 1,200 beautifully reproduced examples of the best products of English Ceramic Art in the nineteenth century. The author has certainly put in his debt all enthusiasts for British pottery and the high traditions of British Ceramic Art. His book is both informative and illustrative, covering a wide field with alacrity and judgment. He describes it as an attempt to do justice to the descendants of eighteenth century potters while recognising the talents of men who have broken with tradition and worked along independent lines. The study is one of the very first interest, and Mr. Blacker follows it up with unfailing resource and vitality. Mr. Blacker's elaborate yet readable volume will be invaluable to all lovers of historic ware, whatever their present taste and preference."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Nineteenth Century English Engravings.

W. G. MENZIES. 10s. 6d. net. About 96 full pages of half-tone illustrations.

In this volume an attempt has been made to trace the history of engraving in England in all its phases during the nineteenth century, from the time when the mezzotint was beginning to be overshadowed by the steel plate to the present day, when photo-mechanical processes are all prevailing.

The literature on this period in the history of English engraving is, with the exception of a few volumes and articles on certain special sections or masters, singularly meagre, and a history of the art as a whole has been a much wanted volume.

Never, for instance, in the history of English engraving did such a flood of engraved plates of all classes emanate from engravers' studios as during the Victorian era. Aquatints, mezzotints, etchings, lithographs, line engravings, in fact examples of every class were put upon the market, the art of wood engraving and that of etching, amongst others, regaining much of their lost glory.

The author touches in a brief though concise manner on every section of the art, enhancing the value of his remarks with copious illustrations of the work of nearly two hundred engravers, and shows what is worthy of acquisition amongst the work of this most prolific period.

The A B C of Japanese Art. J. F. BLACKER
Profusely illustrated with 150 line and 100 half-tone illustrations, printed on art paper. In large crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Exceedingly useful to the collector, whom it will guide, assist and interest in the Art of Old Japan. Those who desire to collect with profit will hardly discover any object so suitable, whilst for home decoration the quaint beauty of Japanese Art is unequalled in its peculiar attractiveness. Armour and Swords with their furniture, Pottery and Porcelain, Bronzes, Colour Prints, Ivory and Wood Carvings, including Netsukes, are amongst the subjects dealt with. Technical processes are explained and many illustrations given in addition to the 100 half-tone illustrations, and the marks, signatures and sale prices.

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED IN STANLEY PAUL'S A B C "COLLECTORS" SERIES.

Each in large crown 8vo, **5s.** net.

The A B C about Collecting (second edition). SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P. Profusely illustrated with numerous line and 32 pages of half-tone illustrations. The subjects include, among others, China, Clocks, Prints, Books, Pictures, Furniture and Violins. Written clearly and explainingly out of personal knowledge, experience and research.

"A beginner cannot well have a better guide."—*Outlook.*
"Every page is an inspiration to a young collector."—*Evening Standard.*
"The amateur collector who cares to be advised by us will certainly possess himself of Sir James Yoxall's volume."—*Academy.*

A B C of Collecting Old English China. J. F. BLACKER. Profusely illustrated with numerous line and 64 pages of half-tone illustrations, printed on art paper.

"To the beginner there could be no surer guide than Mr. Blacker's book."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*
"Mr. Blacker shows what to look for, how to know it, and what to avoid. For the collector the book is a necessity."—*Daily Express.*
"The author has a golden rule for collectors. 'Never buy with your ears,' learn to rely on your eyes, your fingers, a knife and a file."—*Sunday Times.*

A B C of Collecting Old English Pottery. J. F. BLACKER. Illustrated with about 400 line and 32 pages of half-tone illustrations.

"Practically every known variety of old English pottery is dealt with, and the usefulness of the book is enhanced by the facsimile reproduction of the various marks, and by an appendix giving the prices realised by good examples at auction."—*Observer.*
"In this book the range is wide, stretching from Greek vases to Napoleon jugs, and including a great deal of information on the Wedgwood productions and even on the willow-pattern. Salt glaze, lustre, slipware, puzzle jugs, Fulham, Astbury, Lambeth, Leeds, Yarmouth, and numerous other wares all receive careful attention. Mr. Blacker speaks with authority, and his pages are full of knowledge."—*Bookman.*
"Mr. Blacker is to be congratulated on the production of a thoroughly good, trustworthy and informing handbook, and one that every collector will find not only desirable but necessary."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW 6/- FICTION

The Justice of the Duke. RAFAEL SABATINI

Author of "The Shame of Motley," "The Trampling of the Lilies," "The Life of Cesare Borgia," "The Lion's Skin," "Bardelys the Magnificent," etc.

In his "LIFE OF CESARE BORGIA" Mr. Sabatini gives us a stern, straightforward narrative, based upon all available data. In the present volume he fills in the details permissible to the romancer, and allows his fancy to play about the same fascinating and terrible protagonist, presenting to us the real Cesare Borgia, as Mr. Sabatini visualises him, but in settings purely artificial and in circumstances wholly or partly fictitious, spun and woven with all the art of which this writer is master. We see this beautiful and amazing young Italian of the Renaissance dealing with the situations which the Author has invented or built-up, precisely as Mr. Sabatini conceives that he would have dealt with them had they arisen as set down in this work. Thus, whilst purely a work of fiction, fine, sharp-cut and arresting, it is none the less of high historic value by virtue of the series of accurate and graphic pictures it shows us of a ruthless man in a ruthless age.

The Woman-Hunter. ARABELLA KENEALY

Author of "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," "The Mating of Anthea,' etc., etc.

The most powerful story Miss Arabella Kenealy has written. It is at the same time a passionate love story, and a profound study in the psychology of emotions. Here are two men, opposite as the poles in temperament and *morale*, the ascetic Anglican priest, and the "woman-hunter" of the title, man of the world and libertine. Both are in love with Nerissa, the charming heroine; one is her husband. The theme of the book is the widely-differing effects on temperament and conduct which result from love in these two widely-differing men. The one, the ascetic priest, concerned for his soul's salvation, fights his passion for his young bride as a deadly and besetting sin; the other comes by way of his passion to regeneration. An adept in the conquest of women, he brings all his powers to the siege of the beautiful unhappy wife, wooing her in every mood and tense, ringing the changes of his wooing through strategy, and bribery and temptation, through force of mastery, through guile and wile and passionate assault, and so at last to love, profound and true. The story, though eminently modern, is picturesquely set in a romantic old tower.

The Consort. MRS. EVERARD COTES (SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN). Author of "The Burnt Offering," "Cousin Cinderella," "The Path of a Star," etc.

The story of a little man married to a great woman, of their relations and interactions, their battles and despairs, written round the strong and familiar interests of passion and power and politics. The story moves at a gallop, and it is for the reader to meditate and moralise when the book is laid aside.

The Villa Mystery. HERBERT FLOWERDEW

Author of "The Second Elopement," "The Third Wife," etc.

Another of those psychological-sensational romances which Herbert Flowerdew has made a speciality of his own. Woven in with the mystery of a crime as baffling as anything imagined by Gaboriau, the pretty love story of Esmond Hare and Elsa Armandy engages the reader's sympathy from the moment of their first meeting. This is in a lonely country road, at midnight, where Elsa is on her knees picking up handfuls of sovereigns that do not exactly belong to her, and the atmosphere of mingled mystery and romance continues to surround their moving and unconventional love story up to the moment of its happy ending.

Prince and Priest. BERYL SYMONS

Author of "A Lady of France."

Readers fortunate in having read this author's stirring novel 'A Lady of France' will appreciate this new romance of mediæval France, which contains atmosphere, colour, life and movement. 1207 is the date when the story opens. Count Bertrand de Crein falls in love with the beautiful Lady Rosamund, whom he is escorting to the Lord of Gervandan in Toulouse, whose wife she is to be. In the meantime the Count of Toulouse is threatened with Rome's curse and an armed crusade to put down heresy. In the subsequent siege and sack of Beziers, Rosamund's husband is killed, and the love of Rosamund and de Crein culminates in marriage. The book is full of excitement, adventure, thrilling escapes, and heart-stirring romance.

Brass Faces. CHARLES McEVOY

An exciting modern story of grip and power, some of the most startling episodes of which concern the kidnapping of a girl who has been turned out of house and home by her father and imprisoned in a house in Kensington. She is rescued by a bachelor, who in turn finds himself in a delicate position. An American female detective plots his arrest and ruin. The story rushes on in a whirl of excitement through a maze of plots and counterplots to a dramatic *dénouement.*

The Meteoric Benson. VINCENT MILLS-MALET

A decidedly new note has been struck in this most readable and interesting novel. As the name indicates it is an aeroplane story, and one of those rare books which must be read at a sitting; incident follows incident in ever-increasing interest, until the reader, breathless from excitement, learns from the last page "what really did happen."

Who Did It? HEADON HILL

Author of "Troubled Waters."

The principal theme of this volume is the abnormal astuteness of the Conductor of a railway restaurant-car, whose powers of observation and deduction enables him to solve the many absorbing "mysteries" that come under his ken, and which, as a preventer and detector of crime, put him on a par with any of the great puzzle-readers of fiction. Mr. Headon Hill goes direct to the point, and carries the reader rapidly along from the first page to the last.

A Robin Hood of France. MICHAEL W. KAYE

Hated at court and falsely accused of murder, the young Sieur de Pontenac flees to the Forest of Fontainebleau, and becomes the leader of a band of robbers (King Mandrin), beloved of the oppressed canaille, but hated of the nobles, whom he defies and robs. Claire d'Orgiuel, the only child of the Comte d'Orgiuel, having lost heavily at cards, wagers the winner—who has her in his power, and who hopes to force her to marry him—that she will lure "King Mandrin" into the power of his enemies; but, arriving in the Forest of Fontainebleau, ends in falling in love with the "Robin Hood of France."

Neighbours of Mine. R. ANDOM

Author of "We Three and Troddles," "In Fear of a Throne," etc. With 60 original illustrations.

This broadly farcical story of types and incidents of suburban life will afford as much amusement as the famous "Troddles" books which have in volume form successfully appealed to something like 200,000 readers of all classes, and should prove as popular with those who like a rollicking story. Now and again the author conveys a moral, discreetly, but generally he is content to be extravagantly amusing in depicting adventures, which are sufficiently out of the ordinary to be termed "singular." The book is cleverly and amusingly illustrated throughout the text by a popular artist, who has admirably succeeded in catching the drollery of the narrative.

The Loves of Stella. MRS. SHIERS-MASON

Stella O'Donovan, a very poor but also very beautiful and quite unsophisticated Irish girl, lives in an old castle on a lovely but lonely Bay on the Irish coast. She has Spanish blood in her veins, and much of the impulsive and fascinating temperament of the Andalusians. Becoming heiress to a million of money, she decides to go to London and enter Society. Before her departure, a young Norwegian sculptor, Olaf Johansen, of striking appearance, comes to reside in the village. He at once falls in love with Stella, who returns his affection, but who, doubtful of herself, flees to London. Here she appears to meet Olaf again, but it is his twin brother impersonating him. Stella at once succumbs to his love-making, and many highly dramatic scenes follow.

Every Dog His Day. HAROLD AVERY

Author of "A Week at the Sea," etc.

Basil Relaver and Angela kiss in a garden at Avesbury, yonthful and innocent lovers. Circumstances divide them. Basil is whirled away into the vortex of commercial life and spends some years building up business and making himself a position. Prospering, he revisits Avesbury to learn from Helen Sutherly, Angela's aunt, that Angela, proud and independent, lives in London and earns her own livelihood as a secretary. They meet and misunderstand. Helen Sutherly intervenes, but the lovers are again about to part when they meet once more in the old garden and "love awakens and does not wake in vain." It is a pleasant, quiet story which grows in interest as it proceeds, and leaves a sense of satisfaction in the mind of the reader when it is finished.

The Long Hand. SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART.

Author of "Red Chancellor," "Count Zarka" and "A Prince of Lovers."

The setting of the story is Bavaria at the end of the 18th century, when that very remarkable, but now almost forgotten genius, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, was for a short time actually Regent of Bavaria, and was standing forth as the saviour of Munich, threatened at once by the French and Austrian armies. At this juncture a young English traveller arrives in that city, and by chance is drawn into a tragic adventure, being mistaken by an emissary of vengeance for a young officer who has given offence at Court, and whom the "long hand" of royalty is seeking to clutch. This episode proves to be but the first of many exciting adventures, and from it is developed a love interest which becomes the engrossing theme of the story. Readers who have enjoyed the Author's previous novels will find no falling off in this, his latest novel of the same genre, which offers a feast of romance and stirring adventure.

Exotic Martha. DOROTHEA GERARD

Author of "The City of Enticement," "A Glorious Lie," etc.

Martha Grant, betrothed to a Dutchman whom she has met at an Alpine health resort, but who resides in Java, arrives at Batavia to find her lover married to another woman. Rather than face the humiliation of a return to her Scotch home she engages herself as a lady's maid to an invalid Dutchwoman. Suspected of poisioning her mistress, she is condemned to penal servitude for life. Effecting her escape, with the aid of an eccentric French doctor, who is the real, though unsuspected, poisoner, she is on the point of yielding to the advances of her rescuer, when George Pether, the friend of her girlhood, appears upon the scene, and in his company "exotic Martha"—quite cured of an ill-regulated passion for the tropics—regains her native land.

The Cardinal. NEWTON V. STEWART

Author of "A Son of the Emperor," "Across the Gulf," etc.

An historical story of Italian life in the 13th century, the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, when the Pope and Emperor with their factions were opposed. Ottaviano Maldini is the cardinal. He is all-powerful in Rome, and more of a soldier and a statesman than a churchman. Ariadne, the heroine, is a princess who is kidnapped and falls into the hands of the Moors. She is an exquisite little creature and her dancing uniquely beautiful, but she deliberately lames herself to escape harem life. She is offered as a slave to the cardinal, who out of pity buys her. With the cardinal she is happy, interest and affection develope into passionate love between them, and in the end Ariadne dies by her own hand, and relieves the cardinal of the embarrassment of her presence. It is an intensely interesting romance, and presents a lively and accurate picture of the times.

The Qualities of Mercy. CECIL ADAIR

Author of "The Dean's Daughter," "Cantacute Towers," etc.

The Mercy of the Qualities is a girl who, having inherited property, is free from the necessity which often leads to marriage, for which she is temperamentally disinclined. Captain Dare, whose little kinsman Colin is Mercy's friend, has other views, but Mercy will have none of him, and in pique he marries Alys, a timid little friend of Mercy's, who runs away from him and is hidden by the vicar's wife. Mercy and Colin swear eternal friendship; the latter has no desire to marry and perpetuate the house of Dare. Dare is found dead, a victim of the vendetta. The wholesome story is full of interesting ingredients—Riches, High Place, lovely Country, Beautiful Weather, some Excitement, and Mystery.

The Unholy Estate; or, the Sins of the Fathers.

DOUGLAS SLADEN. Author of "A Japanese Marriage," "The Admiral," "The Tragedy of the Pyramids," etc.

This is a present-day story of strong domestic interest. The problem which Mr. Douglas Sladen treats is the unhappiness inflicted by unsuitable marriages and the inconveniences which besiege those who defy the marriage convention and take their lives into their own hands.

The story lies on the fringe of politics. An eminent political personage, thinly veiled, occupies a prominent position in it. He supplies one of the main elements in the book, and the other is supplied by a woman of great position who gives up everything for the man she loves and is content to live cut off from society for his sake.

The book differs from most books which deal with the same subject in the fact that neither party, in spite of straitened means and social ostracism, exhibits any remorse or regret. They are completely satisfied with what they have done. They live a simple life and their love match is an unequivocal success. The unexpected dénouement of the story is a happy one.

Hodson's Voyage. W. H. KOEBEL

Author of "In the Maoriland Bush," with 8 original illustrations on art paper by Fred Pegram.

This is a work of light humour from the pen of Mr. W. H. Koebel, better known of recent years as a travel writer of distinction, but who in taking up fiction again is returning to his first love. The plot deals with the trials of a commercial traveller on board a liner. He is mistaken for a country officer whom he resembles, and the complications that ensue include a love interest, and give rise to a rapid series of situations that contain frank elements of farce, especially when the hero finds that fragments of the past history of his military prototype are known to others and not to himself. The climax of the story arises when it is imperative that he should reveal his identity, and when he finds it impossible to convince his companions that circumstances have compelled him to act the lie. The book abounds in situations, and much amusement arises from the bewildering happenings of the unexpected. The fate of the unfortunate victim hangs in the balance until the last page.

The Baron of Ill Fame. HESTER BARTON

This story gives a faithful picture of Florence in the time of Dante. Besides Corso Donati, the hero of Campaldino, Dante and his wife; Giotto, the great artist; Giano della Bella, the popular demagogue, and other Florentines known to history, figure in the novel. The period dealt with was a stirring and brutal one, yet amid the clash of steel, the flow of blood, the hoarse yells of mutual hatred, the orgies of illicit passion, the violation of convents, the sacking and burning of towns, men and women plighted troth even as to-day, and the author of this romance of mediæval Florence has unified her graphic descriptions of historical incidents by a love story all the more idyllic because of the background of vice and crime.

Duckworth's Diamonds. E. EVERETT-GREEN

Author of "Clive Lorimer's Marriage," "The Lady of the Bungalow," etc.

Duckworth has entrusted a haul of diamonds to his friend, Dermot Fitzgerald, who brings them to England to await instructions. He is aware that he is shadowed by one, Pike, and gets Hilton, a friend of his, to come over to Ireland and advise him. Hilton advises him to bring the treasure and hide it in his own caves of Treversal. This they do, though not without adventure. In a little village, close to Treversal, stands a small cottage to which Barbara Quentin has retired on the death of her millionaire father, whose assets appear to be nil, and whose child is unprovided for. She lives in the cottage with a friend, making acquaintance with Hilton and Dermot. Later on, Phyllis Duckworth is drawn into the web of fate, and comes also to the cottage. Letters come ostensibly from Duckworth, demanding the surrender of the treasure to his sister; but Phyllis deems these forgeries, and Dermot holds on. In the end and in the nick of time, Duckworth himself turns up; there is a raid upon the caves of Treversal, but the villains are caught and arrested, and various pairs of lovers are made happy.

A Passion in Morocco. CHARLOTTE CAMERON

Author of "A Woman's Winter in South America."

The story opens on board a P. & O. steamer when it is ploughing its way steadily towards the Moroccan coast. A beautiful English girl, duly chaperoned, makes the acquaintance of a handsome Moorish prince who is returning to his native land after passing through the curriculum at Oxford, with the varied problems of East and West seeking solution in his mind. The presence of the girl presses one of these questions irresistibly to the forefront of his consideration. At Mazagan the ladies are invited by an officers' guide to visit the harem of the Kaid, where the beautiful English girl, separated from the party, is trapped by the wily owner, from whose hands she is duly rescued, at the eleventh hour, by Mohammed el Yumar, the Moorish Prince. Many adventures follow—amid strange scenes are enacted against a background of vivid Oriental colour, and in the end East and West effect a union, finding that "love levels all."

The Lotus Lantern. MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "The Reaping," "The Impersonator," "My Lady Clancarty," etc.

A love story of great charm and dramatic power, whose scene is laid in Japan of to-day. Lieut. John Holland, a military attaché of the British Embassy, and betrothed to the daughter of the British Ambassador, while witnessing the Buddhist festival of lanterns, symbolizing ships of the souls of the dead, meets Umé-San, who had been sold by her relatives and had become a Geisha girl in a Tokyo tea garden. A plot has been formed to place her in the power of an unscrupulous and cruel Japanese prince. Holland's sympathy is first enlisted, and finally he falls passionately in love with the little Japanese girl, pure, sweet, and devout, notwithstanding her surroundings. The story moves with dramatic force, is filled with interest from the opening chapter to the end, and Umé (flower of the plum) is one of the tenderest and dearest heroines of fiction.

Damosel Croft. R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

Author of "The Courtesy Dame," "The Two Goodwins," "The Firstborn," etc.

The heroine of this book is the last of a wealthy yeoman family in the High Peak Country; the hero is a young man from Yorkshire, of equal social standing but comparatively insignificent means. Janey Maskrey is beloved by three; her choice falls at last upon the most fitting suitor, with whom, without being aware of the fact, she has been in love for some considerable time. An author of distinguished reputation—akin to the Maskreys—presents with his curious entourage a remarkable contrast. Several old-world country-scenes, notably the Carrying of the Garland at Castleton, are presented with a wealth of colour. The book is full of sunlight, of happiness and of country mirth.

The Doll: A Happy Story. VIOLET HUNT

Author of "White Rose of Weary Leaf," "The Wife of Altamount."

This is a story of a woman who, having been divorced once, and having lost control of her child, invents a stratagem by which, upon her re-marriage, she thinks she will be protected from a second loss of her child should she again be divorced. How the stratagem fails and how the first child that she had lost comes into her life again, and how in the end, though her stratagem has failed, she is successful all along the line owing to the employment of purely feminine weapons, it is the purpose of this novel to show.

A Prisoner in Paradise. H. L. VAHEY

The scenes of this story are enacted in the Malay Islands and Singapore. A British agent, after years of residence on the South Sea Islands, pines for civilization, and decides to quit. The appearance of a beautiful half-caste reconciles him to remaining. Complications with the natives arise, and flight becomes the only safety of the lovers. They fly by different routes, and the man arrives at Singapore, where the vessel carrying the woman is reported lost with all hands. The tie that bound him to the Malays thus broken, he seeks the solaces of civilisation by marrying a widow. Disillusioned, after two months he quarrels with the widow, and ships back to barbarism. Unexpectedly, he finds the Malay wife returned and awaiting him, and considers himself absolved from his recent unsuccessful marriage. The book is said to possess something of the glitter and colour of Conrad's tropical tales.

When Satan took Flesh. A. J. ANDERSON

Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," etc.

In this story Satan takes flesh that he may plot a second Fall. By means of Clairvoyance he bargains for possession of a young man's body, and discovers in the doctrine of the limitation of the family a new and powerful temptation by which to wreck the human race. Mr. Anderson writes with sincerity of purpose and has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and his story is worthy of the careful attention of every thoughtful mind.

The Children of Alsace. RENÉ BAZIN

Author of "The Nun," "Redemption," etc,

A story of Alsace full of this famous Author's penetrative charm. It is of Alsace conquered, of those who remain loyal to France and those who compromise with the victors. Obeile is the name of a prominent Alsatian family, the head of which goes over to the winning side. Love complications arise among the younger members of the family, such as occurred in English History in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The atmosphere of Alsace under the new government is skilfully reproduced, and the conflict of racial feeling engendered admirably portrayed. The story is full of interest and excitement, and has the added charm of historical accuracy.

Between Two Stools. RHODA BROUGHTON

Author of "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh up as a Flower," etc.

This story deals with the situation of a man and woman—he single, she married, who have had a liaison of ten years' duration, while the woman's husband has been lying hopelessly crippled by an accident which happened before the opening of the narrative. The interest lies in the effect upon their characters, and in the emotions of hope, fear and remorse which agitate them. The situation is complicated by the apprehensions aroused by suspicion that the heroine's half-grown daughter divines something of the truth. The introduction of an unmarried girl to the hero entangles the knot still further—a knot which is untied only on the last page.

Camilla Forgetting Herself. H. L. VAHEY

Author of "A Prisoner in Paradise."

Novels which 'lift one out of oneself,' which are not gloomy or sordid, and are not concerned with matrimonial failures, 'problems,' and the seamy side of marital life, are none too common; so that the refreshing and stimulating story of 'the incurably romantic' Camilla and her lover-husband will be hailed with delight by those who have not come to look upon marriage as a 'doubtful adventure characterized by the total surrender of freedom.' It is a humorous, 'lovey' and wholesome story, without a 'sugary flavour.' From the first page to the last line—in which Camilla tells her husband 'a great secret'—there is a spirit of Joy and Happiness pervading the book. To those of us who are still sufficiently old-fashioned to have matrimonial ideals, and a genuine belief in the existence of enduring, all-conquering love, Camilla will make a strong appeal. Though written in a light, bantering vein, the story contains an idea—a great idea, it may be—which is nothing more or less than a plea for *real* marriages; made in Heaven or otherwise, but founded, not upon legal forms, conventions and sacrifices, but upon a union of hearts. To those who found the psychology of Mr. Vahey's last book, 'A Prisoner in Paradise' (Stanley Paul) too strong, the present volume will come as a pleasant surprise.

The Bride of Love. KATE HORN

Author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "Mulberries of Daphne," "The White Owl," "Lovelocks of Diana," "Ships of Desire," etc.

A love romance full of the charm which won for "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun" so many admirers. Psyche is a delightful heroine, whose face is her fortune. The story tells how Psyche and her little sister, Pomander, under trying circumstances battle their way to success, and will interest all who know what it is to cherish ideals which lie outside the sphere of their environment, and who ultimately win their own reward.

The Marriage of Lenore. ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

Lenore has married more than once, and thereby hang numerous complications. Her first husband is an elderly roue, and the second, who is present at her first marriage, restores to her the bouquet which she drops, and in this act and its recognition eyes and souls meet. There is a rumour that the first husband was a bigamist. Thereupon Lenore marries her second, only to find that her first husband's *mésalliance* was no marriage and that she herself has committed bigamy. The old husband dies, and so matters are set right. The story flows on through troubles and distractions, raptures and pains, to its happy ending.

God Disposes. PELLEW HAWKER

A novel of quick changes, rapid movements, and striking dramatic situations, which opens with the description of a dead man sitting at his library table, his hand resting on his cheque book. The surreptitious visitor who makes the discovery secures the cheque book, forges the dead man's signature, and succeeds in cashing a cheque for a large amount. On the strength of the money he poses as a rich man, pushes himself into country society, and wins the heart of Lady Angela Dawson, who is affianced to Viscount Woolmer, the son and heir of Lord Bletchford, and the elder brother of the dead man. Later he claims to be the heir to the property, but in due course is discovered and exposed. The characterisation is good, the narrative interesting and the *dénouement* all that can be desired.

The Watch Night. HENRY BETT

A story of adventure in the exciting years of 1741-1746. The hero, when a young man in London, comes under the influence of Whitefield and Wesley, and joins the Methodists. Later he becomes involved in Jacobite plots in Lincolnshire and Northumberland, and falls in love with a lady who is acting as one of the Pretender's agents in England. The Jacobites suspect that he is a spy upon them, and he is kidnapped and carried to Holland. There his life is attempted, and he learns that the English Government has offered a reward for his apprehension. Since he cannot return, he journeys to the borders of Bohemia to visit Herrhut, the headquarters of the Moravian Brethren. Here he finds himself in the midst of the second Silesian war. He sees Frederick the Great, and meets the heroine once more unexpectedly at Dresden. It would be unfair to unravel the complex plot with all its surprises, it will suffice to say that while this is a lively narrative of love, intrigue, and adventure which hurries the reader on from page to page, it is also a serious attempt, the first in English fiction, to give a faithful picture of the life of the Eighteenth Century Moravians and Methodists. There are vivid glimpses of many famous men, especially John Wesley.

A Woman with a Purpose. ANNA CHAPIN RAY

With coloured frontispiece by Frank Snapp.

In characterization, in dramatic force, and in artistic treatment this is the best story Miss Ray has yet written. It deals with the married life of a strong, successful, self-willed man of affairs to a girl who has tried to support herself by her pen, and in failing has retained her high ideals and her respect for her own opinions. The story is so full of the life of to-day that it stirs our emotions while it delights us with its absorbing plot. People of rare quality and reality are portrayed, vital problems are inspiringly handled, and a love story of power and originality is developed to its logical conclusion.

Love's Old Sweet Song. CLIFTON BINGHAM

Mr. Clifton Bingham, who, thirty years ago, wrote the words of the famous song bearing this title, which is known and sung all the world over, has in this new novel—the first he has written—woven his sympathetic verses into a most interesting and human story, both dramatic and pathetic. Though containing only five characters (excepting the dog) it touches lightly and tenderly the chords of human life in a manner that will appeal, as in Molloy's song, to every heart. It is a book that will be appreciated by everyone who has heard or sung "Just a Song at Twilight, when the Lights are Low," and should make an appropriate gift book to lovers of music.

The Activities of Lavie Jutt. MARGUERITE and ARMIGER BARCLAY. Author of "The Kingmakers," "The Worsleys," etc.

Lavie, the heiress of a millionaire, is taken into society—for a handsome consideration. She is resourceful as well as charming, and when she falls in love with the impecunious Lord Loamington, who keeps a hat shop, she is able to tender very valuable advice. But Lavie is not satisfied with talking; she is full of activity and inventiveness, and she "makes things hum." This story of her many activities is bright and out of the common.

Opal of October. JOY SHIRLEY

For those born in the month of October, the opal is said to be a lucky stone, and this novel is based upon the assumption that it is so. It is a story of the times of the soothsayers and the witches, when people were all more or less trying to discover the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold. The witch in this case is a young girl of great beauty, who narrowly escapes the stake.

The Mystery of Red Marsh Farm. ARCHIBALD H. MARSHALL. Author of "The Squire's Daughter," "Exton Manor," etc.

This novel deals with the mysterious disappearance of a child, who is heir to a property consisting of an old Manor House and a large marshland farm, which has been in the family for generations. Many people are concerned in the mystery, and suspicion falls first on one, then on the other, but the police fail to clear it up. The mystery is solved by a young squire who is in love with the sister of the missing child, but not until he has travelled half round the world in search of the solution.

Two Worlds: A Romance. LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. Author of "The France of Joan of Arc," etc.

Colonel Andrew Haggard, so well known for his clever and amusing histories of French Court Life, is no less known as a novelist of distinction. In this story he introduces the reader to life in Vancouver Island, the scene opening in that gem of the Pacific, the beautiful city of Victoria. The heroine is a lovely young unbeliever, whose naturally generous and ardent temperament has become warped by the perusal of atheistic literature. The hero is a manly young Englishman, himself an agnostic but a seeker after the truth. They have some weird adventures in the realm of the occult. Then the scene changes to Europe, where we meet with a generous-minded and somewhat eccentric peer given to Christian Science, who has a great effect upon the subsequent development of the plot, and the many exciting incidents by land, sea and aeroplane with which this unusual romance is filled.

The Three Anarchists. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON Author of "A Lady of the Regency," "The Stairway of Honour," "The Enchanted Garden," "The Easy-Go-Luckies," etc.

The Three, who dominate alike the romance of the world and the plot of this new story from the pen of the author of "The Enchanted Garden," are Love, Death, and Birth, and the title is based on a phrase in Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's fine volume of essays, "The Peril of Change." The puissance of this triumvirate is unfolded in the story of a simple woman, born nameless, and of no position, whose life, at first uneventful, is suddenly engulfed by social eminence, sensation, temptation and a dangerous love. The Three come to her aid in each crisis, and each leaves her stronger and more competent to hold the heritage of peace and happiness which eventually becomes hers.

Maids in Many Moods. H. LOUISA BEDFORD Author of "His Will and her Way."

This novel shows the feminine temperament and the feminine temper in its various and discordant phases, but it is a novel of incident rather than of psychological analysis, and will appeal to all who like a genuine unsophisticated love story.

The Second Woman. NORMA LORIMER

Author of "Josiah's Wife," "Mirry-Ann," "On Etna," and "The Pagan Woman," etc.

Tells of a woman married to a man younger than herself (not so much in years as in temperament), haunted by the fear of his awakening one day to the fact that his love for her has never been what he thought it was, but has only been affection. The plot is worked out on original lines, and the book is full of novel situations, unexpected complications and pungent dialogue.

Veeni the Master. R. FIFIELD LAMPORT

Readers and admirers of Marie Corelli's romances of the supernatural will find congenial excitement in following the fortunes of "Veeni the Master" in Mr. Lamport's romance of two worlds—the world Earth and the world Zan. The story of the dissolution of the world Earth is full of human interest, and that of the reincarnation in the world Zan is fired with real imaginative power. The book is full of surprises, in which love interest and passion play a prominent part. It should cause somewhat of a sensation.

Their Wedded Wife. ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "The Marriage of Lenore," "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

This is the story of a tragic misunderstanding and its consequences. Nora le Geyt is happily married to Paul Wentworth, who adores her with a jealous adoration. Believing a slander against her, he leaves her. Years pass; Nora, believing him dead, marries again; then she discovers that Wentworth is still alive; she loves him still. With the skill of a deft artist Mrs. Diehl brings the story to a close on a note of happiness that will please the large and growing circle of her admirers.

Swelling of Jordan. CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN. Author of "Plumage," "The Muzzled Ox," etc.

Canon Oriel, an earnest worker in the East End, loved and respected, had, years before the story commences, while climbing with his friend Digby Cavan in Switzerland, found in the pocket of his friend's coat, which he had accidentally put on instead of his own, evidence that his friend had robbed his, the canon's, brother and been the cause of his committing suicide. Oriel in a struggle which took place between the two men hurled his friend from the precipice. Now the glacier gives up Cavan's rucksack, and any day it may yield up his body. To reveal subsequent developments would spoil the reader's enjoyment of a thrilling plot.

The Red Fleur De Lys. MAY WYNNE

Author of "Henri of Navarre," "Honour's Fetters," etc.

A thrilling story of the French Revolution presenting a little-known phase of that great social upheaval. It tells of the nobles of the White Terror who rose to avenge the atrocities of the Reds, banding themselves together, and wearing as their badge a Red Fleur De Lys.

The City of Enticement. DOROTHEA GERARD

Author of "The Grass Widow," "The Blood Tax," etc.

Mr. Spiteful visits Vienna with much the same results that follow the fly that visits a fly-paper--he sticks there till he dies. Two English sisters, his cousins, follow him in search of his fortune, and find the fly-paper just as attractive. An art-loving cousin despatched to fetch them home sticks fast also, as does a schoolboy who despatches himself, and others who follow with the same view. They are all held fast by the City of Enticement, which has a separate appeal for each of their foibles. An extremely entertaining novel.

Love in Armour. PHILIP L. STEVENSON

Author of "The Rose of Dauphiny," "A Gallant of Gascony," etc.

Major Stevenson's new historical romance, long announced, and eagerly awaited by many readers who enjoyed "The Rose of Dauphiny," is at length in the printer's hands. It is a long novel, dealing with love, intrigue and adventure, and the abortive conspiracy of Mardi Gras, just before the death of Charles IX. of France.

Major Stevenson writes historical romances with a vigour, verve and enthusiasm which have led several critics to compare him with Dumas. *The Times* critic, writing of his last novel, "The Rose of Dauphiny," said: "Mr. Stevenson is winning an honourable place among the school of Mr. Stanley Weyman."

Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours.

"DRAIG GLAS." Author of "The Perfidious Welshman." 9th Edit.

In this story of Welsh village life "Draig Glas" employs his gift of satire in depicting various types of Welsh character, and gives incisive portraits of Welsh men and women, and graphic pictures of Welsh scenery. No visitor to the principality should fail to procure a copy of this novel. Tourists especially will find much interest in endeavouring to trace the original of the Welsh village, and its vicinage, which "Draig Glas" delineates in his volume.

Our Guests. ST. JOHN TREVOR

Author of "Angela."

The guests referred to are the paying guests of two impecunious young gentlemen who, finding themselves in possession of a dilapidated ancestral mansion, conceive the brilliant idea of running the place as a hydropathic establishment. The idiosyncracies of the guests, and the adventures of the two bachelor proprietors with love-lorn housekeepers, refractory charwomen, and a penniless nobleman, who is hired as a "decoy," provide Mr. Trevor with excellent material for a delightfully diverting story.

The Retrospect. ADA CAMBRIDGE

Author of "Thirty Years in Australia," "A Little Minx," etc.

The many admirers of Ada Cambridge—the old generation and the new—will appreciate this homely volume of reminiscences, which exhales a quiet charm. It is an intimate, confidential narrative, setting forth recollections, comparisons of past times with the present, accounts of homes and friends and relations. It takes one into the Seventies, and Sixties, and Fifties, and recreates the England of those times.

The Three Envelopes. HAMILTON DRUMMOND

Author of "Shoes of Gold," "The Justice of the King," etc.

In this story Mr. Hamilton Drummond breaks fresh ground—there is the thrill of the weird and supernatural. It tells of one, Corley, who, weary of a humdrum existence, makes the acquaintance of a strange society—"The Society for Promoting Queer Results." He is given three envelopes, each of which sends him forth on some lone, weird mission—in one instance he is sent to a small German town, Solzeim, where he has a remarkable experience connected with a very ancient house. This is but the beginning of adventures. How Corley goes to the Devil's Mill, where he is involved in a weird love tragedy, in which the old Mill plays a part, and how he meets Mary Courteleigh, whom he ultimately marries, we must leave the story to unfold.

The New Wood Nymph. DOROTHEA BUSSELL

In this work the author sets forth something of the dangers and problems which confront a girl whose senses and intellect are both keenly awake. To her the beauty of the forest speaks insistently, and with it she comes to identify her life. She meets with adventures and love interests, and goes to London, but the forest is always with her, and when the climax comes she finds the answer to perplexities therein.

A Modern Ahab. THEODORA WILSON WILSON

Author of "Bess of Hardendale," "Moll o' the Toll-Bar," etc.

Readers of Miss Wilson's former novels will need no urging to make their acquaintance of a new work from her pen. "A Modern Ahab" deals with modern life in a Westmorland dale, and is a tale of keen local dispute, love, passion, hate and humour.

A Star of the East: A Story of Delhi. CHARLES E. PEARCE. Author of "Love Besieged," "Red Revenge," etc.

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." This is the theme of Mr. Pearce's new novel of life in India. The scene is laid in Delhi, the city of all others where for the past hundred years the traditions of ancient dynasties and the barbaric splendours of the past have been slowly retreating before the ever-advancing influence of the West. The conflict of passions between Nara, the dancing girl, in whose veins runs the blood of Shah Jehan, the most famous of the kings of Delhi, and Clare Stanhope, born and bred in English conventionality, never so pronounced as in the Fifties, is typical of the differences between the East and the West. The rivalry of love threads its way through a series of exciting incidents, culminating in the massacre and the memorable siege of Delhi. "Nara" completes the trilogy of Mr. Pearce's novels of the Indian Mutiny, of which "Love Besieged" and "Red Revenge" were the first and second.

The Celebrity's Daughter. VIOLET HUNT

Author of "The Doll," "White Rose of Weary Leaf," etc.

Life-like portraits, a tangled plot, only fully unravelled in the last chapter, go to the making of Miss Violet Hunt's stories. "The Celebrity's Daughter" has the humour, smart dialogue, the tingling life of this clever writer's earlier novels. It is the autobiography of the daughter of a celebrity who has fallen on evil days.

The Promoter's Pilgrimage. C. REGINALD

ENOCK, F.R.G.S. Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," "Peru," "Mexico," etc.

This is a thrilling tale of London and Mexico. A young prospector discovers a site rich in mineral wealth in South America, and obtains from the Government a concession with a time limit. He puts the matter before a syndicate in England, who, believing in the value of the speculation, delay coming to terms with the prospector in the hope that he may be unable to keep his engagements until the expiration of the time limit, and two of the directors ship for South America to be on the spot and secure the property when the prospector fails. The prospector hears of their departure and follows them by the next boat, and the story of his chase across the world is told with much spirit and vivacity. There are some brilliant passages of local colour, and the description of the cave of repentance is worthy of Edgar Allen Poe.

Red Revenge. CHARLES E. PEARCE

Author of "Love Besieged," "The Bungalow under the Lake," "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," etc.

Another of Mr. Pearce's absorbing Indian romances.

"The story is a stirring one, full of emotion, and the course of events it depicts, the various personages that figure in it, with their actions and their surroundings, are all vigorously drawn to the life by a master hand."—*Academy.*

"Mr. Pearce gives a vividness and reality to the whole story which makes it of breathless interest."—*Morning Post.*

"The most jaded fiction reader will find much in it to stir his blood and his imagination."—*Globe.*

The Free Marriage. J. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

Author of "The Plunder Pit," "Princess Joyce," "Hate of Evil," "The Life Class," "The Forbidden Theatre," etc.

"A story of which the least praise is that it does not contain a dull page. Mr. Snowden has made his figures live with a quite exceptional completeness, so that we not only see and hear them, but also follow the workings, often the very subtle workings—of their minds; and not those of the two protagonists only, but also those of the other figures in the little drama. Mr. Snowden has written, not only a very interesting story, but also a contribution of genuine value to the sociological discussions of the day. As a piece of literary art the book stands very high. In fine, Mr. Snowden is to be congratulated on a very notable piece of work."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Paul Burdon. SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY

Author of "A Prince of Lovers," "The Long Hand," etc.

This is a strong story full of exciting incidents. The hero is a farmer crippled for want of capital, which he finds quite unexpectedly. A thunderstorm and an irate husband cause a young banker to seek refuge at the farm, from which a loud knocking causes further retreat to a big family tomb, which becomes his own when the lightning brings some old ruins down and buries both. The banker's bag of gold falls into the hands of the farmer who profits by its use. Other characters play important parts, and love interest adds its softening charm.

NEW 2s. NET NOVELS

Uniform Revised Edition of "RITA'S" Novels.
In Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with coloured wrapper,
2s. net each.

The Countess Daphne.
Corinna.
Asenath of the Ford.
Edelweiss.
My Lord Conceit.
The Man in Possession.
Faustine.
The Laird of Cockpen.

"Rita" has a gift for portraying the emotions of the heart which few modern writers have equalled, and this new revised edition of her stories should meet with wide acceptance.

The Riding Master. DOLF WYLLARDE

"A tour-de-force in more senses than one. . . . There is much that is true and human and beautiful."—*Westminster Gazette.*

In Fear of a Throne. R. ANDOM

Author of "We Three and Troddles," etc., 50 illustrations.

"Mr. R. Andom is a humorist of a peculiar type. His appeal is to the young in spirit of all ages; the fun is fast and furious."—*Literary World.*

The Lion's Skin. RAFAEL SABATINI

Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent," etc.

"A novel in Mr. Sabatini's best manner—and his best is very good. It is seldom we meet with a book so uniformly attractive, so well written, and so agreeable to read."—*Globe.*

NEW 1s. NET BOOKS

The Perfidious Welshman. A Satirical Study of the Welsh. "DRAIG GLAS." (10th Edition.) In crown 8vo, 1s. net.

America—Through English Eyes. "RITA"

Crown 8vo, 1s. net.

STANLEY PAUL'S 6/- NOVELS

Cantacute Towers. CECIL ADAIR
The Dean's Daughter. CECIL ADAIR
A Man with a Past. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK
In Fear of a Throne. R. ANDOM
A Week at the Sea. HAROLD AVERY
The Gay Paradines. MRS. STEPHEN BATSON
In Extenuation of Sybella. URSULA À BECKETT
His Will and Her Way. H. LOUISA BEDFORD
The Secret Terror. "BRENDA"
Suffragette Sally. G. COLMORE
Because of a Kiss. LADY CONSTANCE
Golden Aphrodite. WINIFRED CRISPE
The Broken Butterfly. RALPH DEAKIN
A Mysterious Lover. ALICE M. DIEHL
The Justice of the King. HAMILTON DRUMMOND
Married When Suited. MRS. HENRY DUDENEY
Pretty Barbara. ANTHONY DYLLINGTON
The Inperishable Wing. MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS
Clive Lorimer's Marriage. E. EVERETT-GREEN
The Third Wife. HERBERT FLOWERDEW
A Lady of the Garter. FRANK HAMEL
The Mulberries of Daphne. KATE HORN
The White Owl. KATE HORN
The Lovelocks of Diana. KATE HORN
Edward and I and Mrs. Honey-bun. KATE HORN
The Feet of the Years. JOHN DALISON HYDE
Strange Fire. CHRISTOPHER MAUGHAN
The Dragon Painter. SIDNEY MCCALL
Ruffles. L. T. MEADE
The Amazing Mutes. WARD MUIR
When we are Rich. WARD MUIR
Fear. E. NESBIT
Love at Cross Purposes. A. OTIS
The Bungalow under the Lake. CHARLES E. PEARCE
Love and Bissaker. W. L. RANDELL
That is to say. "RITA"
The Lion's Skin. RAFAEL SABATINI
A Wild Intrigue. HEW SCOT
The Desire of Life. MATILDE SERAO
Tumult. WILKINSON SHERREN
Two Girls and a Mannikin. WILKINSON SHERREN
The Muzzled Ox. CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN
Plumage. CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN
Across the Gulf. NEWTON V. STEWART
The Ascent of the Bostocks. HAROLD STOREY
Angela. ST. JOHN TREVOR
The Submarine Girl. EDGAR TURNER
Where Truth Lies. JANE WARDLE
An Empress in Love. FRED WHISHAW
The Riding Master. DOLF WYLLARDE
Honour's Fetters. MAY WYNNE

No. 5 John Street (3s. 6d.) RICHARD WHITEING

STANLEY PAUL'S FAMOUS NEW 2/- (NET) NOVELS

These are full length novels by leading authors

Crown 8vo, bound in cloth, with pictorial wrapper, 2s. net each

Lying Lips (2nd edition). WILLIAM LE QUEUX

"This is a typical Le Queux story, from the title and the arresting chapter headings onwards."—*Outlook.*

"Mr. Le Queux is a master of mystery. A capital plot handled in the author's best style."—*Literary World.*

Young Nick and Old Nick (2nd ed.). S. R. CROCKETT

"Written with Mr. Crockett's characteristic force of style."—*Academy.*

"Typical of Mr. Crockett's characteristic strength of invention and picturesqueness of diction . . . the book will find many pleased readers among his admirers."—*Scotsman.*

Love, the Thief (5th edition). HELEN MATHERS

"The book is absorbingly interesting. Helen Mathers has never done anything better than the character of the squire. Next in vivid interest comes Kit, the heroine, an extraordinary study, compact of opposite qualities, puzzling and delightful."—*Truth.*

Tropical Tales (3rd edition). DOLF WYLLARDE

"Miss Wyllarde's title is very apt. The people in these stories are in a continual state of excitement—nothing is normal, or quiet, or disciplined. Everyone spends the day in breaking as many commandments as possible before the sun sets. Miss Wyllarde is very clever. She writes well, and has a real feeling for atmosphere. 'The House in Cheyne Walk' is perfectly charming in its atmosphere, its reality and romance."—*The Standard.*

The Cheerful Knave (4th edition). E. KEBLE HOWARD

"He is an unconscionable knave, a thorough-paced rogue, yet, in the words of the song, 'yer carn't 'elp likin' 'im.'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The knave is delightful, the hero is lovable, the policemen and servants are most delectable, and the whole thing is funny from beginning to end."—*Evening Standard.*

The Trickster (3rd edition). G. B. BURGIN

"The interest of the story, which this accomplished author knows how to keep tense and lively, depends on the rare skill with which it depicts how people look when they have to maintain the appearances of polite behaviour while rigorously suppressing the most recalcitrant emotions. It is admirably done."—*Scotsman.*

Love Besieged (3rd edition). CHARLES E. PEARCE

"Mr. Pearce's success justifies his daring. He writes with fire and vigour, and with a most engaging, whole-hearted joy in gallant deeds. His love story is quite pretty."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Artistic Temperament (3rd edition). JANE WARDLE

"An engrossing story, really diverting."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"We detect in this story a freshness, and at the same time a maturity of touch which are decidedly rare. This is a striking and original novel."—*Morning Leader.*

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW SHILLING NOVELS

Stiff boards and attractive pictorial covers, **1s. net**
In cloth, **2s. net**

"The pictorial covers of Messrs. Stanley Paul's new shilling series are an attractive feature on the bookstalls, and the numbers seen in the hands of travellers by train is sure testimony to the great popularity of these books."—*Bedford Guardian.*

ALREADY PUBLISHED

1 The Widow—to say Nothing of the Man. HELEN ROWLAND
2 Thoroughbred. FRANCIS DODSWORTH
3 The Spell of the Jungle. ALICE PERRIN
4 The Sins of Society (Drury Lane Novels). CECIL RALEIGH
5 The Marriages of Mayfair (ditto). E. KEBLE CHATTERTON
6 A Ten Pound Penalty. H. NOEL WILLIAMS
7 Priests of Progress. G. COLMORE
8 Gay Lawless. HELEN MATHERS
9 A Professional Rider. Mrs. EDWARD KENNARD
10 The Devil in London. GEO. R. SIMS
11 The Unspeakable Scot. T. W. H. CROSLAND
12 Lovely Woman. T. W. H. CROSLAND
13 Fatal Thirteen. WILLIAM LE QUEUX
14 Brother Rogue and Brother Saint. TOM GALLON
15 The Death Gamble. GEO. R. SIMS
16 The Mystery of Roger Bullock. TOM GALLON
17 Bardelys, the Magnificent. RAFAEL SABATINI
18 Billicks. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK
19 The Cabinet Minister's Wife. GEO. R. SIMS
20 The Dream—and the Woman. TOM GALLON
21 The Ghost Pirates. W. HOPE HODGSON

The Coronation of George King. KATE HORN
A Lincolnshire Idyll. Author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "The White Owl," "Ships of Desire," etc. Paper 1s. net. Cloth 1s. 6d. net.

Scotsman: "A pleasant idyllic tale of village life."
Times: "A pleasant tale."
Lincoln Chronicle: "Kate Horn has published a charming novel. Her Lincolnshire characters are very cleverly drawn."

STANLEY PAUL'S 'CLEAR TYPE' SIXPENNY NOVELS

NEW TITLES.

No.	Title	Author
45	**Only an Actress.**	"Rita"
44	**The Apple of Eden.**	E. Temple Thurston
43	**Gay Lawless**	Helen Mathers
42	**The Dream—and the Woman.**	Tom Gallon
41	**Love Besieged.**	Charles E. Pearce
40	**An Empress in Love.**	Fred Whishaw
39	**Justice of the King.**	Hamilton Drummond
38	**The Man in Possession.**	"Rita"
37	**A Will in a Well.**	E. Everett-Green
36	**Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun.**	Kate Horn
35	**Pretty Barbara.**	Anthony Dyllington
34	**Fatal Thirteen.**	William Le Queux
33	**A Struggle for a Ring.**	Charlotte Brame
32	**A Shadowed Life.**	Charlotte Brame
31	**The Mystery of Colde Fell.**	Charlotte Brame
30	**A Woman's Error.**	Charlotte Brame
29	**Claribel's Love Story.**	Charlotte Brame
28	**At the Eleventh Hour.**	Charlotte Brame
27	**Love's Mask.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
26	**The Wooing of Rose.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
25	**White Abbey.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
24	**Heart of his Heart.**	Madame Albanesi
23	**The Wonder of Love.**	Madame Albanesi
22	**Co-Heiresses.**	E. Everett-Green
21	**The Evolution of Katherine.**	E. Temple Thurston
20	**The Love of His Life.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
19	**A Charity Girl.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
18	**The House of Sunshine.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
17	**Dare and Do.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
16	**Beneath a Spell.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
15	**The Man She Married.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
14	**The Mistress of the Farm.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
13	**Little Lady Charles.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
12	**A Splendid Destiny.**	Effie Adelaide Rowlands
11	**Cornelius.**	Mrs. Henry de la Pasture
10	**Traffic.**	E. Temple Thurston
9	**St. Elmo.**	Augusta Evans Wilson
8	**Indiscretions.**	Cosmo Hamilton
7	**The Trickster.**	G. B. Burgin
6	**The City of the Golden Gate.**	E. Everett-Green
5	**Shoes of Gold.**	Hamilton Drummond
4	**Adventures of a Pretty Woman.**	Florence Warden
3	**Troubled Waters.**	Headon Hill
2	**The Human Boy Again.**	Eden Phillpotts
1	**Stolen Honey.**	Ada & Dudley James

PRACTICAL BOOKS.

The Quantities of a Detached Residence; TAKEN-OFF, MEASURED AND BILLED. With drawings to scale in pocket of cover. By GEORGE STEPHENSON. Author of "Estimating," "Repairs," etc. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. net.

"We can honestly and heartily recommend it."—*Building News.*

"The student who conscientiously follows this work through will have a thorough grounding in the art of quantity surveying which subsequent practice with other examples will soon develop."—*Surveyor.*

"It deals exhaustively with every detail of the subject to which it is devoted, and those who give it their attention should have no difficulty in applying the system."—*Estates Gazette.*

Wall Paper Decoration. By ARTHUR SEYMOUR JENNINGS. 7s. 6d. net.

Coloured Designs for Wall and Ceiling Decoration. Edited by ARTHUR SEYMOUR JENNINGS. Port folio, 4s. net.

The Practical Art of Graining and Marbling. JAMES PETRIE. In 14 parts, 3s. 6d. net each.

Scumbling and Colour Glazing. 3s. net.

Zinc Oxide and its uses. J. CRUICKSHANK SMITH, B.Sc., F.C.S., with a chapter by Dr. A. P. LAURIE. 2s. net.

Practical Gilding, Bronzing and Lacquering. FREDK. SCOTT-MITCHELL. 175 pages, crown 8vo, 3s. net.

Practical Stencil Work. FREDK. SCOTT-MITCHELL. 3s. net.

Practical Church Decoration. ARTHUR LOUIS DUTHIE. 176 pages, crown 8vo, 3s. net.

Decorators' Symbols, Emblems and Devices. GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY. 119 original designs, crown 8vo, 3s. net.

The Painters' and Builders' Pocket Book. (New Edition.) PETER MATTHEWS. 3s. net.

Arnold's Handbook of House Painting, Decorating, Varnishing, Graining, etc. HERBERT ARNOLD. 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

Intimate Society Letters of the 18th Century. By HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T. In two volumes, demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top. With two photogravure frontispieces and 56 other full-page illustrations, printed on art paper, of original letters, autographs, and other interesting matter. 24s. net the set.

The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois. Lieut.-Colonel ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with photogravure frontispiece, and 16 full-page illustrations printed on art paper, 16s. net.

An Eighteenth Century Marquise. EMILIE DU CHATELET AND HER TIMES. FRANK HAMEL. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt. With a photogravure frontispiece and 16 other illustrations printed on art paper, 16s. net.

An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French and Duchess of Parma. Edith E. Cuthell, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. Two vols., demy 8vo, 24s. net.

The Amazing Duchess. The Romantic History of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Maid of Honour—Duchess of Kingston—Countess of Bristol. Charles E. Pearce. In two volumes, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with numerous illustrations. 24s. net. Third Ed.

A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Méricourt. Frank Hamel. With Photogravure Frontispiece, and 16 full-page illustrations printed on art paper. Demy 8vo, 16s. net.

Via Rhodesia. Charlotte Mansfield. Super royal 8vo, cloth, richly gilt, with about 150 illustrations, printed throughout on art paper, 16s. net.

The Gay King. Charles II., his Court and Times. Dorothy Senior. Demy 8vo, illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

A Château in Brittany. Mary J. Atkinson. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

Joy of Tyrol. Edited by J. M. Blake. Profusely illustrated with over 100 original drawings in the text by the Author. In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net. *Evening Standard*—"The book is a triumph."

Pluto and Proserpine. John Summers. A Poem. In crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

ALFRED H. MILES' New Series for Boys and Girls. Large Crown 8vo, 384 pages, fully illustrated. 5s. each.

'Twixt Life and Death on Sea and Shore. A Book for Boys.

Heroines of the Home and the World of Duty. A Book for Girls.

A Book of Brave Boys All the World Over.

A Book of Brave Girls At Home and Abroad.

In the Teeth of Adventure Up and Down the World.

The Boy's Book of Sports, Pastimes, Hobbies and Amusements. E. Keble Chatterton. Cloth gilt, 5s.

The Case for Protection. Ernest Edwin Williams, F.R.S.S. Author of "Made in Germany." Large cr. 8vo, 5s.

The Beau. A Journal devoted to the Science of Pleasure. Printed on a special hand-made paper with deckled edges, illustrated throughout with photogravures and line drawings, and bound in handsome covers. Published quarterly, 2s. 6d. net. Nos. 1 and 2 now ready.

The Everyday Pudding Book. F. K. A tasty recipe for every day in the year. Crown 8vo, strongly bound, 1s. net.

Everyday Savouries: A Savoury for every day in the year. By Marie Worth, 1s. net.

The Beaux and the Dandies: NASH, BRUMMEL and D'ORSAY, with their Courts. CLARE JERROLD. Demy 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, with photogravure frontispiece and numerous other illustrations on art paper, 16s. net.

The Dauphines of France. FRANK HAMEL. With photogravure frontispiece and 16 illustrations, on art paper, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s. net.

The Artistic Side of Photography. In Theory and Practice. A. J. ANDERSON. Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi." With 12 photogravure plates and 16 half-tone illustrations, printed in black and sepia, as well as numerous illustrations and diagrams in the text. In one volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

The Amateur Photographer says it is "A most delightful book, full of pleasant reading and surprises. It is beautifully illustrated with many photogravure and half-tone reproductions of pictures by leading workers. Every amateur photographer with an interest in pictorial work should get it."

Police and Crime in India. SIR EDMUND C. COX, Bart. Illustrated, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s. 6d. net.

"An interesting and timely book. . . . Sir Edmund Cox tells many remarkable stories, which will probably astound readers to whom the ways of the East are unknown."—*Times.*

"In perusing the many extraordinary details in which this book abounds, the reader feels as if he had opened the Arabian Nights of Criminality."—*Evening Standard.*

The Romance of a Medici Warrior. GIOVANNI DELLE BANDE NERE. To which is added the story of his son COSIMO. CHRISTOPHER HARE. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with a photogravure frontispiece and 16 other illustrations, on art paper, 10s. 6d. net.

Political Annals of Canada. A condensed record of Governments from the time of Samuel de Champlain, 1608. A. P. COCKBURN. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, with illustrations, 10s. 6d. net.

In the Land of the Pharoahs: A Short History of Egypt from the Fall of Ismael to the Assassination of Boutros Pasha. DUSE MOHAMED. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with 16 illustrations printed on art paper, 10s. 6d. net.

The Argentine Republic. Its History, Physical Features, Natural History, Government, Productions, etc. A. STUART PENNINGTON. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely illustrated with half-tone illustrations printed on art paper, 10s. 6d. net.

Two Russian Reformers (IVAN TURGENEV AND LEO TOLSTOY). J. A. T. LLOYD. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, with illustrations, 10s. 6d. net.

Prehistoric Proverbs. With water-coloured drawings by LAWSON WOOD. 10s. 6d. net.

The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi. A. J. ANDERSON. Second Edition. With a photogravure frontispiece and 16 full-page illustrations, on art paper, in one volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

Rambles of an Idler. A Volume of Nature Studies. CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT, M.A. Crown 8vo, art linen, 5s. net.

Three Modern Seers. Mrs. HAVELOCK ELLIS. Illustrated with 4 photogravure plates, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

This fascinating volume treats of certain modern ideas expounded by three different types of men who are in the forefront of modern thought, namely: James Hinton, F. Nietzsche and Edward Carpenter.

America—Through English Eyes. "RITA." Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

A Guide to Mythology. HELEN A. CLARKE. 5s. net.

A Guide to Music. DANIEL GREGORY MASON. 5s. net.

A Guide to Pictures. CHARLES H. CAFFIN. 5s. net.

A Guide to United States History. HENRY W. ELSON. 5s. net.

No. 5 John Street. A novel by RICHARD WHITEING. Small crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Perfidious Welshman. A Satirical Study of the Welsh. "DRAIG GLAS." (9th Edition.) In crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

This is my Birthday. ANITA BARTLE. With an introduction by ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Handsomely bound, gilt and gilt top, 756 pages, 2s. 6d. net; paste grain, limp, gilt edges (boxed), 3s. net; paste grain, padded, gilt edges (boxed), 4s. net; velvet calf, gilt edges (boxed), 5s. net.

A unique birthday-book containing beautiful and characteristic quotations from the greatest poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, or novelists.

Phases, Mazes and Crazes of Love. Compiled by MINNA T. ANTRIM, with coloured illustrations on each page. 18mo, 2s. net.

Your Health! IDELLE PHELPS. A book of toasts, aphorisms and rhymes. With coloured illustrations by H. A. KNIPE. 18mo, 2s. net.

Sidelights on the Court of France. By Lieut.-Col. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. In pictorial covers, 1s. net; cloth, 2s. net.

Home Occupations for Boys and Girls. BERTHA JOHNSTON. Small 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

How to Train Children. EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT. Small 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

Ideal Cookery. (10th Edition.) LILIAN CLARKE. 8vo, boards, 6d. net.

Punctuation Simplified. *(22nd Thousand.)* T. BRIDGES. Medium 8vo, 6d. net.

The Burden of 1909. ELDON LEE. In crown 8vo, paper cover, 6d. net.

French Gardening without Capital. E. KENNEDY ANTON. In medium 8vo, paper, 3d. net; cloth, 9d. net.

The Budget and Socialism of Mr. Lloyd George. J. BUCKINGHAM POPE. In crown 8vo, paper, 3d. net.

Our National Songs. Alfred H. Miles. With Pianoforte Accompaniments. Full music Size. Cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

The Library of Elocution. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 5s.

Standard Concert Repertory, and other Concert Pieces. George P. Upton. Author of "The Standard Operas," etc. Fully illustrated with portraits. In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

Woman in Music. George P. Upton. With an Appendix and Index. In small crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net. Persian yapp, gilt (boxed), 5s. net.

The Aldine Reciter. Modern Poetry for the Platform, the Home, and the School. *With Hints on Public Speaking, Elocution, Action, Articulation, Pitch, Modulation, etc.* By Alfred H. Miles. Crown 4to, 676 pages, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

Cole's Treasury of Song. A Collection of the most Popular Songs, old and new. Compiled by E. W. Cole, Editor of "The 1000 Best Songs in the World," etc. In crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 400 pages, 3s. 6d.

Drawing-room Entertainments. New and Original Monologues, Duologues, Dialogues and Playlets for Home and Platform use. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. In crown 8vo, red limp, 1s. net; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. net; paste grain, gilt, 3s. net; Persian yapp, gilt, 4s. net.

Ballads of Brave Women. Crown 8vo, red limp, 1s. net; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. net; paste grain, gilt, 3s. net; Persian yapp, gilt top, 4s. net.

The Shilling Music Series. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Each with Pianoforte Accompaniments. Full Music size. 1s. net each.

1 FORTY ENGLISH SONGS
2 FIFTY SCOTCH SONGS
3 THIRTY-SIX ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS
4 FIFTY IRISH AND WELSH SONGS
5 FAVOURITE SONGS FOR THE CONTRALTO VOICE
6 SONGS OF THE QUEEN'S NAVEE
7 FAVOURITE SONGS FOR THE TENOR VOICE

The Aldine Reciters. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. In crown 4to, double columns, 128 pages. Price 6d. net each.

THE ENGLISH RECITER
THE AMERICAN RECITER
THE VICTORIAN RECITER
THE SCOTCH RECITER
THE MODERN RECITER
THE SHAKESPEARE RECITER

The New Reciter Series. By various Authors. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 96 pages, large 4to, double columns, clear type on good paper, handsome cover design in three colours, 6d. net. (Also in cloth, 1s. net.)

THE FIRST FAVOURITE RECITER
THE UP-TO-DATE RECITER

The A 1 Reciter Series. (Over half-a-million copies already sold.) By various Authors. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Each in large folio, paper cover, well printed. Price 6d each.

1 THE A 1 RECITER
2 THE A 1 SPEAKER
3 THE A 1 BOOK OF RECITATIONS
4 THE A 1 ELOCUTIONIST
5 THE A 1 READER
6 THE A 1 BOOK OF READINGS

Original Poems, Ballads and Tales in Verse, Alfred H. Miles. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with photogravure portrait frontispiece, 3s. 6d. net.

"The poems cover a wide range of thought and emotion. Many of the lyrics are full of tenderness and charm. The ballads have colour, warmth and movement, and at times a touch of that fine enthusiasm that stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. Mr. Miles is a poet of the people."—*The Bookman.*